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LOS ANGELES

SPECIMENS;

OR

LEISURE HOURS POETICALLY EMPLOYED ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS;

MORAL, POLITICAL & RELIGIOUS.

"Quid autem tentare nocebit?"

BY JOSIAH SHIPPEY, A. B.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY;

Also, a brief History of the Life of the Author, from the year 1778 to the year 1841; to which is added a Synopsis of all the parts of Learning.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, D. D.

President of King's, now Columbia, College, New-York.

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REVIEW, BY THE REV. JAMES FLOY.

I have read Mr. Josiah Shippey's *Specimens*, together with the ***Notes***, and a *sketch* of his life.

Of the Specimens, not being a Poet myself, I do not give an opinion. So far as I have examined the Prose, I find nothing objectionable either in matter or style.

JAMES FLOY,
Pastor 3d Methodist Episcopal Church,
Brooklyn, L. I.

Brooklyn, 13*th July*, 1840.

It is but honest to state to a "confiding public," that several of the Notes were written subsequently to the date of the above review—such as the Notes on "Raritan Landing," "Justice and Mercy," "on my Life," and on the "Analecta." Should there, then, be found any thing objectionable either in the matter or style of these; no blame must be attached to the reviewer for them; but the responsibility must rest, indisputably, upon

THE AUTHOR.

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QUANTUM MERUIT,

OR

PRELIMINARY THOUGHTS ON THE PROPRIETY OF PUBLISHING A BOOK, OR OF ENGAGING IN SOME OTHER PURSUIT.

Why sitt'st thou pond'ring there? string up thy nerves!
And give the subject all that it deserves!

Day's luminary gone, the twilight pass'd,
The sombre shades of night come thick'ning fast;
The world upturn'd the Queen of night displays,
Her face resplendent with reflected rays;
Her bright attendant sparkling by her side,
In all the radiance of an ev'ning bride.
Yet she alone, cannot her gaze confine,
More bright familiars clust'ring round her shine;
And countless gems remote, yet twinkling bright,
On mortals' optics fling a feebler light;
And halos, mock-suns, meteors, comets glance
Throughout the vast unlimited expanse.
Now Contemplation leaves her house of clay,
And wings beyond this vale of wo her way;
Fast by Heav'ns Queen she raptur'd sits, and there
Builds specious castles in the ambient air.
Scheme after scheme employs her teeming brain,
Some are for glory meant, and some for gain;
And so she weaves, and weaves her airy net—
She'll form a chariot that will ne'er upset.
Now, next hydraulics flit across her mind,
She mimic rain will make by pow'r confin'd
With volume large, and then so strong, no doubt
'Twill put the fiercest spreading fire out.

Anon, she passes to the watery deep,
And there expects a copious crop to reap;
A boat she'll form that parts on either side,
Which wind and waves may both alike deride;
A boat—that will all other boats excel,
And e'en from Greathead's boat bear off the belle.
Then chemicals, much wanted and much priz'd,
From which vast fortunes have been realized:
But their hard names, and subtile gases too,
Present a sight appalling to her view.
She turns her face in search of other things,
And they fly off on disappointment's wings.
A pause ensues—and shall she still remain
Fix'd where she is, or her old home regain?
The last appears the safest of the twain—
Still—her main object she would first attain.
Nor should that object show her time misspent,
But something worthy of her powers present.
To arts mechanic she in vain may fly,
On them let minds mechanical rely;
Let them for her in their own way take pains,
While she for them will labor with her brains.
Heav'n on her soul impress'd this kindly seal,
Far less for matter than for mind to feel.
To empty schemes she bids a long—good-by,
For she's resolv'd an—*Authorship*—to try!
An Author?—what,—and if a Book one makes!—
Why—pains and labor on himself he takes.
And then for all his toil—what recompense?
He may please one, to thousands give offence.
Oh prospect cheerless to a poet's mind!
Should friends desert, should all men prove unkind—
If he despair, and but his pen withhold,
How can the story of his life be told?
Naught would be seen to praise or to condemn,
And then his rhymes—what would become of them?
Let them be burn'd nor to mankind be shown,
He'd quit this world unnotic'd and unknown.
But Knowledge speaks in accents soothing, kind,

"Be active and be useful to mankind.
Who says mankind will not appreciate
Your well-meant efforts, but will prove ingrate?
What though no shining talent you possess,
Should then one useful be esteem'd the less?
Then think not thou art by thy friends forsook,
But undismay'd go on and print thy book.
Why shouldst thou be to cravent fear a slave?
Success attends the fearless and the brave.
For, know, the mind for noble actions form'd,
When by a gen'rous thirst for knowledge warm'd;
Strives to surmount all danger, toil and pain,
The much desir'd the glorious prize to gain."

PREFACE.

Though there are some minutiæ in politeness,
The which to find out needs not much adroitness,
Yet did the same in every age exist,
In which ev'n we think proper to persist:
The doing which on no man should bear hard on,
Neglect of which no well bred man will pardon.
These to pass o'er unnotic'd and neglected;
When by each one they're look'd for and expected,
No matter by what cause impell'd or driven,
Th' offence will seldom ever be forgiven.

That is, for instance, take one friend or more,
Into a comp'ny they'd ne'er seen before;
For this intrusion how will it excuse 'em?
The thing is plain—why you must introduce 'em.
But may not this to other things refer?
Truly—unto a Preface—my dear Sir.
Such is its use, nobody sure can doubt it,
That no new Book should ever be without it.
Admit it so—then, without more debate,
At large our Author will go on to state;
Why he should at his time of life conclude,
His Book upon the Public to intrude,
Imprimis, then, he thinks a better chance,
May not occur his wishes to advance;
Wishes he's cherish'd from an early day,
If kindly, Providence would clear his way,
That of his life prolong'd from year to year,
Some fruit of goodness might at last appear;
His friends not only, but mankind to show,
His hours not idly wasted here below,
By day not merely, but night after night;
None but himself to profit and delight,
As by this Legacy, yet not alone;
He would for some of his past sins atone.
Solely by words he cannot, but by deed!

"Justice must generosity precede."
Now to thee, gentle Reader, be it known,
That, though no House or Land he calls his own;
Yet if his work, though somewhat small of size,
A thinking, liberal public patronize;
He hopes the world will shortly see and know,
The Author lives, and yet no man to owe!
Next in a diff'rent light his Book he views,
And through life's vista the fond thought pursues:
That since he wrote it with a mind sincere,
Some following good may in its time appear.
Some erring one be turn'd from wrong to right,
And sins besetting be forsaken quite.
His "Specimens" he's ta'en from out his store
Of pieces written, most in times of yore,
Which will be readily discern'd, by you,
Before, kind Reader, you have read them through.
All pieces pers'nal, caustic and severe,
He would not let them in his book appear.
But to the flames will them commit, each one,
For the sad mischief, in past years, they've done.
His Book he views before the public spread,
By young and old, by learn'd and unlearn'd read;
And shall he wonder or be aught surpris'd,
If oft'ner wrong than right 'tis criticis'd?
But should some critic of the "genuine stamp,"
O'er his fair prospects cast a "chilling damp,"
If he his sentence from Synopsis drew,
He'll bow submissive, and he'll thank him too.
That there are faults he's vastly well aware,
Name them ye friends that he may them repair.
'Tis easy prov'd, if it were worth th' attempt,
No man from error's perfectly exempt,
Prove one man perfect whensoe'er you can—
Behold an Angel! he's no longer man.
Go then, thou Book, and may kind Heaven will
That thou may'st do some good, but cause no ill.

THE AUTHOR.

SPECIMENS.

Quere. What is Po-e-try?
Echo. . . try.

Echo, if right I understand,
She queries not, but gives command.
Lady, I thank thee—I'll obey,
And turn my face another way.
Now to some foreign source I'll seek,
The Latin? first, I'll try the Greek;
In haste the Lexicon I take,
And find—POIEO—English—*make.*
As how, I pray, and from what stuff?
Why language, truly—sure enough!
Next my consid'ring cap I'll try,
My Muse, I mean—I pardon cry.
From MOUSA, muse—thence *music* springs,
And in this tongue the Poet sings;
So ev'ry language clearly shows,
'Tis nothing else than measur'd prose.
What says my Muse, or wrong or right,
As clear as day, or dark as night?
If the appeal to me you make,
This short conclusive answer take;
Howe'er his theme the Poet fashions,
He speaks "the language of the passions."

THE PASSIONS.

Passions are those sensations of the soul,
Which pain or pleasure in their turns control.

AN APOTHEGM VERSIFIED.

Each youthful excess is a draft on age,
Which ev'ry constitution will engage
To pay with int'rest at a lib'ral rate,
Some forty, fifty, sixty years from date.

IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

Imagination claims the Sun,
The Moon is Fancy's right;
Imagination works by day,
While Fancy works by night.

A POETICAL TRANSLATION OF THE FOLLOWING LATIN SENTENCE.

"Dum Bruti effigiem, Sculptor de marmore
Ducit; in mentem sceleris venit et abstinuit."

While Brutus's bust in the white marble grows,
See the Sculptor's amaz'd, quite motionless stands;
As Brutus's crime through his memory flows,
His chisel and mallet drop out of his hands.

ANOTHER.

Hear while Brutus's bust in the marble grows,
The Sculptor pronounce as he musingly stands;
Your bust, while your crime through my mem'ry flows,
No finish shall ever receive at my hands.

ILL MANNERS, OR THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ADDITION AND IMPROVEMENT EXPLAINED.

Though addition is one thing, improvement another,
Yet some people take them for sister and brother;
But if in appearance so close they're allied,
You may find where they differ when wrongly appli'd.
Our position, the story we mean to relate,
Will suffice to confirm and besides illustrate.
But here *let* us premise, that the person we knew,
Who first *told* us the tale, so we think the tale true.
One day an old Cit with a friend went to dine,
At the house kept by Bardin, 'twas call'd the Tontine.
So *now* see them seated conversing together,
But we cannot tell which, of the wind or the weather.
Though here we'll remark, till we further proceed,
Few *Ho*tels like this from ill manners are freed;
And sure 'tis ill manners, though *self*-conceit flatters,
To pry into other folks' bus'ness and matters,
But their converse to *us*, though of little import,
Yet 'twas sorely disturb'd, interrupted in short,
By a Dandy who while, *he* his knife and fork play'd,
Most attentively listen'd to all the Cit said,
And show'd by his visage, his gestures and action,
That he noted it all, aye, e'en to a fraction.
Though this *act* of the Dandy our *Cit* sore annoy'd,
Yet he thought in his mind, "I'll a quarrel avoid.
Now the dessert is come, vi-ce solids discuss'd,
A traverse I'll work, which will rid me, I trust,
Of this bore of a Dandy with *his scru*tiny;
So pleasing to him but distressing to me."
So while *each* one was eating his pudding amain,
The Cit to his friend rais'd his voice, in such strain,
As to stop all the eaters, and make each one hear,
"Know'st, to pudding how great an addition is beer?"
Now the Cit, though 'twas odd, found his quere not lost.
It the Dandy absorb'd, so it did to his cost.
While the eaters were making the best of their time,
He mus'd on the subject, he thought it sublime!

"To give it a trial, I *don't* see I need fear."
So he call'd to the waiter—"waiter bring me some beer."
Soon the waiter return'd, and though strange to relate,
Yet he took up the beer and pour'd *some* on his plate.
Then a piece of his pudding he sopp'd in his beer,
And to swallow it tri'd, and made faces most queer,
But it *would* not go down—'twas as stubborn as fate,—
He ejected the piece, and it fell on his plate.
Now the eaters had eagerly watch'd the event,
And just at that moment *all* with hearty consent,
A *snick*ering set up, to the end of the room,
Which the *poor* Dandy flung into sullenest gloom.
He queri'd the Cit, without asking permission,
Didn't you say that to pudding beer was an addition?
"I did"—the Cit answer'd, and tho' *some* folks may stare,
"That 'twas any *Improvement*, I did not declare."
To the bottom the eaters quick see the whole thing,
And with laughs and loud huzzas they make the room ring.
The Dandy astounded, o'erwhelm'd in afright,
Dropp'd his knife and his fork, and was soon out of sight.
So the Cit *thus* reliev'd, pass'd the rest of his stay,
With his friend *peac*'ably, till they both went their way.

ESSAY ON DEPENDENCE.

'Tis long experience shows the mighty host,
Of those who proudly Independence boast;
That men on men dependent still remain,
And all are links of the one common chain.
Of this world's wealth tho' some great store possess,
Still something's wanting to their happiness;
This one or that may have the power to grant,
What most they wish for, or what most they want.
If our own int'rest to promote we strive,
We cause, perhaps, another ones' to thrive;
For while we're destined in this world to stay,

Apparent 'tis, clear as the face of day,
All in a greater or a less degree,
On some or other live dependently.
For rich and poor alternate join to show,
From mutual helps, ease, pleasure, profit flow.
Such is Dependence, such its daily use,
We all our comforts from this source deduce.
But there's dependence of a nobler kind,
For all depending on the Eternal mind.

THE WORLD.

Out on the world—it is a tricking elf,
And cares for no one but its own sweet self.

ACTION.

'Tis a shocking affair,
Between hope and despair,
To rest;
Then the plan to pursue,
That advises—*to do*,
Is best.

DIRECTION TO THE PRECENTOR.

Don't set the tune too high,
Don't set the tune too low;
Don't sing the words too fast,
Don't sing the words too slow.
And last of* all, O, wo of woes!
Don't sing a tune that no one knows.

* Air or Song.

CRIMINAL LAW.

And shall the Justice of our country sleep,
Nor from new crimes old rogues and felons keep?
Nay—but when tri'd, by her impartial breath,
They're doom'd to fine, imprisonment, or death.
Thus Judges here the Judge of all obey,
Nor dread his censure in Heav'ns' judgment day.

MY FIRST WIFE.

From the bleak north of Erin's shores,
Descendant of the Scottish Moores,
My gentle Alice came;
Safely through ocean's trackless maze,
The little barque her charge conveys.
The *Mary* was her name.

Landed in York, her destin'd place,
There first I saw her smiling face,
And lost my youthful heart;
We look'd, we lov'd, ah! what beside?
She soon became my charming bride,
'Twas nature, 'twas not art.

Swiftly our blissful moments pass'd,
Too swiftly unimpaired to last,
And always prove the same;
Three daughters crown'd our nuptial joys,
An equal complement of boys,
Three di'd without a name.

Full twice ten years and three we gain,
While want or plenty in their train,
Or vex'd or cheer'd our life;
And though our children grew apace,
Death came, the foe of all our race,
And snatch'd away my wife.

What then, was Heav'n unkind? ah, no!
He took her from a world of wo
And sav'd her by his grace;
For she for many a year before,
Had learn'd her Maker to adore,
And daily seek his face.

EPITAPH.

Alice, I linger here below,
And count the moments as they flow;
Till God shall fit my soul, my love,
To meet thee in his Heav'n above.

PHYSIOGNOMY, OR FACIAL SKILL.

Though some by faces, think to tell
The secrets of the heart;
Yet long experience shows it well,
To be an erring art.

For nature's dictates pure and free,
As Heaven at first design'd;
No longer shine conspicuously,
The index of the mind.

And mankind, practis'd in deceit,
With arts their thoughts conceal;
Nor will the face detect the cheat,
Till time the same reveal.

Mira, to scan aright a face,
Would ev'ry art defy;
Now cloudy 'tis, next clear apace,
And changes like the sky.

AN IMPORTANT QUERE.

If from one vice we should abstain,
And thereby peace of conscience gain;
What peace would on our conscience fall,
Should we abstain from vices all?

THE CLERK'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Wanted employment for his pen,
Immediately, from bus'ness men;
In Office, Counting-House or Store,
In each of which he's wrote before.
He now has leisure on his hands;
And ready and impatient stands,
To have a kindly invitation,
To labor in his old vocation.
Good names for character he'll give,
As any who in New-York live.
Those who his services desire,
Will of the Printer please inquire.

ACROSTIC.

O-r Home, or Foreign, or both these relations,
M-ake times bear hard on num'rous occupations;
A-nd though before our Country's coin had wings,
N-ow in my pocket low its music sings.
S-hut up in Banks or in Insurance vaults,
A-ll efflorescent with their humid salts,
L-ov'd coin, I cry, why thus increase my pain?
M-oney come out—and show thy face again.
O-r if audacious, thou this summons spurn,
N-orth River's current on Wall-street I'll turn.

"JOVI QUAM HOMINI FIDERE PRÆSTAT."

Let *things* go as they may or can,
He'd rather trust in God than man.

CURSORY THOUGHTS ON WEDLOCK;

Or the other side of the picture.—Addressed to Miss J****, after perusing her elegant eulogium on the "*Married State.*"

Oh, happiness, to taste thy peaceful fruits,
Tend all our aims, our labors and pursuits;
But though thy charms the minds of all invite,
Yet few there are who seek for thee aright.
Many who've sought thee otherwise, would fain
In marriage hope thy blessing to obtain;
But few who venture on the marri'd state,
But soon or later mourn their ill starr'd fate.
Some for a handsome face their freedom barter,
And when too late, they find they've caught a Tartar;
While some have got an idle spendthrift mate,
Who in one month would spend a whole estate.
Some women, truly, do make happy wives,
And are the comfort of their husbands' lives;
But do, my Mary, cast a look around,
And see, how rarely, these are to be found.
I can, where you show one that's kind and true,
Point out a score of idlers to your view;
That for one virtue have of vices ten,
To tease, to plague, nay punish us poor men.
Whose fair externals, oft contain within
A treach'rous heart, and prone to ev'ry sin.
Too partial you to utter such a stricture,
You'd only view the one side of the picture.
Yet know, I think your sentiments are just,
If right I've read them; and I humbly trust,
If you but practise what you'd inculcate,

You'll find a tender, fond, endearing mate.
Since then no flattery I've used,
Think not your sex by me abus'd;
But in my wish believe me ferv'nt.
Dear Miss, your most Obdt.—Servt.

EPIGRAM ON A CONVERTED BUTCHER.

Do you know neighbour John has commenc'd a new life?
Folks say he's religiously good!
I'm sure I'm glad of it—for you know, many years
His hand has shed innocent blood.

THE HONEST LAWYER.

'Tis not a thousand miles from hence,
Nor thousand years ago,
When this said farce was carri'd on,
As we intend to show.

'Twas in Virginia's sultry clime,
Where Phœbus fiercely glows
A Lawyer liv'd, of little note,
For so our story goes.

The reason why? he was full young,
And also, too take heed;
It was not long he had obtain'd,
A license, for to plead.

But still, to speak in common phrase,
All those who knew him, could
With truth and justice, well pronounce,
His character was good.

A Parson to this Lawyer came,
And begg'd he'd use his art;
And aid him well in an affair,
Which he had much at heart.

Says he, "unto one of my flock,
I owe a trifling sum;
For which the man unto my house,
Full many a time did come.

But I some pretext always found,
To turn him from my door;
As saying I would pay next time,
Or pleading I was poor.

So when from me he naught could get
But promises, he saw;
He tries another way, and has
Recourse unto the Law.

Now I could pay him off o' hand,
If I were so inclin'd;
But that the wretch to sue me dares,
Doth sorely grieve my mind.

I have already let you know,
The debt I don't dispute;
Yet still 'tis my request to you
That you defend the suit.

Inform me then upon what day,
You find it will commence;
I will attend, for it I make,
A matter of con-sci-ence.

And, now whatever else remains,
That you should do for me;
You know already, I suppose,
So pray, sir, what's your fee?"

A Joe, sir, is the very least,
I can afford to take;
Oh! that is too extravagant,
A Joe? for mercy's sake!

"If in this suit you interest
Your conscience, d'ye see;
It is but just that I should have,
A conscientious fee.

"Then here it is, and fare you well,
I'll see you soon again;
So do, sir, pray defend the suit,
With all your might and main."

This said, our Parson soon mov'd off,
As brisk as any bee;
The Lawyer laugh'd within his sleeve,
And pocketed his fee.

PART II.

And now at Court, the day arrived;
The Lawyer took good care
To warn his Client, previously,
So he, of course, was there.

Then see him stand in open Court,
Impatiently attending
To ev'ry suit before his own,
That in its turn was pending.

And now in order next came on,
The suit against him brought,
While anxious thoughts his mind pervade,
With expectation fraught.

So when the plaintiff's Lawyer urg'd,
The debt was justly due;

The Parson's Lawyer started up,
And stood confess'd to view.

And turning round unto the Court,
He them did thus address:
"My Client, sirs, the debt does own,
So judgment I confess."

But when our Parson this did hear,
Quite motionless he stood;
Surprise had fix'd him firmly as
A stone or piece of wood.

Yet from his sad surprise at length,
Recov'ring by degrees,
And op'd his eyes, as wak'd from sleep,
The Lawyer near him sees.

And looking grave he takes his hand,
And says, "pray tell me, friend;
That cause just tri'd, was it the one,
I feed you to defend?"

"It was the same, and I suppose
You heard how it did go?"
"I did, and think 'twas illy done,
In you to serve me so."

"Why, if my mem'ry fail me not,
Then this be my defence;
I think you said, 'this suit I make
A matter of con-sci-ence."

"Suppose I had in your defence,
Got up and li'd a while;
As a good man, could you this with
Your conscience reconcile?

"Or could you think, that I with it,
Thus like a knave would trifle;
Or did you meanly think my own,
Your paltry Joe could stifle?

"Now don't you see that any man,
Can with a deal of ease,
No matter what his station is,
Be honest if he please?"

"Enough, enough," the Parson cri'd,
"I feel I'm rightly serv'd;
I own my error, nor deny,
From rectitude I've swerv'd.

"And now for what I've learn'd this day,
My warmest thanks accept;
As for your sake it always shall,
Be in my mem'ry kept."

And to his praise let it be said,
He alter'd not his mind;
But to our Lawyer ever since
Has prov'd exceeding kind.

For 'mongst his friends and neighbors, oft
He would repeat the tale;
And they to others we suppose,
To tell it did not fail.

For soon this Lawyer's practice came
To be exceeding great;
No doubt it chanc'd from what of him,
The Parson did relate.

Now hoping both in future will
Mind well their sev'ral stations;
We for the present them will leave
Unto their meditations.

Stat nominis umbra.—*Junius.*

Lest some should think I too much covet fame,
Stand an umbrageous for my real name.

ANOTHER.

Just so sure as a leaf betokens a tree,
So let a feign'd name stand a shadow for me.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

Swift does the blood through youthful art'ries glide,
Thrown from life's seat in a plethoric tide;
The fruitful source of active limb and mind,
And quick performance of the thing design'd.
Sanguine the hopes that wait on ev'ry plan,
How gay the prospects of the op'ning man;
Onward he urges his impetuous way,
Nor heeds the counsels that advise delay,
"Oh! stay thy course, converse with men sedate,
Lest thou repent thee when it is too late;
Nature presents a thousand things that smile
Which only may be fitted to beguile."
"I hear thee Age, but honor, pleasure, wealth,
Court and demand my youthful days of health,
And till I've fully, fairly tri'd them each,
To other ears go, Age, thy maxims preach."

Omne tulit punctum,
Qui miscuit utile dulci.—*Horace.*

If you your readers' minds would fix,
"The pleasing with the useful mix;"
Sure as rheumatics squeeze each joint,
Old Flaccus says you've gain'd your point.

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM, CORNER OF ANN STREET AND BROADWAY,

Was "founded [A. D.] eighteen hundred ten,"
A rare memento on its front, what then?
The meaning is, if rightly I presage,
It is just one and twenty years of age;
Aye, more than that, I dare and will engage,
It asks a lib'ral public's patronage.
Its store so vast, so elegant, so grand,
'Tis not surpassed by any in our Land.
Then let it feel its patrons fost'ring care,
Of future favors taste a copious share.

DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE.

There is a rash and a fatal road,
That leads the soul from her mortal abode;
Swift as the arrow that speeds from the bow,
Down to the regions of sorrow and wo.
Where the music that thrills through those mansions beneath,
Is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth;
And the howling of Devils avenging their pain,
On the souls whom their malice has cheated and slain.
Oh horrible sight, oh ponder the thought;
The soul is immortal and not form'd for naught,
But destined by him who eternally reigns,
For infinite pleasures or infinite pains.
But now the solemn question's pressing,
To ask, to answer, how distressing!
What baleful influence with seductive power,
Steals o'er the soul in an unguarded hour;
Lulls ev'ry fear, and makes it play the knave
With all its blooming hopes beyond the grave?
Oh could the spirit, that bodiless thing,
One moment obtain, how, on rapidest wing,

It would fly to this earth and the question decide,
Declaring to all it was *mortifi'd pride!*
Oh pride, thou fall of angels and of men,
When will God's mercy drive thee to thy den;
Thee, and thy father, and thy mother Sin,
Seal'd up, ye fiends, eternally shut in?
And now, ye youths, for some of you I saw
With silent steps and thoughtful faces draw
Near to the coffin, gazing through the end,
At the pale face of your departed friend,
Now while the sight is present to each eye,
This warning take from Wisdom's gen'ral cry;
"My son, be wise, from ev'ry sin depart,
And guard, oh guard the issues of thy heart;
Secure the friendship of thy God, my son,
And he'll protect thee from the wicked one.
Then if grim death should call thee away,
From thy friends in the morning of life's short day,
When they're summon'd the last sad tribute to pay,
With joy in the earth they'll deposit thy clay,
Not doubting thou wilt at the grand rising morn,
As his jewel the crown of thy Saviour adorn."
And, oh, ye fathers, and ye mothers dear,
Your duty and your interest is clear;
Train up your children in a godly way,
They'll not forget it at a later day.
Religion, Religion, the soul's main stay,
When the earth and the sea shall both flee away,
Possess us through life, that when call'd on to die,
We may reign with our Saviour triumphant on high.

EPITAPH ON A HARD DRINKER.

Can'st tell the reason why in life's fair prime,
He had to quit the shallow shores of time?
Few were his solids, either meat or meal,
He liv'd by suction, like a lamper eel.

WHAT YOU PLEASE.

I thought I would a piece compose,
One line in rhyme and one in prose.

I suppose you need not be told,
That hot love is soon cold;
With grief it also holds good,
Now in pleasant, next in doleful mood;
And truly it ought to be so;
For who to himself is so much a foe;
To allow incessant grief to destroy,
All his pleasures all his joy?
We should be wretched mortals truly,
Always to grieve, nor treat life's crosses cooly.
Has not Nature sufficient charms,
To lure thee from fell melancholy's arms?
Look in any direction you please,
All is for your comfort and your ease.
Dismiss your gloom, then, wear a smiling face,
Your grief will of itself wear off apace;
And unto sorrow joy shall soon succeed,
And quick eradicate each bitter weed,
That would contentment's gentle growth impede.

AN ODE ON FREE MASONRY.

Illum'd by Reason's feebler rays,
Thus sang the Bard in youthful days.

When lofty themes themselves present,
Unto my mind's enlighten'd eye;
I would thy pleasing paths frequent,
Sweet maid whose name is poesy;
I'd ask thine aid in ev'ry strait,
Assur'd thou would'st not tell me wrong:

But gently whisper while I wait,
" Fond youth I'll help thee in thy song."

" Say, then," the Heav'n-taught Muse began,
" They who Religion's truths confess,
Own that she can for fallen man,
Insure eternal happiness.
But if all men she can't allure,
To love their brethren as they ought;
Whatever will that end insure,
Is with the noblest purpose fraught.

See then, in mystic dress array'd,
In Masonry 'tis realized;
'Tis she Religion's cause would aid,
And make her more than ever prized.
She would enforce that great command,
Which from sent down by Heav'n above,
And teach all men in ev'ry land,
Their Brethren as themselves to love."

Is this, oh! Masonry, thine aim,
In bonds fraternal to unite;
With thy pure precepts to reclaim,
And bid all men to do aright?
Then while on earth man can be found,
Till night and day shall cease to be;
Thine influence still diffuse around,
And ever flourish Masonry.

THE HEADLESS SPECTRE, OR THE SOLEMN WARNING.

Death can send his solemn warning,
As well at night as in the morning.

The Mail-man left the office by day,
And jogg'd along on his nag;

A goodly steed, as judges might say,
With his well-fill'd Letter Bag.

His journey lay through a portion fair,
In a state of culture high;
Of land, as good as any in air
Was view'd by the Eagle's eye.

His road was such as it pleas'd folks then,
But not as they now quite are;
The trav'ling was by horses and men,
But not in a Rail-Road Car.

And now a part of the road he nears,
Bewooded on either side;
'Twas gloomy enough to awaken his fears,
But he was used to the ride.

The Moon was shining in lustre, high
O'er all the country around;
And he was lost, as he view'd the sky,
And buried in thoughts profound.

Just then he enter'd the wooded place,
'Twas silent and drear as death;
And all was calm as the Moon's bright face,
And the wind blew not a breath.

Anon he hears behind him the sound
Of another horse's feet;
But he still rides on, nor turns him round;
But straightens him in his seat.

For he thought it might be some traveller,
Who his side would rather choose;
And converse bland to silence prefer,
And thus each other amuse.

But as he rode on, no nearer came
The sound of the strange horse's feet;
The distance appear'd to be the same,
As his ear at first did greet.

Now by this time he'd arrived mid-way,
Of the wooded length of road;
He turn'd, he saw—but oh what dismay,
His heart in his visage show'd!

He saw—how strange! 'twas startling to view—
His own horse's form confess'd;
Saddle and bridle and mail-bag too,
As on his rear it press'd.

His own form mounted he saw, astride
Of the shadow'y horse's back;
And indeed 'twas queer to see it ride,
While the form a head did lack.

Oh then he gave to his horse the spur,
And he streak'd it like the wind;
Yet clearly he heard the Spectre's whir,
And the horse's tramp behind.

But now he had gain'd the open ground,
Of the wooded road in advance,
He check'd his horse, and, partly turn'd round,
He view'd the Spectre askance.

He'd stopp'd on the edge of the hither half,
Of the wooded road, the sprite;
And he set up a horrible laugh,
And vanish'd from out his sight!

PART THE SECOND.

And now our long tale draws nigh to a close,
We've made it in rhyme, though we heard it in prose;

And the actors have left this vale of wo,
Some forty or fifty long years ago.

Our mail-man mused on the sight he'd just seen,
So novel to him—aye, what could it mean?
Or came it a foe, or came it a friend,
Or evil or good did the Spectre portend?

If 'twas good, in what, he could not conceive,
Or what of his comforts, if evil, bereave;
So while in his brain such reas'nings pass'd through,
The spires of old Gotham were heaving in view.

He thought in himself, When I've arriv'd there,
To the house of my friend Gen'ral M*** I'll repair;
I'll tell him my tale of the Headless Sprite,
And the cause he, mayhap, will resolve of my fright.

His mail then secured and his horse besides,
Through streets and through lanes he rapidly glides;
The coast being clear, it *was* no great while,
Ere he stood on the stoop of his friend's domicile.

He knock'd at the door, the door open'd wide,
And closely his friend, quickly stood by his side;
What is it, thought he, can the mail-man ail,
His visage so ghastly, so thoughtful, so pale?

"Come in, come in, and, my friend take a seat,
A ghost hast thou seen? relate I entreat;
Thy visage so long, and so pale is thy face,
Some one thing or other must be out of place!"

The Mail-man opened his mouth full wide,
And, his eyes turn'd up, he told of his ride;
He look'd to the Gen'ral, the cause to explain,
His looks and his waiting, alas! were in vain.

His friend sold chandlery by the piece or lot,
Of the law that rul'd sprites, his friend ken'd 'em not;
So he said if he'd go straightway to bed,
He'd find all his fears by morning had fled.

To a Hotel, hard by, he then repairs,
He ask'd for lodgings, was lighted up stairs;
We cannot tell what were his dreams that night,
Or pleasant they were, or fill'd with afright.

By times next morn from his bed he arose,
And as he was wont, he put on his clothes;
He fell down the stairs, and not a word spoke
As they rais'd him up—for his neck was broke.

"FAS EST AB HOSTE DOCERI."

That good instruction never should be spurn'd,
Which may from e'en an enemy be learn'd.

NEW-YORK, ADDRESSED TO S. WOODWORTH & CO.

Kind sirs, I greet you on your enterprise;
You've chose a subject of no trifling size;
New-York! New-York! and there the mind intent,
Hangs o'er the words in mute astonishment.
Search fire and water, next try earth and air,
To which of these can you New-York compare?
Was e'er poor Poet in so sad a case?
Is it a hill, a mountain, or a place?
Pish! says a Prig in definition skill'd,
'Tis a small spot of ground with houses fill'd;
It crooked lanes and obscure alleys claims,
And streets abundant with all sorts of names,
Two rapid rivers, Hudson and the Sound,

Join'd with fam'd Harlem, close it in all round.
This is New-York, pray is the picture true?
Why all the length that you have gone, 'twill do;
But if Grace Church is not without a steeple,
Then surely, sir, you have forgot the people,
Who o'er its streets in busy masses trip,
From Broadway's height, down to the Whitehall slip;
Nor have their arts, nor their devices shown,
By which they rich and opulent have grown;
Nor nam'd those piles which strike the raptur'd view
Built for Religion, bus'ness, pleasure too,
Ah, Poet! now I ween what you're about,
You from your theme would spin a poem out.
Now, Poet, take not thou my words amiss,
I have no head for such a work as this.
Yet listen, sir, until my plan you hear,
For should you have no head! you have an ear.
Yes, you are right, I feel my mind soar high,
And view the subject with a Poet's eye.
New-York! I hail thee, destin'd by the fates,
The future Mistress of the United States.
Thy noble rivers and thy spacious bay,
Where four gay isles imbedded in it lay;
Placed near the sea, afford a safe retreat,
To the lone ship, or to the num'rous fleet.
There have I seen alternately unfurl'd,
The waving glory of the trading world.
Oh could fell war with its dire evils cease,
And the tired world enjoy an honest peace;
Then would Europa's stately barks resort,
With precious burdens to thy friendly port;
And waft away from out thy teeming stores,
Thy surplus produce to far distant shores.
And sister states their wonted gains pursue,
And pour their wealth through ev'ry avenue;
From Orleans' Island to the Mountain green,
Into thy lap, O thou mercantile Queen!
So, sir, what think you of this rhapsody?
Oh, quite poetic, sir, 'twixt you and me,

But, pray, where are you minded it shall go?
Why to New-York—"To S. Woodworth & Co."
Say, hav'nt you noticed what a dashing caper,
They've lately cut in the Mercantile paper?
Yet to their praise let it be said, they're wise,
They all the credit won't monopolize.
Then where's the harm if we cut in along,
And help them out in their intended song?
If it should but the public ordeal pass,
'Twill give a name more durable than brass.*
Then let chaste poetry for ever live,
And in your Book to Kelmonezer give
A little niche, a little sprig of bay,
And he's rewarded for his well-meant lay.

A LAW MAXIM, VERSIFIED.

Lex neminem cogit ad vana seu impossibilia.

The law forces no one, neither woman nor man,
To do any thing vain, or beyond what they can.

ROGUES FALLING OUT.

When rogues fall out, don't be affrighted;
For honest men will then be righted.

DISCORD.

Malignant, cruel, fierce, outrageous clashings,
Compare we to infernal lightning's flashings.

* Ære perennium.

GREATER AND LESSER THINGS.

All lesser must to greater things give way,
And be postpon'd until some later day.

NOT AT HOME.

Whence came the custom, or from Greece or Rome,
To bid the servants say "he's not at home?"
While he to whom the master was denied,
Knew well, full well, the instructed servant lied.
But let it come from far, or whence it will,
The odious practice is in being still.
Could we not name of would-be great men scores,
Who send this lying message to their doors?
Oh what a precious lesson for our youth,
By times to teach them to belie the truth!
And do her bonds, involve no crime when broke,
Those sacred bonds which they treat as a joke?
Yet once a learned Jewish King decreed,
Naught could in strength the naked truth exceed.
Himself the *Truth* our Saviour too declares,
And where's the man to contradict him dares?
Think then, ye liars, in the world to come,
Shall Heav'n or Hell be your enduring home?

THE CORRECT LAWYER; OR A GENERAL RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

Hav'nt you heard folks say since you came out o' school,
Without an exception there's no general rule!
Yet this you will own or the grammar discard,
The "*gamma*" in Greek you must always sound hard.
The Lawyer an assertion made,
The Judge soon stopp'd him short;

The Lawyer prov'd the judge was wrong,
By the above retort.
When you on matters of import decide,
Don't let your terms be too unqualified.

CICERO SAYS THAT—"TEARS SOON DRY UP."

So small is the containing cup,
Tears last not long, but soon dry up.

FRIENDLY TERMINATION OF A DISPUTE.

There let it in perpetual silence lie,
Till you, and I, and all the world shall die.

EPITAPH.

Body! with others 'tis thy lot,
To moulder here in church-yard dust;
Sleep on, thou shalt not be forgot,
When the last trumpet wakes the just.

ANOTHER.

Our life is a vapor, quick passing away,
But Faith is a taper, by whose shining ray,
The City we view, at the end of the race,
Where God and the Lamb, are the light of the place.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Assist Melpomene, thou weeping muse;
Do not fair mourner the sad call refuse;
But let thy tears and mine conjointly flow,
To pay the tribute which to worth we owe.

Ah then he's gone the way of all our world!
Death's greedy tyrant, at his bosom hurl'd
The fatal dart that stopp'd his vital breath,
And seal'd his eyelids in the sleep of death.

Thus some tall tree that graced the mountain's brow,
Beneath the woodman's fatal axe lies low;
In manhood's vigor just prepar'd to bloom,
So fell this youth and met his early tomb.

Kind Nature, lavish of her charms, bestow'd
A winning form where manly beauty glow'd;
But nobler beauties far his mind possess'd,
With truth, with virtue, and with knowledge bless'd.

Alas! that form so comely in our sight,
Is now no longer fitted to delight;
The spirit's flown, and who can tell us where?
Yet Heav'n-born hope forbids us to despair.

O'er him fair friendship shed the falling tear,
To him thy sacred name was ever dear;
Firm to the test his noble soul stood true,
With gen'rous ardor paid affection's due.

A friend he had—'tis now his mournful lot
In silent grief to view the lonely spot,
Where his friend's pale, extended corpse lies bound,
By Death's strong fetters in the clay-cold ground.

But Hope, fair Hope revives the aching soul,
Where grief and sorrow reign'd without control;

Points to the joys that are reserv'd in store,
By Nature's God whom virtue's sons adore.

Yes, much lov'd youth, thy God himself prepares
A sure reward, relief from all thy cares;
Methinks I see thy spirit wing its flight,
Up to the realms of never-fading light.

Then fare the well, thou dear departed shade;
Remembrance fond shall oft impart her aid;
Ingenuous sorrow well perform her part,
To keep thy mem'ry fix'd within my heart.

EPITAPH ON A CERTAIN SEA CAPTAIN.

Full oft he cross'd the raging main,
To India's clime and back again;
But since his voyage of life is o'er,
Let's meet him on fair Canaan's shore.

ANOTHER.

We all must to
The world of spirits go,
And dwell in endless bliss
Or endless wo;
Yet he who in
His Maker's favor dies,
Shall live to reign
With him above the skies.

ANOTHER.

Long her patient spirit bore
Her Heavenly father's rod;
Till he bade that spirit soar,
To the embraces of its God.

ON THE DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS LADY OF THIS CITY.

Greedy Death, pale terror's king,
Bends his bow and draws the string;
Swift the unerring arrow flies,
And in her breast transfix'd it lies.
But not her soul, oh Death 's thy prize!
It claims its mansion in the skies;
Then, monster, boast thy wondrous skill,
Of the dead body take thy fill;
Till from the grave high Heaven's king,
Bid it mount up on swiftest wing.
All beauteous as the first born sons of light,
And meet its soul with glory beaming bright.
To taste that bliss which was, as Truth has said,
For such prepared before our world was made,

EPITAPH ON A DEPARTED WIFE.

Thus, dearest, we our Maker's call obey,
And thus the living turns to lifeless clay;
Since then thou'st 'scap'd this world of wo and pain,
May Heav'n our "loss make thine eternal gain."

FORTUNE'S TWO HANDS; INDUSTRY AND FRUGALITY, AN APOTHEGM VERSIFIED.

Fortune alike with other dames
A right as well as left hand claims;
For *Industry* her right is fam'd,
Frugality her left is nam'd.
And would folks heed this as they should,
Less oft they'd call her bad than good.

ORATORY OF THE FORUM AND THE PULPIT.

In books both sacred and profane we're told,
How high they valued Orators of old;
To hear Demosthenes 'gainst Philip thunder,
You with the sage Athenians would wonder,
How words and gestures skilfully combined,
Possess such power to captivate the mind.
That e'en the coward while his voice he hears,
Thinks but of Philip and forgets his fears;
And list'ning hosts cry, as a single man,
Perish the haughty Macedonian!
Pass we from Greece and now on Roman earth,
That far famed land, which gave great Cicero birth,
And in the Senate seated—see him rise,
While all attentive fix on him their eyes.
He speaks to Cataline, who, lost to shame,
Would wrap Rome's city in the midnight flame.
Next to the Senate—arm, for danger's nigh,
And shortly you or Cataline must die.
Deep in their minds his pond'rous words descend;
Fierce they survey their foe and pleas'd their friend.
On rush their legions with impetuous roar,
The abandon'd Cat'line falls to rise no more.
But while we grant to Greece and Rome their due,
Still other lands have had their speakers too;
How many Orators does Britain boast,
Her indigenes say what a mighty host?
And were we vain, we'd ask, Do any foil
The nervous speakers of our native soil?
Yet ere the subject to a close we draw,
We'll view the champions of another law;
Thousands have plead for justice, yet, forsooth,
Millions have pleaded in the cause of truth.
Among the last behold the Apostle Paul,
Stand forth truth's champion in the Prætor's hall;
And while he hears him of the Judgment treat,
How the stern Roman trembles in his seat!
Mark his reply: "For this time go thy way,

I'll hear thee of this thing another day."
In Truth's fair cause how keen his every word,
Like a dividing, piercing, two-edg'd sword!
Apollos too, how eloquent his tongue!
What list'ning thousands on his accents hung!
A simple tale hear Kephas next impart,
Three thousand souls are smitten to the heart!
Such were the Christain Orators of old,
Who nobly plead for Truth and not for gold.
Oh, we would feel ourselves supremely bless'd,
If of such gen'rous, ardent souls possess'd:
Yet if we can't such excellence attain,
Why should we count our labor wholly vain?
There's set before us as a mark—a prize,
To which it is our privilege to rise;
In goodness there are depths, and lengths, and heights,
To which Religion all of us invites.
Her once attain'd we all our force should bend,
Fair Truth in words and actions to defend;
For her the powers of speech should cultivate,
Till Heav'n promote us to a better state.

THE FIRE PIPE.

Or grave amusement of the Fathers of the City of Gotham, some ten or twelve years agone, as enacted by them in committee of the whole.

Each one in his senses most freely consents,
That Fire's the fiercest of all elements.
The Earth may fall on you, and crush you to death,
And immers'd in the water 'twill soon stop your breath;
To be sure you may now and then suffer from air,
But with Fire's fell influence naught can compare.
Yet while this assertion with boldness we make,
We enter this caveat, pray don't mistake,
We mean nothing more than the fire of matter,
Which if ta'en as a former succumbs to a latter;

With ease a few Engines the first may control,
But who can extinguish that fire—the soul?
Now *here* let who will, *we* will not engage,
But solely to hint, not instruct this wise age;
We have Newtons enough, who could all the day long,
Hidden causes explain, or in prose, or in song.
Then away to the point we'd have chiefly in hand;
And thou Fancy be still, and thou Fact take command.
A monstrous *uproar*—lately chanced in our City,
At *which* some cried shame, others said 'twas a pity,
On some night of the month which has now pass'd away,
All the bells rang for fire, but not for a fray.
Yet *just* so it happen'd, and who could prevent it,
And who will pretend to say who it was sent it?
Though we *all* know this world is abundant in crosses,
And underlings quarrel and so do their Bosses;
As *'tis* with two persons so *'tis* with a nation,
'Twas a quarrel before, now an accommodation;
And with the old Sage, with the same eyes we see,
And cry, "oh 'tis pleasant for friends to agree!"
Then the breach being heal'd and no longer existing,
And all is fair play, and no turning nor twisting,
We'll view the whole ground, as wound up in a frolick,
In which were Dram. Per., the whole "lot and tetolick,"
Of Bosses 'bove Bosses whose right is undoubted,
To "round and to bound" when they Discord have routed;
In a twinkling they *all* now with one voice agree,
To resolve the whole *House* 'to a *Pipe Committee!*
Then the Pipe being *screw'd* on, ah, ever so tight,
Number *Two* grasp'd it hold with his hand call'd his right,
Clean out we will play her, says he, at this meeting,
All the while his dexterity each one was greeting.
Then up *stepp'd* number *Nine*, and began to complain,
"The Pipe is too loose, screw, it pray sirs, again."
The Pipe was screw'd up, and how wond'rous to mention,
Its performance excited a gen'ral attention!
Next *came* number *Three*, and the Pipe felt and view'd,
For himself and the rest 'twas by far too tight screw'd.

So he moved that some others would take it straight way,
And show him their art and their secret to play.
Then, as *though* he'd been *call'd* on by name to the Pipe,
Number Four stretch'd his hand, and with a strong gripe,
He twisted it round, and its charge, without grace
Flew straight as an arrow into number Three's face;
And did number Three fly into a passion?
No, no, let me tell you, he's not got that fashion;
But he courteously cried as a man to his brother,
"Fire away, my brave fellow, and give us another."
But what were his motives, if wrong or if right,
We never did ask him, why so impolite,
As not to oblige number Three with that douse,
He crav'd for himself and some more of the House?
But no *doubt* this was solv'd by his Honor the Second,
Who a skilful Pipe-*man* has been hitherto reckon'd,
He with *wonted* suavity stretch'd his hand out,
And with a small touch turn'd the pipe quite about,
That *Seven* consented is certainly plain;
It is right, he exclaim'd, and so let it remain.
And in this he was aided as quick as a flash,
By a Pipe-man whose name is conceal'd by a dash.
At the Pipe number Three once again gave a look—
Not straight, "it is certain," it has a huge crook.
Unless *some* of the Pipe-men will speedily mend it,
I fear their exertions will more and more bend it.
Number *Nine* thought the crook he could plainly discern,
"Just there—in that spot—see the Pipe has a turn."
Four *Pipe*-men who acted as Stewards for all,
Averr'd that it wanted no mending at all!
Number *Nine* in a partner was now left to scan,
What many men knew, he'd mistaken his "*Man*."
Number *Seven* would have it acknowledg'd on all hands,
The Pipe is just right in the way that it now stands.
And now number *Three* rose up as before,
But his Honor the *First*, would not let him speak more,
And the rest of the Pipe-men he had to petition,
Who very good humour'dly granted permission,
And then he proceeded to show with much force

That the pipe must be straighten'd, yes, straighten'd of course.
Number *Seven* could not understand, by the by,
That the pipe was too low, or the pipe was too high,
Then a *Steward* stepp'd up and declar'd to all round,
That the pipe was both straight, both solid and sound.
Whereupon being tired and sated with play,
They ordered the pipe to be taken away,
And to let the folks know by means of their *papers*,
That in *peace* they had ended their wat'ry capers.

CHORUS OMNIUM.

Then success to the Pipe, and to those who attend it,
All ranks high and low are bound to defend it;
Far off be the time, and still farther than then,
It ever shall suffer from water or men.

MY SECOND WIFE; OR EARLY COURTSHIP.—A SONNET.

Fanny is the girl for me,
Brisk she is as any bee;
Always cheerful, always gay,
Blooming as the flow'rs of May.

Never sullen, never pouting,
Never angry, never flouting?
Laughing, singing all the day
Driving grief and care away.

Giddy, yet her heart is true,
Loving me as is my due;
For she *well* knows that I mean,
To make her my little Queen.

Hymen, come with lighted torch,
Lead us to thy Temple's porch;
Join our hearts and join our hands,
In thy soft endearing bands.

With her care shall flee away,
Happy I both night and day:
With her "brisk as any bee,"
Fanny is the girl for me.

MY SECOND COURTSHIP OF MY PRESENT WIFE.

But there are bars to diff'rent things,
To cause them to miscarry;
For sure it does not always chance,
To woo, and then to marry.

A mother, in her dotage, oft
Between the parties stands;
And thwarts their fondest wishes, by
Persuasions, or commands.

And so she was, she whom I would
Have made my little wife;
Persuaded by her mother dear,
To lead a single life.

But Providence whose wise designs,
We mortals cannot scan;
Removed her mother from this world,
And left behind my Fan.

Years after years had roll'd away,
With me a married man;
And she a single woman still,
I mean my little Fan.

Then Providence as He saw fit,
Deprived me of my mate;
And left me sorrowing and forlorn
To prove a widow'd state.

Soon tired of that I look'd about,
To find another she;
Companion for myself, and who
Would rule my family.

And who so fit as my first love,
The serious charge to take;
And where among her sex, could I,
A choice more prudent make?

I came, I saw, I ask'd consent,
With naught to intervene;
Consent she gave to be my bride,
To be my little Queen.

And now behold, on yonder shore
We lead a tranquil life;
And there she looks to end her days,
The Poet's happy wife.

PUFFING.

IMPORTANT!!! TO THE AMATEURS OF THE FINE ARTS.

Don Emanuel, Antonio De Biscarrolaso,
No. 72 *Wall-street*,

Takes this method to show he's a finished professor,
As a Tonsor, frizzeur, or in English, *Hair-Dresser*,
And that, having previously sent out his Card,
He has gain'd from the Ladies and Gents. much regard.
For which he expresses a grateful emotion,

And tenders his aid with all needful devotion;
Though he thinks he may here with much justice insist,
That he spurns at the name of a vile egotist.
Yet his merit, though some may be ignorant of it,
And as he *by it* wishes each one may profit;
Imperiously forces, or like it or lump it,
Himself, honest fellow, to blow his own trumpet.
His friends and the public he therefore informs,
That with quacks his profession is crowded in swarms.
But their arts he despises, as he, modest creature,
Is a Tonsor sans art, for he is one by nature!
And he those endowments, believe him the fact is,
Has improv'd by a long course of study and practice.
As from Spain he came o'er *three* months since in a Brig,
He knows the true cut of his Majesty's wig;
And besides he's retain'd in his head with much care,
The curl of his whiskers, aye, e'en to a hair!
And though to your heads not a hair now attaches,
He'll supply you with mammoth or some other scratches.
But among his perfections, which all must admire,
He ranks his attention to please you much higher,
Besides he convinces the most careless gazers,
That the phiz is improv'd by his tongs and his razors;
But in this his abilities have not been wanted,
For on his own word, you may take it for granted,
That his practice has hitherto been among faces,
Too good to admit of his polish and graces!!!

THE NEWS CARRIER'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO HIS PATRONS, 1828.

One night I dream'd I learned the Printer's trade,
Or occupation, as I might have said;
And furthermore methought a brother chip,
Enter'd my window with a sudden skip;
Fast by my side he stood: good! good! he said,
One way or other still you help the trade.

While some from care, in sleep, find sweet release,
You furnish copy for Hal's New Year's piece.
Come let us hear how far you have progress'd,
And how repaid you for your want of rest!
"While snugly seated round the enlivening fire,
Bless'd with each comfort which your hearts desire;
Say can you deem fond Hal's intention rude,
One moment on your patience to intrude?
That he intends to tell you, don't suppose
In plaintive accents of unreal woes;
This thought's removed far from his honest heart,
He scorns to act a vile deceiver's part."
"Now this reads well, your verse sounds wond'rous mellow,
But let me tell you Hal's a pleasant fellow;
And knows the views and wishes of his patrons,
Differ as wide as maidens do from matrons.
What would you then? no plan is sketch'd by Hal,
To make his piece, or grave, or comical.
Now mark me well, and don't mistake, my Boy,
But keep a steady eye on Hal's employ.
Aye, now I think your meaning well I ken,
See how it drops so freely from my pen!
You'd have me say, 'Kind Patrons once a year,
With gladsome heart I at your doors appear,
To say your papers I have left each week;
And a small tribute now I come to seek!
Indeed I almost claim it as my due,
Upon reflection you must think so too.
For think the day such freedom must excuse,
This New Year is—can any then refuse?
This once let gen'rous action bear the sway,
You can to Hal make this a happy day;
Then shall he, sway'd by gratitude profound,
Make merry New Year in your ears resound,
And thus express the feelings of his heart:
Kind friends—hear these good wishes ere we part,"
Till now I took you for a man of sense,
And deem'd you guiltless of such high offence;

Against the laws which composition aims,
To keep infracted from perversion's claims."
"Oh had I *Selim's** mind and Selim's fire,
I would be ev'ry thing you could desire;
Selim, my love, thou art a princely printer,
Outshining me as summer does the winter!"
"Eh man—what has the eagle wing'd *Se*-lim,
To do with you, or you to do with him?
Why vex me thus? your sense I say is stuff,
All that Hal wants is 'nummi quantum suff.'
Grant it—and yet, without intent to offend,
You have begun just where you ought to end.
Would you advise me then to play the trickster,
And make what's quaintly call'd a hixter mixter?
Certes, you're right, the Paper is your mark,
There frisk and carrol like a meadow lark!
Imprimis then, don't fail to mention Greece,
Or Hal most surely will reject your piece.
That Greece whose classic soil so oft I've trod,
With Homer, Xenophon and Hesiod?
How chang'd, how altered from thy former state,
Thou 'rt little now, though once they call'd thee *Great!*†
But thy long agony will soon be o'er,
And, Turk Ibrahim waste thy plains no more.
And, when, in peace thou sitt'st beneath thy vine,
Then think my country was a friend of thine."
Enough of her thou'st giv'n old Greece her due,
Now of her master Turk let's hear a few.
"Long had the Turk rul'd o'er fair Grecia's land,
And sway'd his sceptre with an iron hand;
And did her sons but murmur and complain,
Then still more galling made the Turk her chain,
Till Nature's point was pass'd, when lo! she rose
In all her vengeance on her cruel foes.
Yet had they crush'd her with their barb'rous might,
And hurl'd her headlong to eternal night;
But other lands beheld with pitying eyes,
Her wasting strength, and heard her piercing cries.

* Woodworth. † Magna Græcia.

Her first help came, all on the briny flood,
And *Navarino* tells a tale of blood!
From his cold clime the Russian came at length,
And hurl'd his gauntlet with resistless strength.
Now feels the Turk, and to his cost he knows,
They are no triflers who his rage oppose;
The ball may err, they on the charge depend;
This brings the combat to a speedy end.
But on the Scimetar the Turks rely,
And strive to cut the fæm'ral artery.
Then life's full current issues from each wound,
And Turks and Russians press th' ensanguined ground.
Accounts assert, with slaughter Varna's taken,
So far the frontier strength of Balkan's shaken."
"Bravo, my Boy! that's your true tragic style,
And almost equals Dr. Mitchel's *file*.
But why are Turks such devils when in battle?"
"Opium they chew in quantity, like cattle;
And then their Priests assure them when they die
They shall not sink below, but mount on high
With Heroes, Houris, Mahomet to dwell,
Your Turkish Soldier looks for Heaven—not Hell.
Fate is his creed, none other he receives,
Old Homer's doctrine every Turk believes.
But is it true, as I have heard it hinted,
They write their works, but never have them printed?
Printers on Christians value, but the Turks—
They're your true patrons, oh, ye needy clerks!
Which choose you then, or Cit, or rustic clown,
The Russian pallium, or the Turkish gown?
What say you now to take a trip to Spain?
Or shall we pass to Pedro's vast domain.
Pedro's a bad man, and I do not like him,
And were he here, I really b'lieve—I'd strike him;
He kick'd his wife while in a certain state,
Which quickly seal'd in death her mortal fate.
But should her Sire of Austria send a fleet,
With red hot balls his ports and shores to greet;
About his ears he'd kick up such a racket,

I would not for his realm be in his jacket.
Well, there's Mig'el, pray what of him d'ye think?
Why, that he's hardly worth the waste of ink.
Kingship for him can surely have no charms,
Whom treason's wiles continually alarms;
What love or duty can his subjects show,
While all his prisons with their friends o'erflow?
E'en England too, erst his decided friend,
Her wonted aid no longer now will lend;
And like Belshazzar, horribly afraid,
Mig'el despairing, cries out, 'I'm betray'd!'
And now that I had Robertson's balloon,
To waft me home before next Monday noon!
Correct—let who will censure or applaud,
I say our Country calls us from abroad;
Gladly let's quit that chaos of events,
Which such a tissue of earth's woes presents.
And oh, my Country, when thy state I view,
I'd call thee happy if thou only knew,
Grateful to be and properly to prize,
That sweetest, noblest blessing of the skies;
Thy blood-earn'd boon—fair Liberty! oh may
She Heaven's daughter ever with us stay!
Fled are the scenes of sorrow and of pity,
Then let's pursue the vag'ries of our City.
Now, by the by, though 'tis no high concern,
I, if you please, from you would wish to learn:
If 'tis a practice with your author's chaste,
Or if 'tis only a mere freak of taste:
First to treat subjects whose import is grave,
And lighter themes until their end to save?
'Tis so of plays, and is of standing long,
First comes the Goats,* and then the Village song.
Thou speak'st of plays, hast ever been at plays?
Aye, marry have I, in my younger days!
Full many a time I've been at old *John*-street,
And there have quaff'd the racy, luscious treat;

* Tragos, a Goat; and Hodai, a song.
Komai, a Village; and Hodai, a song.

Serv'd by the rarest actors of their time,
Garricks and Siddons both in prose and rhyme.
The caustic Hallam, oft I've seen him feign
The Prince, his master-piece, the crazy Dame;
And Hodgkinson, though not in person light,
Was vastly taking in the Carmelite!
And Melmoth too created heart-felt joy,
When in her arms she clasp'd her Villeroy!
Tyler would almost make you crack your cheeks,
To hear him sing of Renard and his freaks.
And Mrs. Johnson, how she pleased the beaus,
When she appear'd dress'd in our sex's clothes!
Aye, those were times which time has swept away,
And the same fate awaits the present day!
How time's progressions all of us affect,
Young men look forward, old men retrospect!
Pray, have you seen the Eidophusicon?*
Part of the way, but not the stage upon.
They say the scenery's imposing, grand!
Surpassing that of any other land!
Then has New-York without the least contention,
Strong claims t'excel in any new invention.
Suppose we visit next the Museum,
And see the sights, both dead, and deaf, and dumb.
And if we stop at Scudder's in rotation,
We'll see the largest one in all our Nation!
But what is that, which whirls and whirls again,
I mean that thing within yon window's pane?
Brother, for shame, you surely are purblind,
Read but the motto, and its use you'll find.
Mercy, what sums, what splendid lots of Cash,
To prop the House, which else would go to smash,
Hark! heard you that noise? I know his voice—
'Twas Hal's—quickly, or you are not his choice.
"Health to that man, whose gen'rous feeling mind,
By virtue's taught, by charity's inclind.
Long may he live to taste the happy fruits,

* Eido, I see; and Phusis, nature.

Attending always virtuous pursuits;
When here he's finish'd all his works of love,
May Angels hail him in the realms above!"
Chip snatch'd the paper, through the window flew,
And quick as lightning vanish'd from my view.

FATE.—THE SENTIMENT FROM THE REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, VERSIFIED.

Say what is fate? and hath it ne'er occurr'd
Unto your mind, 'tis simply but a word!
What is its meaning, what doth it imply?
Why, *nothing*, sir, methinks I hear one cry,
Search and perceive, then tell if thou canst find,
It ever other meaning had in thine own mind?
But meaning give it, it becomes of course
God, of all goodness the prolific source!

A GRAND NATIONAL SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY 1814,

RECITATIVE.

The serious observer discerns without doubt,
That the vials of wrath on this earth are pour'd out;
For the sad overturnings in different climes,
Speak in accents of thunder, "the signs of the times."
For the offspring of Ham, and his good brother Shem,
A large *share* of dire wrath has been pour'd out on them,
Next the storm fell on Japheth, from Heav'n offended,
Cross'd the Atlantic, and on us too's descended.

AIR.

Genius of our native land,
Why dost thou musing, pensive stand?

Why dost thou not on this glad day,
Bid us abound in sport and play?
Columbia's sons, how can it be
Our hearts should long for sport and glee;
While Heaven's fierce wrath against our Nation burns,
And land and seas, drink up our blood by turns?

RECITATIVE.

Now those who in anger to the Jews were once given,
The Kings, in Europa by jealousy driven;
Quick arouse their dread legions, and spoil her repose,
While fell tyrants to tyrants the battle oppose.
Britannia, Hispania, and Portugal here,
Drive the French swift before them and press on their rear.
There the Russian, and Prussian, and Germanic powers,
Enter Paris in triumph, and shout "France is ours!"

AIR.

Genius, wherefore all this strife,
In this our short uncertain life;
Why, in a dire relentless mood,
Do Christians spill each other's blood?
'Tis passing strange, yet it is so,
That man to man's his greatest foe.
Yet know, since you the cause of wars inquire,
Ambition plans, oppression lights the fire.

RECITATIVE.

If 'twas folly in France, though with armies immense,
To offend the Sea's mistress on any pretense;
Did her cries about Liberty, nothing avail,
And all her great projects eventually fail;
Then, how *dare* our Americans lift up the hand,
To smite the bold Britons, both by sea and by land,
Say from *us* will they patiently brook this disgrace;
Or indignantly hurl us from off the earth's face?

AIR.

Genius, do pray tell us all,
While Nations rise, why do they fall?
Do you with toil and vast expense,
Amass the things of time and sense;
Why wonder, if at any rate
A Nation will be rich and great:
That lux'ry 'gender'd from corruption's heap,
Should plunge her headlong down Destruction's steep.

RECITATIVE.

Let our Nation be good, and she's nothing to fear,
For still *He* who rules armies and battles is near,
To protect and defend all who on him rely,
And so *we* may the world and old Satan defy.
May our great men be good men, and all, high and low,
Prove the joys that fair Virtue alone can bestow;
And enjoy each return of this day thankfully,
From all wars and commotions for ever set free.

PROTOCOL TO ACCOMPANY THE FOREGOING SONG.

Now what is this mine eyes behold?
Do see yon Knight in black;
How very slow he jogs along,
And then his reins, how slack!

What is that thing roll'd up behind,
All on his saddle-tree?
The hist'ry of his life perhaps,
Or horse's pedigree.

But let's accost him as he nears,
And learn the whole affair;

"Pray, courteous Knight, where journeyest thou,
And what's thy business there?"

"My name is Kelmonezer, sirs,
To Philadelphia fair;
I'm journeying on to meet the Knights,
Whom Oldschool summoned there."

"Oh, sir, a month's already pass'd,
Your journey's all in vain;
Twelve Knights were there, and fought it out,
And have gone home again."

"But still I trust I'm not too late;
Unless my mem'ry's wong,
Oldschool in his Portfolio said
Each left behind a song.

And further, he finds fault with all,
And reasons doth assign;
As how they want some qualities,
Which he may find in mine.

So gentle sirs, good day to you,
My charger wants to go;"
"Success, Sir Knight; and may Oldschool
On you the prize bestow."

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF OUR LATE NAVAL VICTORIES, 1814.

"*The American Sailor*—In battle terrible, in victory modest and humane." Fifteenth toast at the Naval Dinner given to Lieutenant McCall and the surviving Officers of the U. S. Brig Enterprise, Charleston, 15th October, 1813.

Near eighteen months of war have roll'd away—
What then? hear what the Poet has to say!

"'The Summer's past, and Winter in his place,
Comes on with dreary and with turgid face;
With all his train of frost, and hail, and snow,
And weary troops to winter-quarters go."
Mark ye, he speaks of war! now he proceeds—
"Muse, tune thy lay, and chant those val'rous deeds,
Of late achiev'd against that haughty nation,
Who fighting makes her daily occupation;
Those deeds, which lift my Country to the skies,
And fill the distant nations with surprise!
Yet for minutiæ, be the task assign'd
To some more daring, persevering mind;
Be thou content in generals to deal,
In admonition and abrupt appeal.
Say then, what think those swagg'ring Britons now,
How can they bear to Yankee tars to bow?
'Oh, shame,' they cry, 'oh death and foul disgrace,
To be thus beaten by a mushroom race!'
Say how each member at St. James's feels,
While Sloops and Frigates must be dash'd from Steele's.
Won't the proud tyrants learn, that Yankee tars
Are men, while fighting under thirteen stars?
The Gurriere, Java, Macedonian stout,
The Boxer, Frolic, Peacock, past all doubt,
Prove that if Britain yield the Trident's sway,
'Twon't be to France, but to America!
Now she the diff'rence feels 'twixt bond and free,
Who fights for tyrants or for Liberty!
Confess, old Erie, how Columbia's sons,
On thy broad bosom hush'd proud Britain's guns;
Tell how, if aught thou dost delight in jokes,
With their long Toms they bored the Royal Oaks!
Till fainting Britons, spite of native pride,
Struck to brave Perry and for quarter cried.
And thou, Ontario, like thy sister Lake,
With British thunder hast been made to quake;
But though they labor'd with their utmost skill,
They could not compass all thy fish to kill;
A strong ribb'd Pike, with Chauncey on his back

Where'er he pleases holds his fearless track,
And not a Wolf, nor yet a Royal George,
Has strength or courage this same Pike to gorge.
Chauncey, move on, don't give the contest o'er,
Till Lake Ontario's ours on either shore.
And may the prowling foe on the Champlain,
To take thy fleet find all his efforts vain;
Be, it McDonnough, thine this Lake to guard,
A grateful Nation shall thy toils reward.
To you, brave Sailors, now the Muse appeals,
And asks each son of freedom if he feels
Relentless hatred throbbing in his veins,
Towards the poor foe o'er whom he conquest gains?
Ah no! methinks a gallant tar replies,
I am a man, no Demon in disguise!
'Tis not for thirst of blood thy sailor fights;
'Tis for his own, and for his Country's rights,
Name you in all those fights you've sung just now,
One single act to brand with shame his brow.
But if kind Heav'n design'd each Nation free,
To pass and repass o'er the subject sea;
Shall impious Britain with strong hands arrest,
And pluck from any this high Heaven's bequest;
And won't our high ton'd Independent Nation,
Raise her bold crest against such usurpation?
Or shall the foe her free-born sons detain,
To fight th' oppressor's battles on the main;
Abus'd, insulted in his floating graves,
Like his own black, kidnapp'd, West Indian slaves;
Or forc'd by men fill'd with demoniac ire,
On their own blood the murd'rous gun to fire.
Who, says the Muse, such flagrant deeds approves?
For lo, with grief, her swelling bosom moves;
She mourns the lot of those she loves so dear,
And o'er their fate she drops the sorrowing tear.
But British hearts more *ob*durate than steel,
By other weapons must be made to feel;
For them, there's no such Logic in the world,
As Yankee balls, from Yankee cannon hurl'd.

Then messmates come, with Heaven on our side,
We'll dash again Old England's "*wooden pride*;"
Unless her Hellborn practice she'll repress,
And grant our Seamen that long sought redress;
Which now they claim, and must and will obtain,
Or sweep her boasted Navy from the main.

A NATION'S GROANS.

Hear ye, hear all the world, old Albion's groans,
How her lost Naval honors she bemoans;
And loud proclaims, spite of her Lion heart,
Columbia's touch'd her in her "*vital part*."

DISTICH—FOR ONE OF THE COFFINS OR BOXES AT THE BURIAL OF THE REVOLUTIONARY BONES ON LONG ISLAND, A. D., 1808.

Tremble—ye Tyrants, dread the gath'ring storm,
While freemen, freemen's obsequies perform!

"AMERICA'S FEW YARDS OF STRIPED BUNTING."

How insulting, how affronting,
See with stars the striped bunting,
How gallantly aloft it floats
From the tall masts of Yankee boats,
And darts defiance and disdain,
At the proud mistress of the main.

Yankee sailors, ye have senses,
Courtesies are not offences,
Have the button nation shown them?

Yes, but they're asham'd to own them!
Yet you still may hear them grunting,
At the stars and striped bunting.

Yankee sailors, ye have brothers,
They have fathers, wives, and mothers!
How d'ye think they now are faring,
See, the lash their back is tearing,
Would that they the seas were hunting,
'Neath the stars and striped bunting!

Tars, ahead, the time is nearing,
Into strength our Country's steering,
Her battle ships each state shall bring;
And make the seas with thunder ring,
Britain, look out for Yankee tars,
Under their bunting and their stars!

THE DISAPPOINTMENT, OR PROTEGE VS. PATRON.

There lived a Clerk in Albany,
His name was Kelmonezer,
He wrote for Gubernator there,
A man of high degree, sir.

In his employ, full twenty months,
Did this same Clerk remain;
And toil'd in doors, or trudg'd about,
Through snow, and hail, and rain.

'Twas at the time when British fleets
Were hanging on our coast;
And British armies on our lines,
A most terrific host!

But soon a ship from Europe comes,
And quick is brought on shore

The news, that England now, and we,
Are enemies no more.

Post haste away to Washington,
Despatches nimbly went;
The President the treaty sign'd,
The Senate gave consent.

What baleful star did then arise,
Just at that joyous hour;
On Kelmonezer's prospects fair,
With sick'ning gloom to lower.

For Gubernator from that time,
Appear'd in mind quite chang'd;
As though the peace with mischief fraught,
Had all his plans derang'd.

Now Kelmonezer saw with grief,
His Patron's alter'd mind;
But dream'd not to his Protege
It boded aught unkind.

For when upon a certain night,
He was in pleasant mood;
And Kelmonezer, with the mail
Before his presence stood.

Said he, "unto your letter, I
To-morrow will attend;"
And Kelmonezer thought he could,
Upon his word depend.

And of a certain man* he spoke,
Who New-York's Council guides;
And o'er her as Chief Magistrate,
Reluctantly presides.

* John Ferguson, Esqr.

"Say, can't this man procure a place
For an old College friend;"
"Oh yes," says Kelmonezer, "if
By me a line you'll send."

"Not so," said Gubernator, "no,
To him, myself I'll speak;
"I won't desert you, do not fear,
I'll be in York next week."

He came to Town, 'tis very true,
And he return'd again;
Poor Kelmonezer for a place
Has look'd, but look'd in vain.

Yet still one thing is passing strange
In Kelmonezer's eye;
That Gubernator seems of late
Of him so wond'rous shy!

What has he done, or left undone,
To be pass'd by so slightly,
Is he in manners so uncouth,
Or person so unsightly?

But something whispers softly, in
His all attentive ear;
"Men often change, and seldom are
What they would fain appear.

"They often faint and step aside,
And weary in well doing;
Did you ne'er see a man at night,
A meteor pursuing?"

Then why should we indulge regrets
For what we cannot mend;
Why chide ourselves if wilfully
We have not wrong'd our friend?

Perhaps some future event may
His sympathies revive;
When he unto your interests shall,
Be perfectly alive!

And so it chanc'd, it was not long,
'Twas Gubernator's work;
A school-mate Kelmonezer chose,
For both their sakes, his Clerk.

Nor did his friendship end in this,
But all his after days
He Kelmonezer did befriend,
Who writes this to his praise.

TO MAJOR GENERAL PETER B. PORTER.

Porter, attend, with thine ambiguous name,
The Muse now greets the val'rous son of fame;
Nor fear she will, and style herself thy friend,
With fulsome flattery thy chaste ear offend.
No—let our Senates while thine acts they read,
Of praise on thee bestow a copious meed.
Or add, to give it more substantial weight,
A sword, or service all of massy plate;
Or else to make thee of still greater note,
Let a brevet to higher rank promote.
Thou didst deserve one well, and I was glad,
When on that day in winter vestments clad
I from Excelsior bore you from his hand,
And put in yours, what like a magic wand
Rais'd you in rank, and placed you one step higher,
And gave you all you justly could desire.
Skinner's could tell had it a tongue to speak,
Oh yes, that day stood first of all the week.
I too, by proxy, first or after soon
A Major dubb'd the gallant Darby Noon;

But he has gone and left us here behind,
To brave the billows of a world unkind;
Excelsior, too, has bid us all—"good by,"
And shortly we and all of us must die!
Yes, we with them must shoot the gulf of time,
And pass to meet them in another clime.
But are we solac'd by this cheering thought,
We have not lived, nor will we die for naught?
The place where last I saw thee I could name,
In visage alter'd, but of heart the same;
There thou didst soothe with accents bland and kind,
The throbbing tumult of my burden'd mind.
Porter, I thank thee, thou wast truly good,
When of thy friendship most in need I stood
Thou didst release my truant, headstrong son,
To use his trade, and to resign his gun.
And when his Colonel for his friend he knew,
'Twas I, his father, told him it was you.
Porter, whate'er thine enemies may say,
I say, I can't, but yet, my friend, I pray,
"May Heav'n reward thee in the coming day!"

RARITAN LANDING.—A POEM.

Or reminiscences, on a late visit to my native Village in New Jersey.

Oft have I strove in true poetic strain,
To treat of rural things, but all in vain;
Rear'd in a city there condemn'd to toil,
Far from the beauties of my native soil,
My thoughts to bus'ness, calculation turn'd,
My daily bread by labor to be earn'd,
While cares domestic occupied my time,
And left but little, when at home for rhyme.
Yet oft to thee has fond remembrance ran,
My own, my long forsaken Raritan.
Climb'd up thy hills, or o'er thy meadows stray'd

And view'd thy river through a neighb'ring glade.
O'er all thy soil, or cloth'd in green or white,
I've rang'd again with pleasure and delight.
Since then full half a century has fled,
Lo, all my kindred number'd with the dead!
Or some have quit thee for another State—
And then the change in ancient friends how great!
I'll see no more each well-remember'd face,
They're gone, succeeded by another race,
Who, on my visit view'd me with surprise,
As one just newly fallen from the skies—
Ah, little thought those wond'ring youngsters then,
I trod that ground before their sires were men!
Who oft with me, with line and pole in hand
Drew silv'ry fishes from thy stream to land—
Just there their sons I saw—thy bridge cross'd o'er
All silent angling on thy sandy shore.
Now for some *con*verse with the boys methought—
"What sport my lads, how many have you caught?"
Quick was the answer from each little he—
All rais'd their strings and cried, "see, *Uncle*, see!"
Uncle! how grateful on my ear it fell
Some may conceive, for me, I cannot tell.
Sympathy call it, or what you like best,
A social feeling planted in the breast.
Let kindness but the pleasing touch impart,
How sweet it vibrates on the human heart.
Thus moralizing with myself I talk'd,
While up the road full leisurely I walk'd.
And sought those houses once again to view,
Which now are gone, nor yet replaced by new;
Naked I saw thy road on either side,
As newly swept by Spring's destructive tide—
Blair, Kip, and Auten, Brimer, Bowers, none—
And are none left? no not one mother's son!
Next Dixon's, then the house of brick and wood
Left naught to show where either once had stood—
My grandsire's then, where strangers now reside,
There, Connet's house was on the other side—

There Bray's and Field's, and round the corner Flat's,
He who supplied the villagers with hats.
Now on the hill there stands the house in view,
The house in which my earliest breath I drew—
The way up easy, I the hill ascend,
And there receive the greetings of a friend—
Roughead the sailor, now with years grown gray.
Ah Bill! full many a year has roll'd away,
Since first you sail'd with Chivers o'er the main,
From Dublin's City to New York again.
Greetings exchanged, I left old Bill's abode,
And steer'd my course for Letson's up the road.
Th' old fashion'd house I saw ahead quite plain
Where dwelt my sister Phebe's daughter Jane.
Welcom'd by Letson, in his friendly way,
And press'd with him the coming night to stay,
I might have stay'd, my time—"excuse me—no,
Good by good folks"—so down the road I go.
Pass Poole's two houses, then within the nook,
The elder Letson's near the willow brook—
Churchward was gone—then French's on the left,
Long since *by death of its first head* bereft—
A stranger-farmer occupies his fields,
His Farm now wheat instead of rye grain yields—
There he was mowing just abreast the fence;—
I stopp'd, and used fatigue for a pretence
To hold some *con*verse—leaning on my cane,
Of him I ask'd what had become of Lane?
And truly, I without pretence might say,
I felt at length the tedium of the day.
Early that morn in Brooklyn I arose,
Now forty miles I'd travell'd near day's close—
Whistled to Brunswick in a rail-road car—
A two miles' walk, besure not very far—
Yet did I not, nor have I since begrudg'd
That on the tow-path I those two miles trudg'd—
Ne'er in and up thy stream walk'd I before,
O Raritan! and thus may walk no more.
Oh, it was pleasant thus to walk or stand,

So near thy midst with water on each hand—
But Lane—aye Lane—the farmer quick replied—
Why—Lane is gone—like many more has died.
This farm—'twas French's once—pray is it thine?
I've bought it, sir, and now this farm is mine.
And then that one, from there, until its end?
That too I've bought—that too is mine, my friend.
That farm was once my father's—and I there
Spent happy days devoid of toil and care,
When up the road, near to the store of Poole,
I went to learn my lesson at the school;
That must have been before this world I saw
If from your face true inference I draw—
Yes—more than half a century's pass'd o'er,
And now my years amount to near three score.
I left the man to mow his field of grain—
And soon the path, and then the road regain.
Forward I look, but yet no house I see—
Nor barn, nor choke-pear, nor a locust tree—
No barn, no house, placed in the hill full low—
The trees had fallen by the woodman's blow—
But on the hill we claim'd one little space—
All unenclos'd—it was our burial place—
No tomb-stones there the passing stranger show
The names of those whose bodies sleep below—
Yet there is One above who knows full well
The place where their immortal spirits dwell—
And may it be, when I am call'd to die,
My body here in this lone spot shall lie?
Or placed near strangers far from hence repose?
'Tis hid from me, my Maker only knows—
Yet why should this cause me one anxious sigh,
Or when, or how, or in what place I die?
My Maker's "*faithful*," and my slumb'ring clay
Shall join my soul to meet the Judgment day."
Then be it my great bus'ness while I live,
My heart to him without reserve to give—
With fears foreboding I shall not be press'd—
He having that will care for all the rest.

This lonely spot adjoin'd a rugged hill,
Along whose bsse there ran a purling rill;
It claim'd a spring unfailing for its source,
And to the river urg'd its tortuous course,
On its small meadow rear'd its lofty head,
One spreading tree with apples white and red—
And oft those apples, wand'ring there alone—
I've caused to drop with either stick or stone—
And on that meadow, spread o'er all the ground,
There mentha rose, 'twas in abundance found,
All verdant, fragrant with its native oil—
Luxuriant shooting from the humid soil—
Nepeta, too, methinks with silv'ry grace
Spread her ribb'd foliage o'er thy smiling face.
And on the hill the pudding grass display'd
Its gracile stalk whence sprang its little blade.
What though no beauteous flower thy space array'd,
These less for beauty than for use were made.
Beyond the rill there num'rous fruit trees stood
Once own'd and planted by old Doctor Hood—
He's gone, and his successor too—what sith,
He there resided, known as English-Smith.
And in that place I did delight—yea love—
To chase from tree to tree the turtle-dove.
No more I'd chase her at this time remote,
But list'ning sit and hear her plaintive note.
Yet other music courts my list'ning ear,
I must be gone, no longer linger here.
The sun declining, seeks his watery bed;
And shows how time on rapid wings has fled.
Admonish'd thus my steps I now retrace,
And on the way to Brunswick turn my face.
Still sparser now the population grew—
And to the bridge the houses were but few—
Their ancient tenants, lived they there or not,
I could not tell—or dead and long forgot—
This road to walk was never my delight,
Lonesome by day and dreary in the night;
But I, as I had nothing here to dread,

Dismiss'd my thoughts and sent them on ahead—
And journeying on, Probasco's brook I near'd,
(And on the hill the Miller's house appear'd)—
This pass'd, I gain with hasty steps once more
The bridge, which I had cross'd so oft before—
No more the freshet moves it from its place,
Russell has fix'd it on too firm a base.
Cross'd o'er, I come with a keen appetite
To where I mean to sup and spend the night,
The morning dawns, I rise refresh'd by sleep,
And now prepare the Sabbath day to keep;
And thrice that day I to the church repair—
I love to visit at the house of pray'r.
My bus'ness done, next day I take my leave
And Raritan in the Napoleon cleave.
Farewell my Raritan—Brunswick adieu,
No more, perhaps, thy streets I'll travel through—
Yet, when I've safely cross'd the watery deep,
I both of you will in remembrance keep.
Onward we move, while all delighted seem
To glide so swiftly o'er the crooked stream,
While on the right, hills their attraction lend,
There on the left, salt meadows far extend,
Fill'd with mosquitoes and their nightly din,
Their stings so pois'ness to the human skin.
Implanted poles now show their beacon heads
To warn the boatmen of the oyster beds,
Which there submers'd, if not avoided, might
Detain by day, or injure in the night,
Once with my father and his friends, my lot
It was, one fall to visit this same spot.
Our skiffs were anchor'd, here we rested all,
And patient waited till the tide should fall,
Which falling leaves them bare, and us the pow'r
To pick the oysters for about one hour.—
For at that season blows a strong north wind—
By which the tide to Prince's Bay's confin'd
And now begins a most industrious strife,
And all are picking as it were for life—

Soon would the tide its wonted strength regain,
And rushing upward cover all the plain.
This well we knew, and strove to load each boat;
The tide comes in, and we begin to float.
'Tis time to quit, nor longer here abide—
Homeward we move assisted by the tide.
The boys pull on with strong and steady strokes,
The men amuse them with their laugh and jokes—
Arriv'd, the wind may blow from north or east,
We care not, we're provided with a feast.
But now we stop, arriv'd at Amboy's dock,
And in and out the passengers soon flock,
Then move the wheels, and we pass mile by mile
Along the pleasant shores of Staten's Isle.
Now leave the Kills, and cross the New York bay
And safe arriv'd near Castle Garden lay—
Then spring ashore and through the streets we roam,
For each is anxious to be found at home.

THE STANDING COLOR OF THE DAY.

Friend, if thou canst, for once, I prithee say,
What is the standing color of the day?
Oh, sir, 'tis obvious to the merest clown,
It is not red; nay, truly, it is "*Brown!*"

WE ARE NOT REPROBATED WHILE THE HOLY SPIRIT STRIVES WITH US.

Why dost thou mourn departed time?
The old man sigh'd, "I've pass'd my prime."
And see life's winter deeply now,
Imprinted on my wrinkled brow;
In characters that all may spell,
Deep struck, my son, indelible.

Nay, sigh not thus, to pass thy prime
Is but thy lot, and not thy crime;
Short is the space allow'd to man
To roam o'er earth—'tis but a span.
But how hast thou thy time improv'd
Nearer is Heav'n or more remov'd?
Ah that reflection pains my heart,
I from the grave with horror start;
When I look back then flow my tears,
To think of sins of former years.
Courage, old man, thou hast the sign,
The Lord still loves that soul of thine.
He hath not sworn with uprais'd hand,
To thrust thee from the promis'd land;
His Spirit strives and points the way,
To lead thee to eternal day.

THE ORPHAN'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS AND TRUSTEES OF A CERTAIN RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF POOR CHILDREN, IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The radiant Sun with golden beams,
Illum'd my natal morn;
When my glad father heard it said,
To him a son was born.

What pleasing thoughts roll'd through his breast,
When first he saw my face;
And with what rapt'rous joy he held
Me in his fond embrace?

Uprais'd to Heav'n his streaming eyes,
He plied Jehovah's throne;
Prais'd his Omniscience first,—O God!
To thee all things are known.

This thine own gift to me a worm,
I thankfully accept;
Now grant that he from Sin's fell power,
May by thy power be kept.

Oh let thy grace, through thine own Son,
Into his heart distil;
And to thyself subdue, in youth,
His native stubborn will.

And if to him, in wisdom, thou
Decree'st a length of days;
Oh let thy goodness always keep
His feet in "Wisdom's ways."

Then whatsoe'er may him betide
In this dark vale of tears;
Thy promise to the righteous seed
Shall quiet all my fears.

Thus he—and to my mother's arms
Restored her future care;
And did, with grateful heart, unto
His daily toil repair.

Under his kind paternal roof
I lived from year to year;
And in this place the gospel heard,
With you my patrons dear.

But greedy Death, who all our race
Counts as his lawful prey;
With summons short to his pale realms,
My father call'd away.

How could my widow'd mother then
Her heavy charge maintain?
For this she strove, yet, oh alas!
Her striving found in vain.

And must, she cried, this son of mine,
Who erst such promise gave,
For want of learning be brought up,
Of ignorance the slave?

What a sad present shall I make,
My country and my God!
A wretch whom justice soon may crush,
'Neath its avenging rod!

So griev'd she o'er her orphan boy,
While tears suffus'd each eye;
And pray'd some helper might be rais'd,
Or Heav'n would let him die.

Her prayer of faith was quickly heard,—
You took her Orphan boy;
Dispeled her grief, dried up her tears,
And fill'd her heart with joy.

Ah what returns shall I e'er make,
For so much kindness shown?
Shall I forget it, say, shall I,
When up to man I've grown?

My mind to study I'll apply,
With unremitting zeal;
Till it becomes more sweet to me,
Than is my daily meal.

And when I enter on the world,
Should Heaven my efforts crown,
I'll lib'ral be, nor will with scorn
Upon the poor look down.

And now my friends and patrons dear,
Heaven bless your pious care,
And save you now and evermore,
In answer to my prayer.

Still, still extend your charities,
And may you while you live,
Feel, always feel, "more blessed 'tis
To give, than to receive."

APOTHEGMS.

Would you life's tedious, tasteless hours beguile?
Write Apothegms in apostolic style!

PIETY IN APPEARANCE ONLY.

Distrust, 'tis not ingenuous, that piety
Which does not make us useful to society.

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF A CERTAIN SCHOOL ON THE DEATH OF ONE OF THEIR COMPANIONS.

Ye list'ning youths, your parent's hope and joy,
Let themes like this your infant minds employ;
See how stern Death, with mortals still at strife,
Has snatched young Abram in the bloom of life.
So falls the lily with its beauteous head,
Struck by the scythe it withers and lies dead.
Such was the fiat of Almighty grace,
His soul to *trans*late to a better place.
Fond youths attend, nor let unheeded pass,
This solemn Bible truth "all flesh is grass."
There's naught can shield you from Death's fatal blow,
Spares he the young, or middle-aged, ah no!
Go to the church-yard, on the tomb-stones read,
How the young dead by far the old exceed;
From Death's fell grasp, ye youths, there no reprieve,

And each in turn this transient state must leave.
But though his pow'r's so fatal to our race,
Still there's a remedy prescrib'd by grace;
Then "mark and learn and inwardly digest,"
Nor spurn indignant at high Heaven's request.
"My sons be wise, and do yourselves no harm!"
Death of his sting fair Virtue can disarm.
Then in the morning of your youth begin,
To practise virtue and to hate all sin;
So shall that God who form'd you by his power,
Protect and bless you ev'ry passing hour,
Save you from hell, and when he bids you die,
Receive your souls to dwell with him on high.

RE-UNION OF SOUL AND BODY IN A FUTURE STATE.

Body and soul, like man and wife
You've journey'd through this tiresome life,
To the appointed lonely goal;
Now body, death with his fell blow,
Has lain thee in the dust full low,
Till Heav'n rejoin thee to thy soul.

And is there hope beyond the grave?
Yes, he who came mankind to save,
Hath burst death's gloomy prison door;
And when thou hear'st Christ's trumpet sound,
Swift from thy prison shalt thou bound
And meet thy soul to part no more.

In thy proportions form'd divine,
In lustre thou shalt far outshine,
Or sun or moon or morning star;
Then to thy soul in glory join'd,
Naught shall ye through the ages find,
Your endless peace and joy to mar.

FAITH.

Say that it is, when you of Faith would treat,
"The point where assent, and where consent meet."

FINAL IMPENITENCE, AND THE CALL TO DRINK THE WATERS OF LIFE.

If in this life we will not mend,
But onward to destruction tend;
Then shall our souls in yonder world,
Down to that Pit of wo be hurl'd,
In which Jehovah's dreadful ire,
Blows up the flames of endless fire.
Then while the call to all is—"come"—
(Though Satan says 'tis but to some,
Believe him not, he fell from grace,
And still he hates and tempts our race;)
Unto your Saviour's words give ear,
Come all and drink life's water clear,
That has it source in Heaven above,
A fountain of redeeming love.
You cannot drink this fountain dry,
Then drink ye all, and never die.
Will you, O Man, refuse to come?
Awake, ye dead, ye deaf, ye dumb!
Awake, before the monster Death
Bids you resign your mortal breath.
Go kiss the Son, before his wrath
Like lightning flash across thy path.
Should you refuse, his anger may
Consume ye sinners "on the way."
Then to his grace obedient yield,
He'll be to you a sun, a shield,
You need not dread the monster's frown,
You'll wear in Heaven a glorious crown.

WORSHIPPERS WORSHIPPING ON THEIR KNEES ON THE STEPS OF THE "CATHEDRAL."

See where the houseless suppliants wait,
On bended knees at mercy's gate!
Would their rich men but grant them pews,
To shield them from the cold and dews,
They'd tell the Parson's needy fold,
"We love your souls more than our gold!"

NO SALVATION WITHOUT REPENTANCE.

This sentence let each in his memory cherish,
"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."
Luke, xiii, 5.

THE BLACK MAN'S EPITAPH.

Though sprung from Afric's sable race,
Yet I obtain'd God's pard'ning grace;
On white man's land I learn'd to prize,
What made one good and truly wise.
So freed by Death from Sin's control,
Earth takes my body, God my soul.

THE MARTYR'S CROWN.

CHORUS.

Patient Saint, do not faint,
Cry for grace, run the race;
Fired with love, look above,
Die and rise, seize the prize.

Never heed the worldling's scoff,
Soon you'll put your armour off;
Nobly you've his cause defended,
Christ shall say "your warfare's ended."
Patient, &c.

Then you'll see with rapt'rous wonder,
Jesus in the Heavens yonder:
There he stands with open hands,
Circled by celestial bands.

See the spirits of the just,
Who in him have put their trust;
Dazzling like celestial fires,
Hark! they tune their golden lyres.

Oh, how Heaven's arches ring,
While redeeming love they sing;
Glory to th' Eternal One,
Heavenly Father, only Son.

"We on earth were wont to roam,
Distant from our Father's home;
Yet his love has brought us nigh,
Now we see him eye to eye.

Freed from sin and Satan's chain,
Wash'd our souls from ev'ry stain,
Jesus, we'll with hearts elate
Bear eternal glory's weight."

Now the Saviour waves his hand,
Quick as thought a shining band,
Straight descend to this terrene,
View the Christain's dying scene.

See him lift his hand on high,
"Happy! happy!" hear him cry;

Then his ransom'd spirit flies
Upward to its native skies.

Shout, ye saints, in rapt'rous strains,
Jesus king of martyrs reigns;
A martyr's crown, resplendent, now
Decks his own triumphant brow.

"Come, ye sons, redeem'd by grace,
Victors in the Heavenly race;
On my throne come sit ye down,
Wear with me a martyr's crown.

"Closely seat ye by my side,
Oh, my own unspotted bride;
Wear ye, by my Father bless'd,
Martyrs' crowns in endless rest."

"VIDEO MELIORA PROBOQUE; DETERIORA SEQUOR."

I see the better, and approve them too,
Yet, notwithstanding, I worse things pursue.

"OMNIS INDIÆ OPES SUPERAT MENS CONSCIA RECTI."

The mind with conscious rectitude if bless'd,
Excels all India's riches when possess'd.

THE PROPER USE OF LEARNING.

And pray *what* is the use of a high learn'd man?
Why by teaching to do all the good that he can!

And if to good teaching he add good example,
Then *wo* be to those who on *such* teaching trample.

THE "OLD VETERAN."

That he had been, he proved it by his scars,
A vet'ran soldier in the field of Mars;
And did his country well his toils repay?
Why ask thou me, 'tis for himself to say.
Yet this he said, "where'er my lot is cast,
I'll love my country while my life shall last."

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

Look *you* for life's suff'rings and toils a reward?
Don't seek it from men, let it come from the Lord.

THE LAST SHADE.

Our feeble frames are lifeless laid,
By Death the last successive shade.

REPENT.

Sinners repent, your steps retrace,
You're lost by sin, but saved by grace!

TEMPTATION.

"The temptations of the Lord are *trials* of our Virtue."
"The temptations of the Devil are solicitations to evil."
He must, therefore, be resisted, that he may "flee from us."

God tempts his saints in various ways,
Their virtue 'tis to try;
And if they live unto his praise,
He'll raise them up on high.

Temptation is the Devil's fort,
From whence he shoots his darts;
But Christians to Faith's shield resort,
And so secure their hearts.

The enemy beholds, enraged,
His arrows blunted fall;
The saints feel warm to be engaged,
And on their Master call.

Then in his strength they onward go,
He arms them for the fight;
Dauntless they rush upon the foe,
And Satan's put to flight.

REPENTANCE.

When of his sins the man repents,
The justice of our God relents;
And when through Jesus he believes,
He pardon of his sins receives.
The grace that owns him for a son,
Is glory in his soul begun.

THE HUMAN SOUL.

Itself a Power, the human soul
Cannot be kept in vile control,
  By things of time and sense;
On daring wings it soars on high,
Far, far beyond the azure sky,
  Up to God's residence!

MAN, A THINKING BEING.

Man, sure, a thinking being is,
And just as well he knows it,
Not to himself this precious gift,
But to Heaven's love he owes it.

THE POWER OF JEHOVAH.

How vast his power, there's none can tell,
'Tis seen in Heaven, 'tis felt in Hell.
Here saints exult in rapt'rous strains,
There groan the damn'd in endless pains!

Would'st thou escape God's wrath in Hell?
Thy weapons ground, no more rebel;
Repent, believe, obey—forgiven,
Go wear a starry crown in Heaven.

THE GRAVE, HEAVEN AND HELL.

The grave's a place in which we'll lie full low,
A place to which we all of us must go;
Heaven is a truly glorious place on high,

Which none of us can enter till we die.
There is a place of wo unspeakable!
It is not Heaven, nay truly, it is Hell!
Then where's the man who boasts of reas'ning powers,
Will unimprov'd let slip life's golden hours?
Nay, in a moment on Death's fearful brink,
To Heaven we rise, or else to Hell we sink!

DIVINE WRATH.

Would you escape impending wrath,
Walk always in religion's path;
Regard not what the wicked say,
There are no lions in this way.
Then while 'tis call'd "to-day" be wise,
Secure a mansion in the skies;
You'll not regret the toil and pain,
You here endured that house to gain.
Fullness of joy is there in store,
And there are pleasures evermore.
In God's own book these truths are found,
There precious promises abound,
In Christ the Lord, to all made sure,
Who faithful to the end endure;
But sinners in their sins may look
In vain for comfort in that book.
For while they look they'll surely find,
Unyielding sinners are consign'd
To blackness, darkness, fire and pain,
While God himself shall live and reign.

MAMMON PROFITABLY DISPOSED OF.

"He sent his charities before him to Heaven."—*Saurin.*

He, by his charities, to Heaven sent
His fortune first, which to the Lord he lent;
Summon'd from hence by mandate of God's love,
He's gone to enjoy those charities above.

TEMPERANCE.

Gall. 5th Chap. 25th Verse.

Self-government we Temperance define,
A gen'ral law, of origin divine;
Including both, if mortals right can scan,
Alike the inner as the outer man.
'Tis moderation, as St. Paul has shown,
"To all men be your moderation known."
Religion 'tis, however strange it seem,
The mean, the safest between each extreme.
It order is, God's choicest dearest law,
The light in which he all creation saw;
When first he bade it into being rise,
Angels and men, and earth, and seas and skies.
The i-dea which he loves and follows still,
All he requires of man or ever will.
Order for which he once the Heavens did shake,
And will earth next, and Heaven, for order's sake.
Then shall this law infracted be restored,
And every nation own its common Lord!

THE DOCTRINES AND PRECEPTS OF THE GOSPEL.
T. Dwight.

We in the doctrines of the gospel scan,
All moral truth that now is known by man;
Without extend its precepts, and within,
Require each virtue and forbid each sin.

THE SAVIOUR AND HIS BRIDE, THE CHURCH.

See the bless'd Saviour with the Church his bride.
"There Virtue walks with glory by her side."

DYING IN SIN.—*T. Dwight.*

Hurried, surprised, and with distress replete,
Sinners in terror from this world retreat;
Wake in the next, and at the Judge's seat,
All unprepared his angry frown they meet.

DEATH WILL NOT WAIT OUR WISHES.—*From the same.*

"Death, 'tis a melancholy day, to those who have no God."

Remember this, all of us ought,
Death will not for our wishes wait;
The Judgment hastens, solemn thought!
Eternity knocks at the gate.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

'Twas said that light into the darkness shone,
But it the darkness comprehended not;
Sin soil'd our human nature, One alone
Can cleanse and wash out ev'ry stain and blot.

EPITAPH.

Did worth departed moulder in the dust,
What hope, we'd ask, remaineth for the just?
But if like incense it ascends above,
And meets its Father and its God in love,
Then all your sorrowing for his loss dismiss,
He dwells immortal in the realms of bliss.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

"Antiquam Exquirite Matrem."

Columbia College! Alma Mater! well
Do I remember, and the time could tell,
When first escaped from pedagogic rule,
To thee I came fresh from a grammar school.
From five long years well stored, at all events,
With English, Greek, and Latin rudiments.
Stern was our Teacher, rigid and severe,
Nor ruled by love his pupils, but by fear;
From Scotia's bleak and snowy hills he came,
Too rough for smooth and polish'd rhyme his name.
A learned man, versed in scholastic trade,
He strict attention to his scholors paid.
Nor for the number that he sent thee cared,
His object was to send them well prepared;
And how I profited thy books can show,

'Twere impious this! He is too good, too just,
To pass unheeded any, who in prayer
With heart sincere, trust in his guardian care.
Then, poor, yet will I seek with Hope elate,
Eternal good things in a better state!
Nor grieve, nor murmur, nor repine that I,
Tread life's low walks by mandate from on high.
Mother—no longer, thus, I'll thee detain,
Lest thy digressing son should give thee pain.
Or in those griefs thy sympathies engage,
Which power superior can alone assuage.
My number'd days will soon be o'er and past,
And to that term I feel I'm hast'ning fast!
But let me mention first thy gala day,
When all thy train came marching down Broadway,
It was a show not framed for war and fight,
It peaceful was, a real classic sight.
Freshmen and Sophs, Juniors and Seniors abreast,
Pres. and Professors, Janitor, full dress'd,
In long and flowing gowns of sable hue,
They look'd like Preachers to the admiring view!
Then there arrived, into St. Paul's they press'd,
And I, thy joyous son among the rest;
Then up the aisles we pass'd with silent feet,
And each located in his proper seat.
Fill'd was the House of God, below, above,
Music—and beauty, beaming looks of love.
The music still'd, and now commence by sign,
Those acts in which each speaker tries to shine;
Speeches in English, some in Latin too,
Salute, farewell, sparkling with wit, span new.
The speaking o'er, th' assembly wait to see,
Each graduate take his separate degree;
Conferr'd by Pres. in Latin on the whole,
A. B. or A. M. with a parchment roll.
Pray'rs ended, now th' assembly all retire
To censure some, while some applaud, admire.
Among the A. B.'s ranks thy humble son:
Mother, these acts in ninety-six were done!

Alma—thou art indeed an ancient Dame,
And not thy first thou bear'st but second name;
Thou, fruitful mother, dost with best intent,
A num'rous offspring to the world present.
How many sons who thee their parent claim,
Now live to add fresh lustre to thy name!
And numbers more whom time has swept away,
Have shown illustrious in a previous day.
Mater, farewell, I have detain'd thee long,
To listen to my dreary plaintive song;
But why not I, for fear of censure, dare
To tell thee all my secret bosom care?
Thou caredst for me, and all my faults pass'd o'er,
Nor didst expel me from thy friendly door.
When to salute thee next, I may beg leave,
I hope 'twill be an A. M. to receive.
Long may'st thou now, in answer to my prayer,
Scores after scores of worthiest sons prepare;
Thy crown, thy glory in this world of care,
Bright crowns themselves, in endless day to wear.

GENERALS IN SERMONS.—*Saurin.*

On generals we like to dwell,
Nor like our own true portrait well;
Make the resemblance too exact,
It gives disgust, such is the fact.

TO ACCOMPANY THE PRESENTATION OF A SOUVENIR SENT TO A YOUNG LADY AS A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

Let in my name and stead this Book appear,
And with you Miss a new and happy year.

EPITAPH FOR MR. STURGES.

Mourn not, ye friends, all must this tribute pay,
And all remingle with our parent clay;
What though grim death his object ne'er should miss,
He's the sole passport to the realms of bliss!

THE LORD'S PRAYER VERSIFIED.

Our Father, who dost in Heaven reside,
Thy name, now and ever be sanctified;
Let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done,
In earth and in Heaven, as *though* both were one.
From day unto day still let us be fed,
With earthly not only, but Heavenly bread;
And while here on earth we're permitted to live,
Forgive us our sins, as we others forgive.
In-to temptation, oh! lead us not, Lord,
But kindly protection from evil afford.
The kingdom, the power, the glory to thee,
Belongs and endures to E-ter-ni-ty.

Amen.

A SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.

A-sk, and ye shall receive,
S-eek, and ye shall find,
K-nock, and it shall be opened unto you.

Matthew.

Our blessed Saviour thus commands,
Sure 'tis an easy task,
Which all resolves itself in this,
You've only but to A-S-K!

THE SUBSTITUTE, OR THE CORDWAINER CURED OF DRUNKENNESS.

PART I.

This world is like an ocean, truly,
Disturb'd by winds and storms unruly;
By folly, pride, and foolish fashions,
By what we moderns style the passions.
They're worldly lusts, which war upraise
Against the soul, St. Peter says.
They are a most unruly set,
And things unseemly, oft beget;
In spirit, as in speaking, thinking,
In physics, as in eating, drinking,
In each of which excesses may
Proceed in many a fearful way;
If to restrain them you're too idle,
Then hold them in as with a bridle,
Or they like tyrants will command,
And rule you with an iron hand.
But if to order once brought under,
Both you and all the world will wonder,
When some bad practice is forsaken,
Nor in the main be much mistaken.
Our preface this, we haste to tell,
What to a certain wight befell,
Sam Slocombe, so the man was nam'd,
For drinking round the country fam'd.
And folks to say were not afraid,
He lov'd it better than his trade,
Which trade of Sam's was making shoes,
And boots and slippers, if you choose;
But though this be a lawful call-ing,
Not wrought by needle, but by awl-ing—
Yet for old Flaccus cared not Sam,
"*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"
Which means when into English cast,
"Cobbler, I say, stick to your last."

But though so oft he let rum rule,
Yet Sam, when sober was no fool,
For he besides a pious breeding,
Was very fond of Bible-reading,
And he could argue, he could tell,
Full many a truth of Heaven and Hell.
Now this I say, full well he knew,
What others ought, or should not do,
Thus far he judged his neighbour's standing,
Approving, or with censure branding,
Yet while he thus employ'd his mind,
He *was* not to his own sin blind.
For still, with this outrageous sin,
He felt a spark of grace within,
And many good resolves he made,
Yet only call'd in reason's aid,
Which if of grace it has no season!
'Tis weak, alas, this human reason.
From habit strength'ning as it grows,
A kind of second nature flows.
If evil is the habit, sure,
'Twill make its slave its ills endure—
'Till broken off, it cannot fail,
To stronger grow and to prevail.
Now grace to slavery ne'er invites,
But liberty and pure delights,
And drinking rum's a habit evil,
'Tis not of grace but of the devil!
Sam felt this kind of logic true—
"I see at length, it will not do
To lead this idle drinking life;
Myself, my children and my wife
'Twill beggar, and to ruin bring,
Too long I've trifled with this thing;
My character, my credit lost:
What, lose my pleasures?—count the cost—
With mind and body rack'd and pain'd,
Much have I lost, and little gain'd—
But I'm resolv'd—it shall be so!

To Doctor Twitchill straight I'll go."
So off he hies with nimble feet,
And meets the Doctor in the street.
Sam "doff'd his hat and smooth'd his brow,"
And to the Doctor made his bow;
"I my complaint to you would tell,
But Doctor it you know full well,
Therefore in story I'll be brief,
Doctor prescribe, I want relief."
Now Sam of late had proved untrusty,
Which made the Doctor somewhat crusty,
Because he had his work neglected—
So while an answer he expected,
The Doctor with sardonic smile,
Poor Sam address'd in angry style—
"To me do you complaining come?
Sam Slocombe leave off drinking rum,
And you shall, as occasion suits,
Half sole my shoes, and mend my boots;
But if you still your whistle wet,
From me no future jobs you'll get."—
"Ah, Doctor, worse than rum, 'tis brandy."
"You'd better live on sugar candy—
Brandy besure won't smell the breath,
But more than rum 'tis charg'd with death
No matter who for brandy pleads,
The grape in strength the cane exceeds;
'Twill make you with the horrors quiver,
'Twill indurate your very liver,
'Twill"—"Doctor, hold your hand I pray!
Nor from your patients too long stay,
My case I've thought on o'er and o'er,
And I'm resolv'd to drink no more—
I come not, Doctor, to dispute,
But to request some substitute."
"Why, Sam, your words my heart do cheer—
I hope you're honestly sincere—
Then I'll prescribe, though I'm set down
To be another Doctor Brown—

In hopes the things that caus'd your pain
May you to health restore again;
But if my order you neglect,
No benefit from it expect—
You know my name?" "Yes, Doctor—Twitchell,"
"Then do you, Sam, henceforth drink switchell,
Now go"; said he, in tone severe,
"Another word I will not hear."

PART II.

And now behold him standing mute,
And musing on his substitute;
Resolv'd to suffer self denial,
And give the thing a decent trial.
But here the quere might be made,
Why Sam, distress'd and seeking aid,
First craved it from a fellow being,
And not at once from the All-seeing?
A spark of grace 'twas said he felt;
If on his knees he then had knelt,
And begg'd of grace to be its debtor,
Would he not then have fared much better?
'Tis granted—yet the Christian knows,
What is in man that will oppose,
(That which by nature all inherit,)
The gracious strivings of the Spirit,
The carnal mind in Scripture named,
A principle ne'er to be tamed,
Which rules with most despotic sway,
The which, unless the Lord shall slay,
'Twill hold the man in durance fast,
As long as life on earth shall last.
Then why should we make the attempt,
Sam more than man to represent?
The Christain knows how hard a thing
It was at first his mind to bring
From off its pinnacle of pride,
And all at once to lay aside

Those towering thoughts which self inflate,
And bind men to their real state.
All nat'ral men by sin are blinded,
Which makes them heady and high minded;
They're strong in hope and confidence,
And against Heaven they rear'd this fence;
Nor whips, nor rods, nor cross, nor halter,
Have power, men's wicked hearts to alter!
The grace that's in the gospel found,
Must bring their Babel to the ground!
In nature's field, the Christian knows,
No plant of lowliness e'er grows;
God plants it in the heart renew'd,
And there it thrives with grace endued.
This then we think the reason why
Sam did to man not Heav'n apply—
*In*to a store, hard by, he stepp'd,
'Twas by a temp'rance grocer kept.
Though he had always shunn'd his door,
The grocer Sam had known before;
He knew his trade and how he acted,
And many debts for rum contracted.
But on what errand now he came,
He could not guess, so could not name;
But let it be for good or evil,
He thought he would entreat him civil.
"Good morning, neighbor; well, how goes,
What kind of wind this morning blows?
My eyes, I hardly can believe,
This honor why do I receive?"
Says Sam, "my friend, I pray you stop!
Do you sell treacle in your shop?"
"I have the article in plenty,
I'll sell you hogsheads ten or twenty."
"I only by my stopping meant,
One gallon for experiment,
From you to buy a jug also,
Then take your pay, and I will go."
The thing was quickly done, and Sam.

Felt keen to take his treacle dram;
But as he turn'd to bid good bye,
He met the grocer's piercing eye
Fix'd on his own with gaze intent,
As though it said—"Experiment!"
And what is it, I'd like to know?
At least, Sam understood it so—
Now he believ'd, or else opin'd
The grocer to some church was join'd.
"Grocer! the question's fairly meant,"
"What Christian church do you frequent?"
"I'll tell you, since to know you list,
I am long since a Methodist."
"I like you none the worse for that;
My question you have answer'd pat,
And now I'll tell you as a friend,
What by this treacle I intend.
You've heard, no doubt, to drink I'm given.
By which to ruin folks are driven;
Now I resolv'd, in time, to stop,
And never drink another drop.
But yet I thought it would not suit,
Unless I had some substitute;
So off I went to Doctor Twitchell,
And he approv'd, and order'd switchell;
So now I am with this content
To make a fair experiment."
"I pray it may sufficient prove
Your thirst for drinking to remove;
Your substitute the Doctor knew,
Of alchohol might stand in lieu,
And strength and vigor to your heart,
And all your outer man impart.
But you must give it a fair trial,
By practising much self denial,
Or, after all you may endure,
It may not work a thorough cure—
Add one thing more and I'll maintain,
You surely will your object gain."

"Pray name it, since success 'twill bring."
"Religion, Sir, that is the thing.
No doubt, 'tis good in its own place,
'Tis excellent in ev'ry case—
The best of any substitutes,
And always proves so by its fruits.
But you no longer I'll detain,
You'll be this way, no doubt, again.
Now only let, 'twixt you and me,
Your motto Perserverance be."
So here they parted for the present,
Both parties in good humor, pleasant—
Sam quickly to his home return'd,
And in his mind vile *brandy* spurn'd;
His treacle drank, and in a jerk,
Was snugly seated at his work.
And thus he wrought day after day,
Took home his work, receiv'd his pay;
The good effects were soon discern'd,
Of what by industry he earn'd.
No longer within tavern walls,
His ears are deaf to toper's calls;
His customers the change perceived,
"Twas strange," they said; yet they believed
Sam had reform'd, and chang'd his plan,
And was no more a drinking man.
And he, to his great joy soon found,
His work flow in from all around.
His family—how alter'd they,
No more to grief and shame a prey!
Their faces show a mind serene,
Their garments whole, and neat and clean.
His children now at school delight,
To learn to spell, to read and write.
And all when Sunday bell they hear,
In church before the Lord appear,
Confess'd by all, here was a change,
Not merely strange, but "passing strange"—
And was it thorough? nay, not quite,

But yet, all things were working right;
For grace, with perseverance join'd,
Strange inroads made into his mind;
Upon the little spark it blew,
And soon into a flame it grew—
Keenly he felt the glowing smart,
While melting down his stony heart.
Conviction came, its powerful sway
Who can withstand? behold him pray!
He just is made, finds peace beside,
Through faith in the once Crucified.
He doubted not, too plain his case—
A real change had taken place!
Once he opposed God's righteous law—
He then was "blind, but now he saw;"
Nor did he shout, as if in noise
His soul had lost its equipoise;
Nor did his mortal body shake,
As though torn up by *an* earthquake.
It was the Spirit's gracious choice,
To speak to him in "still, small voice,"
In accents gentle, bland and kind,
Not furious like the whirling wind—
"Thy God, thy sins, a frightful store,
Against thy soul accounts no more."
The *Son* had proved his friend in need,
And made him free from sin indeed;
And now we say, with pious mind
Himself unto the Church has join'd,
To sin and pride and folly dead,
United to his elect Head.
Now all the wise and good rejoice,
That Sam had made so wise a choice;
Thenceforth folks call'd him no more Sam,
'Twas Mr. Slocombe—his wife, ma'am!
Full many a year is gone and pass'd,
His confidence he still holds fast;
And there he stands a beacon still,
Just like a "city on a hill!"

The tale is true and not fictitious,
In serious told, not mood capricious;
And may he ne'er from grace backslide,
But keep close to his Saviour's side,
And faithful unto death still prove,
And wear in Heaven a crown of love.

GLORY.

And what of Glory? in eternal day,
'Tis grace made perfect, absolute, we'll say.

"WE MUST NOT DO EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME THEREFROM."

Oh! that remember, always, this we could,
Not to do evil for the sake of good!

PRAYERS PREFERRED IN WRATH WILL NOT BE ANSWERED.

Let prayers ascend in mercy's peaceful path,
Heaven answers none that are put up in wrath;
Then seek not thus thy fellow man to slay,
Vengeance is mine, saith God, and I'll repay.

LIFE IS UNCERTAIN.

That we, need we each day and hour be told,
Our lives by an "uncertain tenure" hold?

But yet, all things were working right;
For grace, with perseverance join'd,
Strange inroads made into his mind;
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LIFE IS UNCERTAIN.

That we, need we each day and hour be told,
Our lives by an "uncertain tenure" hold?

THE GOOD MAN'S DEATH.

Resign'd he goes to meet a bless'd reward,
In Jesus sleeps, is ever with the Lord.

THE END OF TIME, AND BEGINNING OF ETERNITY.

A. D. One—eight—three—nine, is gone and past,
We've toil'd and worried through that year at last,
Through scenes as varied as our various states,
All noted under their own proper dates;
Where time at large in his huge folio writes
All our transactions both of days and nights,
As through his course he flies on swiftest wing,
Till Heaven that course unto an end shall bring.
Then shall he sleep, embalm'd in heavenly bowers,
While dire destruction wastes this world of ours,
And this "*vain world*," with all its "things" be burn'd,
To one vast heap of desolation turn'd!
Yet how this period with precision find?
The question baffles every finite mind!
Yet days though many, it shall come, or few,
As sure as He who spake the word is true.
Search we the Scriptures both the old and new,
There we will find, at least, a general clue,
Enough to teach us what we ne'er shall see,
With mortal eyes, but in eternity.
And hear, in fine, the strong-lung'd Angel cry,
With hand uplifted, swear by the Most High,
One foot on sea, and one upon the shore,
That time, what we call time, shall be no more.

PROFANE SWEARING.

Holy and reverend is, O Lord, thy name,
And dare thy creatures to blaspheme the same?
Swearer, I warn thee, be by times apprized,
Thou all his fury hast not realized.
What though in scorn thy haughty brow be knit,
I see destruction on thy forehead writ.
Not between thee and mortal man's the strife,
But thee and God, who holds thy soul in life,
Who says He guiltless will not hold—how plain—
That man who takes His hallow'd name in vain.

RELIGION ALWAYS THE SAME.

Let hypocrites assume Religion's name,
They change not her, she always is the same.

"THE LOVE OF MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL."

Some say of evil, money is the root;
Not so, but love of it, past all dispute.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

Putasne mortuus homo rursum vivat?

If a man die, shall he live again?—Job xiv. 14.

And *if* a man die, shall he live again?
If his *soul* be washed from every stain,
Revive he shall, and in Heaven to reign;
But *if* he shall in his sins expire,

Then, infinite Justice *will* require
Him to exist in endless fire.

While in this life we're suffer'd to stay,
Of joys and griefs, we *each* have our day,
But *at* Death's call we're hurried away;
Now in the *world* that never shall end,
In *Mercy* the sinner finds no friend,
From vengeful *wrath* his soul to defend.

But *now* we're assur'd by Heaven's command,
Justice and Mercy go hand in hand,
Through *every* age, and in *every* land;
Here, if a man will freely consent,
To *part* with sin, and sincerely repent,
Mercy shall triumph, and Justice relent.

Here the *wheat* and the tares together blend,
So it must be, though the tares offend,
'Till th' *Angel* of Death his *aid* shall lend;
Sinners are tares that ever have spurn'd,
Mercy, who them from *Sin* would have turn'd,
Now in bundles they're bound to be burn'd.

For the *time* will come, when *all* the dead,
In the *air* must meet their "living Head,"
Him, who once suffer'd for *them*, and bled;
They who despised and *slighted* him here,
With *horror* their awful *doom* shall hear,
No *Mercy* now—'tis *Justice* severe.

And that *Justice, sure* as holy writ,
The sinner to '*scape* will not *permit*,
But *will* the good in *Judgment* acquit,
For the one *obey'd* the gospel call,
The other *refused*, though *'twas* to all,
And *now* on their heads must *vengeance* fall.

Sinners, with *all* excuse away,
And be *wise* to know your *gracious* day,
Remember, 'tis dangerous to delay;
Be not deceived, *God* is not mock'd,
Whate'er by the foolish *may* be talk'd,
All *vain* expectations *will* be balk'd.

For the *world* to which we *all* must go,
Hath *places* assign'd of *bliss* or wo,
Heaven for its friend, and *Hell* for its foe;
And *Heaven's* designs all *flow* from a source,
That *none* can stop in its onward course,
No *being* the mind of *God* can force.

For *God* hath a will *above* all wills,
He *maketh* alive, or else *he* kills,
And *preserves* the soul from *endless* ills;
Then *we* our wills to His *should* submit,
He *knows* what's best, and will *do* what's fit,
And *on* His throne eternally *sit*.

CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS.

"Congenial souls alone can prove,
The pure delights of wedded love."—*Kel.*

That man is form'd averse to pain,
And *Happiness* pursues, is plain;
Yet finds, too oft, to miss he's prone,
The place where she resides—alone.
Now who is she, where does she dwell,
In Palaces, or Fairy's cell?
There was a time she had a home,
So fix'd, she needed not to roam;
But now no more a Queen she reigns,
O'er Eden's flowery, blissful plains.
But though dethron'd by one offence,

She yet to all can bliss dispense;
And still to reign's her fav'rite plan,
Within the breast of fallen man.
Wouldst thou, young man, with grief opprest,
Have thy lost Queen reign in thy breast?
Whate'er thy lot, contented be,
Folly forsake, the Syren flee!
Thou'lt find, when broke her magic spells,
The Queen with true *contentment* dwells.
Or wouldst thou not alone abide,
But seek thee out some "charming bride,"
With whom to share life's good and ill,
Bethink thee well, thou must fulfil,
From aught before, a diff'rent part,
When thou hast won the maiden's heart;
And both have bow'd at Hymen's shrine,
And, tied the knot, and she is thine—
Then think ye both, now you're made one,
How you shall best life's journey run,
And with its busy cares employ'd,
All matrimonial strifes avoid.
And should kind Heaven to you decree,
A num'rous, rising progeny;
While you on them with fondness doat,
How their best interests you'll promote;
For sure direction do you look?
You'll find it in *God's Holy Book*.

——

"SUAVITER IN MODO, SED FORTITER IN RE."

Too mild his manners e'er to cause heart-aches,
But firm he is in what he undertakes.

MODERATION.

In ev'ry state, in ev'ry nation,
To all we'd tender moderation;
But first, before another line,
We moderation would define.
Its meaning is of great extent,
'Tis temp'rance, discretion, judgment;
Which things, in life, well understood,
May be promotive of much good.
But if to them we pay no heed,
Such act may to much mischief lead,
And make our lives abound in ills,
When wisdom governs not our wills.
But if our passions we restrain,
We've nought to lose, but all to gain.
Then seek we grace, both day and night,
To think and speak, and act aright,
"And have tow'rds man and Providence
A conscience void of all offence."

CHRIST KNOCKING AT THE HEART.—Rev. iii. 20.

Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,
With *whom* he is well pleased;
Leaves the courts of bliss, to save
A world with sin diseased.

Lo he stands, and lo he knocks
At every sinner's heart;
Sinners haste to let him in,
Nor "force him to depart."

He has come to sup with you,
And rich provisions brings;
Peace and joy—with these he means,
To feast his priests and kings.

If you open then your hearts,
He surely will come in,
He alone your souls can cure,
From the dire sting of sin.

But from knocking if he cease,
For ever you are lost;
If his Spirit takes its flight,
You'll know it to your cost.

Oh be wise your gracious day,
To know and to improve;
Timely preparation make,
Before you hence remove.

Then your Saviour's love your'll know,
While here on earth you stay;
And when he your souls requires,
They'll soar to realms of day.

Now behold his conquering ones,
His endless glory share;
Seated with him on his throne,
Unfading crowns they wear.

Who will run the glorious race,
And heavenly bliss attain;
Do not let the Saviour knock,
And call on you in vain.

Mild and gracious still he is,
And easy to entreat;
Then submit yourselves before
He leaves the mercy seat.

REFLECTIONS ON SCENES PASSED THROUGH AT "THREE SCORE," AND UPWARDS.

How strange seem the scenes that have pass'd in our lives,
When arriv'd at the age of three score;
And memory freed from the toils of the day,
Sits her down to recount those scenes o'er.

The big sigh is heav'd, and has flown off in air,
For the soul by an incubus prest;
Itself has reliev'd, without aid from the will,
And serenity reigns in the breast.

She points to the scenes of our childhood, and lo
A group of gay youngsters arise;
All blooming in vigor, with health on each cheek,
And all sparkling with joy are their eyes.

Now who is this group, so devoid of those cares,
Which intrude on a life that is long?
Why, memory says that is you—that is me,
And we know that she does not say wrong.

For ourselves have we seen both once and again,
In our children, and grandchildren too;
In their sports, their pastimes, their frolics, their fun,
Wondrous strange though it seems, yet 'tis true.

Now *next* see her finger, how steady it points,
At the scenes as we ripen in age;
In which, that we all may be useful in life,
Though they differ, we all must engage.

How strange are those scenes, when so far back they're view'd,
Which, with joy or with grief we've pass'd through;
Though fancy might tell us, they're nought but a dream,
Yet memory says they're all true.

Again view her index to manhood direct,
And what *strange* scenes at this stage of life!
Now who is that couple? do, Memory, say,
Why, you're the husband—she is your wife!

How strange are the trades, the professions, pursuits,
*Man*kind follow by day and by night;
And how strange it appears so many act wrong,
And so few do the thing that is right.

Now lastly behold her on age fix her gaze,
Such a gaze as makes many afraid;
Who shrinking with horror, would fain, could it be,
Flee herself and her truth-telling aid.

And say, *who* would desire to live a long life,
And then go to give up *his* account;
For sins of omission and commission done,
And by no means a trifling amount?

Now this is the reas'ning of many a one,
And which many has drove to despair;
And how strange does it seem, that many deem'd wise,
All their lifetime are beating the air?

But plain is the fact, as the sun at noon day,
That sorrow may cease, and joy may flow
From a life though long, if 'tis righteously spent,
In this troublesome world here below.

And when shall we say a life's righteously spent?
When both motive and action are right;
Then good men and Heaven, to declare it is so
Will each *fully* and freely unite.

How strange do the notions of many folks seem,
Who still for morality cry;
And draw all their motives with her from below,
Which should come from religion on high.

And *hence* some seem doom'd to mistake all their lives,
Whereas stopping a moment to pause,
Would show them how far they are sure to come short,
When effect is preferr'd before cause.

'Tis strange but to think, and much more so to say,
"How extravagant man in his schemes;"
But strange as it is, 'tis certainly true,
That he surely is form'd of extremes.

'Tis certain the universe has its extremes,
And though *long* o'er the subject we've pros'd,
We come in the end, to acknowledge we find
He's of matter and spirit compos'd.

How strange are the things that we cannot explain,
Let our guesses be ever so shrewd;
And so they'll remain, until they're at length
In the light of eternity view'd.

And what would eternity ope to our view,
And what *knowledge* from thence could we draw?
Why, there we'd discover things just as they are,
Con*troll'd* by Heaven's paramount law.

How strange does it seem, that the sons of a king,
Are but strangers and pilgrims at best;
They know that they cannot in time, from time's things,
E'er elicit a permanent rest.

Their "rest is polluted"—it is so, of course,
In this world of disorder and strife;
They'll only obtain it, when hence they depart,
There's joy in Heav'n, there's light, and there's life.

How strange, when arrived at the regions of bliss,
Will the changing of worlds to them seem;
For sorrow and pain, they'll have joys ever new,
And their souls bathe in love's limpid stream.

Then memory thou shalt no more tell the years,
Late in *this* vale of tears pass'd away;
But in Heaven commence thine unceasing account,
And there flourish and never decay.

Then why should we grieve, if our Maker so will,
That we long here below should reside;
If he fit and prepare us, in Heaven above,
To dwell with the Lamb and his bride?

FRAGMENTS.

THE SCHOLIAD,

Or the Franklin Juvenile School in Rose-street, A. D., 1811, on the site now occupied as the Quaker Meeting.

PART I.

As onward in life's rugged road I jog,
I'll sing the labours of the Pedagogue,
Who view'd in learning's rear, or in its van,
Is still a useful, interesting man.
To whom the great, the arduous task's assign'd,
"To pour instruction o'er the infant mind."
And should you see him in his work progress,
He'd surely seem to you a Hercules;
How strange he should so hard a trade pursue,
Opposed by children, and by parents too.
Thus spake the teacher, as his eye glanc'd o'er,
The theme's prolific, unexhausted store,
Nor thought on Candidus, who read the while,
But now address'd him with a gracious smile,
Why prithee, friend, what now is in the wind,
'Bout labour, learning, pedagogue, and mind?
You speak so fluent, and then, all in rhyme,
Should I suspect your reason, where's the crime?

Though not diverted by this pleasantry,
The Teacher answer'd in a lower key:
To some, perhaps, surprising it may seem,
That I, since Education is my theme,
In spite of precedents, have rather chose
To mount on *Peg*-asus, than creep in prose;
Yet you, my friend, who've known my mind so long,
You know my motives, come and join my song;
You, like myself, this painful path have trod,
You too have brandish'd the terrific rod.
Much have you suffer'd, both from friends and foes,
Counsell'd by these, and oft opposed by those.
Come then, and let us show our harmless spite,
By proving they were wrong and we were right.
Then, Candidus, where is our recompense,
To show them fools, devoid of common sense,
Who, since themselves once through a school have pass'd,
Such a vast sum of wisdom have amass'd;
That could you credit all, for truth they said,
They sure could teach each pedagogue his trade?
But while they grieve us with their learning's pride,
Does cause of blame with them or us reside?
Surely, in them; they cause us great vexation,
And are intruders on our occupation.
For try one once, with all his boasted knowledge,
Say, if you please a graduate from college,
Then place a book politely in his hand,
And bid your youngest child before him stand;
You'll puzzle him—as sure as fate you'll find,
'Tis game too low for his exalted mind.
But the true reason is, if truth he'd own,
Rather than teach, he would our art be shown.
What though his learning may to all appear—
Call you this teaching, one by one to hear?
Had I no plan whereby to teach than this,
Half of my school I quickly might dismiss;
And I would praise you for this self-same act,
Would you quit theory, and stick to fact.
For into myst'ry you so deeply sink,

I of your reas'ning know not what to think.
For your own int'rest, you've a right to feel;
Must you defend it by sophistic zeal?
Nay, then, a truce, nor more of wrongs I'll prate,
And cease in future to vituperate.
What I intended, when I first began—
Our converse was, to open up the plan
Which I've pursued, and which I still retain,
Farewell—I'll give it when we meet again.

"THE NEW-YORK ARSENAL."

To feast his *two* eyes, with a full intent,
A true-bred Yankee to the Ars'nal went.
The gate just open'd, when with hand to hat,
Who should salute him, but his old friend Platt;
Hah! glad to see you, sir, step in, pray do,
And for yourself, my vast encampment view!
So at the word the warlike place they enter,
Nor stop until arrived just near the centre,
Our Yankee, then a certain chose espied,
And turning round to Platt, close by his side;
That thing, there, yonder, by itself, alone,
Aye, that we call the "Military Cone,"
And, then these guns, how nicely they're paraded,
My whim—and so the compliment's evaded.

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How long they stay'd, or further talk'd, is fled;
This much I know, that General Platt is dead.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CHORUS OMNIUM.

The friends of distress are of every time,
Confined to no nation, no kingdom, no clime;
Then we'll pledge Swara's Consul, that friend of the poor,
And the kind-hearted Rais Bel Cossim the Moor.

A bark from Columbia had cross'd the wide main,
To a place up the straits, and a part of old Spain;
Still held by a foe, who that hold mayn't resign,
Till the sun, and the moon, and the stars cease to shine.

Then away for the Island of Mayo they steer'd,
But sought and long look'd for, that Isle ne'er appear'd;
A dense fog involv'd it, a strong current bore
The ill-fated bark to South Barbary's shore.

In the dead of the night, while the watch pac'd the deck,
Nor dreamed that the bark would soon prove a wreck;
In a moment she struck on a high bank of sand,
The distance three cables at least from the land.

O think of the dread of the crew waked from sleep,
Her bow on the strand, and her stern in the deep;
While darkness Egyptian, a darkness profound,
Drowns objects above, and below, and around.

And when morning return'd it no joy brought along,
Although that the vessel was still tight and strong;
Barr'd out from the sea, what a pitiful case,
While Blanco's steep rocks stared them full in the face.

Yet as darkness receded and lighter it grew,
One thing while it gladden'd amazed the whole crew;

* * *Cætera desunt.* * * *

* * * * * * * *

Adieu, Capt. Riley, thy Swiss friend no more,
Shall waft thee in safety from old Mogadore;
No more shall thy decks feel his ponderous tread,
For thy Captain is number'd, O Tell, with the dead.

But why didst thou not to thy promise adhere,
And why swear an oath, and that oath not revere?
Why didst thou dread Heaven provoke to decree,
That not on the land thou shouldst die, but at sea?

Yet the reason I know, and why need I ask more?
Too large was thy heart, and too scanty thy store;
Yet I hope that thy reck'ning proved straight in the end,
And in Heaven's fair climes I'll strike hands with my friend.

PRAYER.

God nothing owes to fallen man,
To Him we all things owe;
And He whene'er He pleases, can
On us all good bestow.

We His dependent creatures are,
And ev'ry moment need
His guardian Providence and care,
To be from danger freed.

While on our journey to the sky,
We're compass'd round with ill;
Which mounts above, howe'er we try,
All human strength and skill.

Then why ashamed or why afraid,
To say, O God above,
Grant me, while here, Almighty aid,
Then take me to Thy love?

God will be sought to for His grace,
His grace we must request;
Man earnestly must seek His face,
Or live and die unblest.

REFORM.

We're fallen on evil days,
The times are evil indeed;
Iniquity stalks abroad,
And sadly Reform we need!

And who the work has begun,
And who has struck out the plan
Which each of us should pursue?
Pray let us know who's the man.

And what is reform, we would ask,
In what does the practice consist,
Our courses of ill to amend,
Nor longer to live as we list.

For man is evil by nature,
As he shows by his daily walk;
And to rate him higher than this,
Is certainly idle to talk.

Or is it old forms to improve,
And fix them and frame them anew;
Or shall we our new ones give up,
And once more the old ones pursue?

What sort of reform do we need?
I pray you my friend to relate;
Do we want it alone in Church,
Or both in the Church and the State?

Ask the man who tills the ground,
And what do you say my friend;
And when do you think to reform,
And your wayward ways amend?

We ought to consider our ways,
And bring them out into the light;
We do wrong in thousands of ways,
But only in one can do right.

The farmer refers you to others:
Says he, "while the seasons are good;
What need of reform while the earth
Yields a plentiful store of food?"

Away to the Artist we go,
And then of the Merchant inquire,
Don't you think that the times are bad,
And reform don't you each desire?

"Why bad enough sure are the times,
And that to our sorrow we know;
But"—what, all the question evade,
Then drop it, we'll leave it just so!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

A day will come, of pomp and great parade,
"The day for which all other days were made."
The judgment day, emphatically so,
Wherein all judgments form'd before will flow;
As rivers great, or smaller they may be,
Run on, are lost and swallow'd by the sea.
How vast the view! while o'er the scene we gaze,
It fills the mind with terror and amaze!
Before the Judge, behold on either hand,
The countless millions, human beings stand;

How pale the faces on the left appear,
Their souls distracted with foreboding fear,
No signs their eyes of an escape now greet,
Angels with flaming swords prevent retreat;
As marshal'd first, there waiting stand they must,
To hear the dreaded sentence of the "Just."
But on the right a different scene behold,
A sight so glorious, how can it be told?
Beside th' angelic first-born sons of light,
Who still excel, as they were form'd in might.
There stand those jewels to the Judge so dear,
And in long ranks of shining white appear;
No stain of sin on their pure robes is seen,
In the Lamb's blood they wash'd and made them clean.
Joyous each waits to hear his sentence given,
"Faithful, *well done*, come reign with me in Heaven."
How large the triumph, how Heaven's arches ring,
While glorious souls in glorious bodies sing.
Ah, who a glorious body can portray?
Think ye 'tis abstract metaphysics? nay!
Nor learning deep the wondrous change explain,
Yea, most sublime Philosophy in vain
May try, throughout her ample stores to find,
An image fit to satisfy the mind
Of him, who seeks in light distinct and clear,
To see what doth not in this life appear.
'Till then, in Heaven those eyes restor'd to sight,

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But, here, admonish'd by a friendly voice,
We drop the subject, by constraint, not choice.

ANALECTA.

DISJECTA MEMBRA POETÆ.—*Hor.*

Suppose into an Artist's shop,
At any time you chanc'd to stop,
To view the portraits he had made;
He'd show you first the finished ones,
Fathers and mothers, daughters, sons,
Decked out in ev'ry hue and shade.

Next those at various times begun,
All incomplete, some nearly done,
To wait a future day;
And these no doubt with patient mind,
The artist all along design'd;
As serious efforts, not of play.

And yet the mind with labor tires,
And relexation oft requires,
To nerve its energies once more;
So round the room we may espy,
A foot, a leg, an arm, an eye,
Or other parts strew'd on the floor.

In this last light, pray reader, view,
Our *Analecta* through and through.
As scraps, or shreds, or to be plain,
"*A poet's limbs*"—a mass of rhymes,
That sooth'd his mind at diff'rent times,
As helps its vigor to regain.

A WOUNDED SPIRIT.

"The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmities, but a wounded spirit who can bear?"

Man by his strength of spirit may
His weaknesses sustain;
But only wound that spirit once,
How can he bear the pain?

FALSE APPEARANCES.

Satan, though he may clothe himself in light,
Is still the devil, full of rage and spite.
Our Head he slew, his children calls his own,
And would the King of heav'n himself dethrone.
But he is chain'd, and shorter grows that chain,
He tries to break it, but he tries in vain.
Rave on, once princely, tow'ring son of morn,
Heaven's safe, and laughs thy cruel rage to scorn.
There is a point—beyond this world 'tis found,
When heaven's dread voice shall pierce the solid ground;
Thou to that point unwillingly must go,
To hear thy sentence of unending wo—
Thence thrust to Hell—Heaven's vengeance shall pursue,
For ever—thee and thine accursed crew.

REFLECTION.

Sinner—if thou wouldst not share
Satan's portion, then beware—
Now repent, begin to pray,
This is thy probation-day;

Now to part with sin consent,
After death none can repent.

A CAUTION.

Would you escape the wrath impending,
Break off from sin and cease offending.

THE OLD AND NEW MAN.—*Dwight.*

When the new man his work suspends,
'Tis then the old one his extends.

DECISION.

'Tis an old saying, older far than me,
Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?

DANDYISM.

His speech abundant, useless words betray'd,
Which folly form'd, and custom current made.

SPRIGHTS.

Many have written and spoken of sprights,
Who gambol, and frolic, and sport by nights;

All on the tops of the mountains so drear,
And make the poor traveller quake with fear.

BOMBAST.

Thus fell my brother on that fatal day,
And pass'd unheeded from the world away.

SINCERITY.

That he intends to tell you, don't suppose,
In plaintive accents of unreal woes;
Such thoughts dwell not within his honest heart,
He scorns to act a base deceiver's part.

POLITICS.

Not with political concerns he'll plague you,
Bad news to some you might give the ague;
And make you feel so cold, that he, alas!
Might slip your mem'ries and unheeded pass,
Or with your interests should they coincide,
'Long with the pleasant theme your thoughts might glide;
Leave other cares behind at distance far—
The poet's views would this not tend to mar?
If on this ticklish topic then he enters,
Full well he knows that danger in it centres,
Knows 'tis a masterpiece of policy,
With politics to meddle cautiously;
But if you wish them still—peruse the papers,
And there forget yourselves and catch the vapours.

COLD WEATHER.

I will not tell you how rude Boreas wars,
That may be known by stepping out o' doors.
I'm no star-gazer, therefore won't offend,
And say the stars sad omens do portend;
Or threaten us with an inclement season,
For the above-said special reason.

MISSPENT TIME.

He spends the morning of his precious time,
In pleasure and in perpetrating crime;
Death comes and meets the sinner in the way,
Extends his arm and seizes on his prey;
Then his eyes open to his lost estate,
He cries "reprieve"—but ah! he cries too late.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

Are parents treated in too harsh a way?
Then of their offspring not one word we'll say.

YOUTH.

For that to youth you must these trusts consign,
Experience teaches with a voice divine.

PATIENCE UNDER SUFFERING.

Suffer on and out your hour,
Patience is the suff'ring power;
Suffer 'till your life expire,
Though it be in flames of fire.
So when Death shall raise the curtain,
Then you'll know and feel for certain,
That with you life's ills are o'er,
And you ne'er shall suffer more.

POTENTIAL REASONS ASSIGNED.

All subjects foreign to the main design
I have in view, I therefore must decline.
My Muse too bids me not to prosecute
Another theme, or else she says she's mute.
This sage advice then whispers in my ear,
And bids me follow it as well as hear;
"Do as your betters long before have done,
And learn to take good care of number one."
Your Muse is venal then, perhaps you'll say,
In whose behalf your poet asks straightway?

CONCLUDING A PIECE.

Now to the point our story hastens fast,
Imprimis—always keep in mind the past—
Though some might wish oblivion's shade conceal'd
Those deeds which their own folly has reveal'd;
And made them subjects for a sneering world,
Which odium on their characters has hurl'd.

TRUTH.

To think aright, much more aright to speak,
With single eye Truth always let us seek—
Then whatsoe'er we think, or say, or do,
The God of Truth will bear us safely through.

POLITENESS.

For if politeness should all actuate,
Then of society there rests the fate;
'Tis its procuring cause, as reason shows,
It to politeness its existence owes.

A SONNET.

Emblem of the lilly fair,
Love make her thy peculiar care;
Into her ear the tenderest tales,
Zephyrs breathe in gentlest gales.
Tell her how I pine and languish,
How my breast is fill'd with anguish;
And creation dreary seems,
Then at night those restless dreams.
Tell her I can never rest,
Till with her consent I'm bless'd—
Tell her—"fairest, let thy mind
To thy love-sick swain be kind;"
Then he no more shall slighted love bemoan,
Nor fairest, dearest, live and die alone.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

Would'st thou of thy whole duty know the plan?
"Fear God, and his commandments keep"—O man!

"PRAYING WILL MAKE US LEAVE OFF SINNING, OR, SINNING WILL MAKE US LEAVE OFF PRAYING."

Sinners pray, why live in sin?
While you sin you will not pray;
Timously the work begin,
Dread you not the Judgment day?

ON PASSING THE ONE ARCHED BRIDGE OVER THE SCHUYLKILL, PA.

The toll-man by the toll-gate stood,
And open was his hand;
"We wish to cross this bridge of yours,
How much is your demand?"

"One cent a-piece for each of you;"
I quickly gave him two;
When these he'd nimbly slid apart
A fip appeared in view.

"See there," said he, "behold this piece,
Do take it back again;
That you design'd to cheat me is
To be denied too plain."

Though said in joke, I took the hint,
It was a precious hit;
A truly handsome specimen
Of Pennsylvania wit.

I onward mov'd, and nought replied,
Nor in my turn was witty;
So did not tell him whence I came,
From York or Jersey City.

Yet here we might upon the fact,
By way of caution say;
Look at, examine well, before
Your change you pay away.

AN ADDRESS,

Written for the "Rutgers-street Select Missionary Society," to be spoken by a colored boy 14 years of age, belonging to one of the classes.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The *best of books* informs us all,
That once this earth was drown'd;
So drown'd that not one living soul
Upon its face was found.

Yet that within a spacious ark,
By Heaven in safety kept,
For forty days eight human souls,
There ate, and drank, and slept.

And farther, when the rain held up,
And earth appear'd again;
They left their ark upon the hill,
And went down to the plain.

Now Noah had three sons alive,
To people earth once more;
And spread their father's fame abroad—
Where'er a plant it bore.

The one named Shem, in Asia stay'd,
And this he made his home;
And Japheth branching off from thence,
Did into Europe roam.

To Afric's sultry, sun-scorch'd clime,
Ham's grandson found his way;
And there my sable ancestors
Reside until this day.

But now Columbia is found out,
The land with freedom bless'd;
Here folks of ev'ry hue appear,
And I among the rest.

Ladies and Gents, I've told the truth,
You now have my excuse;
Pray think how hard a thing it is,
One's self to introduce.

And now I have some other things
Of grave import to tell;
And shall I say 'twill break my heart,
Unless you take it well?

Believe me I'm no *an*tiquary,
Yet this I'll say outright;
To hear of mission things you are
Invited here to-night.

A mission is a sending forth
A missionary man;
To bring the unbelievers to
Be Christians if he can.

He takes his life within his hands,
To barb'rous lands he hies;
And heat and cold, and hunger too,
He each of them defies.

All these he bears, and far much more,
Which cannot now be told;
In hopes he may some more sheep add,
Unto his master's fold.

And does he labor all alone,
Without his chosen friend?
No, no, his Saviour's with him still,
Until the world shall end.

Yet he like us is flesh and blood,
In want of many things,
Which only can be furnished by
The aid that mammon brings.

Now here we've met to celebrate
Our annual mission night;
To help the man we've sent far West;
We ask you if 'tis right?

Four Classes we, in social bonds
United by one heart;
One color'd, and the three of white,
All strive to do our part.

Yet though we do our very best,
Still we would have you know;
Kind friends excuse, yet out it must,
Our funds are very low.

And shall our Saviour ask in vain,
In vain demand of you;
And "Rutger's Mission School select,
And little Darky too?"

It cannot be I think, while I
Behold each smiling face;
There is not one that hears me now,
That's so devoid of grace.

Then send, kind friends, some more relief,
And so be ever bless'd,
Unto our faithful mission man,
Who labors in the West.

DO GOOD.

What then? do all the good, in time, you can,
There's always life for ev'ry living man.

RIDICULE NOT THE TEST OF TRUTH.

In vain you fly to ridicule,
Truth can't be tested by this rule.

WIT AND JUDGMENT.

Wit, though stinging, bushwood 'tis,
But Judgment solid timber is.

SYNTHESIS AND ANALYSIS.

Observe—all objects, Synthesis combines,
While, contra-wise Analysis disjoins.

IDLERS.

Idlers great critics are,
And fault they always find;

They'll tell you how to work,
According to *their* mind.
But let *them* feel the heat
And burden of the day;
The diff'rence then we see,
Between to *do*, and *say*.

THE HUMAN HEART.

The human heart—alas how changed!
Once it was right, but now deranged;
He who His works well understood,
At first pronounced them "very good;"
But man, pursuing crooked ways,
Is evil styled in Scripture phrase.
His heart once soft is turned to stone,
He cannot for his sins atone.
And should he offer'd grace despise,
He'll die the death that never dies.

MOTIVE AND ACTION.

For God seeth not as man seeth.—*Samuel.*

While man regards the outward show,
Thence his decisions all must flow;
But God beholds the inward part,
He looks directly at the heart.

So erring man sad mischief makes,
And action for the motive takes;
With God, and not as man on earth,
The motive stamps the action's worth.

Now since within the mind are things
That are controll'd by secret springs;
Judge not too harshly foe nor friend;
But charity to each extend.

Then with the gospel torch in hand,
Attentive to its strict command,
Our motives purify we may,
And fit our souls for endless day.

BETTING, OR WAGERING.

If betting nothing can decide,
The practice then should be decried;
For if you lose or if you get,
'Tis fact alone decides the bet.

"FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT CŒLUM.

Let Justice, if strict and impartial, be done,
Though the Heavens themselves into ruin should run.

"VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL."

How mortifying to one's pride,
To be a voice and nought beside.

ON THE PROSPECT OF RETURNING TO NEW-YORK, AFTER THE WAR, IN 1815.

For thee, New-York, my much loved home I sigh,
There let me live, O Heaven, there let me die.

THE WASTER, OR THIEF IN THE CANDLE.

While at my book my pen so light I handle,
My wife cries out, "waster in the candle!"
Quick, get two forks, stick them on either side,
And then no smoky flame shall upward glide.

THE SWORD AND CANE.

Whene'er a soldier I behold,
Why should it give me pain?
For if I cannot wear a sword,
I surely may a cane.

PORTRAITS WITHOUT WIGS.

Fie on the Painter and his cruel rigs,
To paint such great men and forget their wigs.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

The Christian's hope is like a Seraph's smile,
It can misfortune's darkest hours beguile;
Nor can it perish while his life shall last;
"Within the vale it is an anchor cast;"

There sure and steadfast his firm hope abides,
Until his soul the storms of life outrides:
All other hopes delusive are and vain,
Begun in pleasure, ending still in pain.

KINDNESS.

Such is the texture of the human mind,
It rhymes in fact, as well as verse with—kind.

THE WORLD'S EPITAPH.

Ah! hard and harsh and cruel world,
Thou wilt at last in smoke be curled;
Thy crimes are great, they mount the sky,
And call for vengeance from on high.
Ah! cruel world, go on—offend—
Till fire consuming proves thine end.

THE OLD MAN'S REFLECTION UPON A CHILD'S TREADING ON HIS TOES.

Our children when young oft tread on our toes,
Yet this we forget nor count with our woes;
But when they're grown up comes the keenest of smarts,
For then they're prepared to tread on our hearts.

A NATIONAL TOAST.

Here's "*Uncle Sam*"—and his mistress beside 'im,
A beautiful couple let who will deride 'em;

Her name is "*Liberty*," free from pollution,
May they live all their days with a sound "*Constitution*."

QUEEN VICTORIA, AND HER MARRIAGE WITH PRINCE ALBERT.

Old England's Queen,
Fair Victorine,
Hear how she sighs!
Look out gallants,
A mate she wants,
A crown's the prize.

The plan arranged,
The scene is changed;
All bright's the one;
Time onward flows,
A daughter shows,
But not a son.

What's to be done?
We'll see anon,
Which will prevail;
Old time mayhap,
May show a chap,
A sturdy male;

Who living, may
The sceptre sway
O'er Albion.
Then Britons say,
"O Lord, we pray,
Give us a son."

INSCRIBED IN AN ANNUAL PRESENTED TO MISS S*****.

An annual comes but once a year,
Yet comes to bring its annual cheer.
Sweet maid accept both will and deed,
And for my sake this annual read.

MARRIED HARMONY.

Worthy persons were they both,
As any in the place;
And as happy might have lived,
If they had had the grace.

To compromise their feelings,
Nor try conviction's pow'r,
Agreement would have lasted
Throughout each day and hour.

A BRIEF HISTORY

OF THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

OF

THE SPECIMENS,

From the time of his Birth to the year 1841.

ARGUMENT.

The Author, born in the State of New-Jersey, comes at the age of eight years to reside in the City of New-York.

The Author is unable to trace his ancestry any further back than to his Great Grandfather, and of him he has learned no more, than that he came from the City of London, and settled in one of the Eastern States; but in which particular one he was never given to understand. His Grandfather, Ishmael Shippey, and his Grandmother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Briggs, came from Rhode Island, probably some twenty or thirty years before the war of the Revolution, to reside in that part of the State of New-Jersey, which is called Raritan Landing.

This small Village is situated near the Raritan River, about two miles above the City of New-Brunswick. In this village, the Author's father, John Shippey, was (he believes) born, and he is certain that he lived and died there, in the year 1808, at the age of sixty years. The Author's mother, whose maiden name was Phœbe Goss-

ner, came from the mountains, a few miles above Boundbrook, which is five miles distant from the Raritan Landing, and up the River Raritan. By her lineage she was German, as is clearly indicated by her family name, *Gossner;* so that the Author claims kindred with England on his father's, and with Germany on his mother's side.

According to information received from his mother, the Author was born at the above named village, on the first day of February, 1778, and shortly thereafter was christened by the Rev. Mr. Reed, Pastor of the Congregation of Non-Conformists, originally called Presbyterians, from their admitting lay-Elders into their church government, at Boundbrook; his parents being of that persuasion.

The peculiar state of the times, no doubt, contributed materially in determining the choice of the Author's prenomen. The British and Hessians had possession of this part of Jersey; the Author's father was in the station of Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Woodbridge Brigade, commanded by General Hurd, in the service of the United States; his uncle Josiah, in England, whither he had been sent for trial as a rebel against the government of his *most sacred Majesty*, fidei defensor, &c.,* George the Third; and the Author being the only surviving male child of his parents, was, as he presumes, for these, and perhaps other determining reasons, christened *Josiah.*

With this name the Author has always been pleased, and knew its signification, long before Bailey informed him that it denoted the "*fire of the Lord,*" and "a pious king of Judah."

Passing over many occurrences which might prove uninteresting to the reader—the Author contents himself with observing, generally, on this part of his history—that, the war being ended in 1782, and the independence of the United States of America acknowledged by the parent country, Great Britain; his father rebuilded his house, which had been burned by the British and Hes-

* Defender of *the Faith*, a title given by Pope Leo X. to King Henry VIII, of England, for writing against Luther.

sians, after they had used it for a barrack; and being comfortably situated on his small farm of upland and meadow, on the Raritan river, about one mile and a half from the City of New Brunswick; the Author was sent to the village school to acquire the rudiments of an English elementary education, where he continued until the eighth year of his age.

In the interim the Author's uncle had returned from England, having been acquitted of the charge of rebellion, on the representation of some refugee New-York merchants, that he was "one of the most peaceable men in America,"—he commenced mercantile business in the stone store, at the S. E. corner of Water-street and Coenties Slip, in partnership with Messrs. Thomas Ten Eyck and Edmund Seaman, under the firm of "Josiah Shippey & Co." They were in the Holland and East India trade. Growing tired, however, of keeping "Bachelor's Hall," with his German servant, John Francis Hamslinger, who had been a soldier in the British army, he sent a request to his eldest unmarried sister, my aunt Mary, to come to New-York, and bring the Author with her, and take the charge of the house he had rented in Pearl-street, near the Battery. His request was complied with on the part of his sister; and the Author accompanying his aunt, arrived with her at New-York, the place of their destination, some time in the spring of 1786.

The Author is sent to School, and from thence to Columbia College. His Uncle and Aunt remove to New-Jersey, taking with them the Author. They return to New-York. The Author goes into the store with his Uncle, continues there awhile, and then returns to Columbia College, where he graduated in the year 1796.

And now, courteous Reader, imagine, if you can, the sensations produced in the mind of the Author, by a transition from an obscure country village to a large and populous city, at his particularly tender time of life.

But his business at present is rather to consist in a

narration of facts, than in the indulgence of fanciful conjectures. His Uncle having arranged with Mr. Malcolm Campbell, a teacher of English and Latin, the Author was sent to his school, then kept on Golden Hill, John-street, near Cliff-street—to be by him instructed sufficiently to enable him to enter Columbia College, as a student in that literary establishment.

The Author would here observe, that this arrangement in his favor was rather in accordance with the wishes of his Aunt, than with the designs of his Uncle; his views were more mercantile than classical. On the contrary, his Aunt, being a pious God-fearing woman, a communicant of Dr. John Rogers' church in Wall-street, feeling that one of the fondest wishes of her heart would be gratified, if she could see her nephew in the ministry, persuaded her brother to give him a liberal education. But Providence did not permit her to realize the fruit of her benevolent intentions towards her nephew; she died, he thinks, of the yellow fever of '98, and was buried in her native state, the state of New-Jersey, at, or near the city of New Brunswick.

May she be his guardian angel now, as she most assuredly was while on this earth; for she loved him, if possible, with more than maternal fondness; a fondness which extended beyond this vale of tears, penetrating to the throne of the heavenly grace; and there supplicating with fervent and effectual prayer the regeneration of his immortal soul.

To return:—At the age of thirteen years, the Author's preceptor reported him prepared to enter College, and, accordingly, with his schoolmate, afterwards the Rev. James Inglis, he did enter the Freshman class, and had his place assigned him, number four among thirty-two, the number of which that class originally consisted.

It is not the intention of the Author, neither ought it to be expected, in giving this succinct account, or history of his life, to enter as minutely into particulars, as though he were writing a narrative which would swell a volume to many hundred pages.

He must, therefore, only glance, with almost as much brevity at the events of a life of upwards of threescore years continuance, as do the arguments with which each chapter is prefaced.

In continuation, then, he informs his readers that after remaining with his class about eighteen months, his Uncle and Aunt removed to the place of their nativity, in New-Jersey, taking with them the Author, and his brother William; and after a short stay of about six months, returned to New-York, and again commenced housekeeping.

The Author continued with his Uncle and Aunt; his brother was put into the Counting House of Mr. Nicholas Hoffman, an importing merchant, and part owner of the Ship Ellis; whether immediately after, or at some time subsequently to the return to New-York, the Author does not now recollect.

His Uncle, being a man of activity and enterprise, soon re-embarked in trade, and commenced the *Salt* business, with Mr. James Van Dyke, under the firm of Van Dyke and Shippey, in Front-street, near Coenties Slip. The Author went into the store as a Clerk, and so continued for about the space of one year, when a difference arising between him and the senior partner of the firm, he quitted their employ.

His kind Aunt, steady to her original purpose, persuaded the Author to return to College; application was made by his Uncle to the Trustees, and they in consideration of his former good standing, permitted him to enter the class next below the one in which he originally entered. And this may serve to satisfy any person, desirous of being informed on the subject, why the Author entered in one class, and graduated, as per the Catalogue of Columbia College, in another, in the year 1796.

The Author returns to the Counting House. Dissolution of Partnership. The Author becomes a married man. Yellow fever in 1803. Return to New-York. Enters into business in partnership, as a wholesale and retail Grocer.

The business of cultivating the intellect at College having come to a close, and the Author declining the offer of his Uncle to furnish him with the means to prosecute his studies in either of the learned professions he might select; it was agreed that he should re-enter the Counting House, and study the profession of Merchandizing, under his Uncle and his partner. In this employ the Author continued until a dissolution of partnership took place. Mr. Van Dyke being an aged man, retired from business and the bustle of New-York to the State of New-Jersey, and ended his days in the pleasant City of Newark, situated near the banks of the *Passaic*, about eight miles from New-York.

The Author continued in the employ of his Uncle until the year 1800, when, being tired of leading a single life, he took unto himself a wife, and so, on the 28th day of August, the same year, became a married man. By this wife he had issue, nine children, viz: six sons and three daughters, three of the sons died in the birth; the remaining children were born in the City of New-York, except one daughter, who was born in Belleville, New-Jersey, during the Yellow Fever which prevailed in New-York, in 1803.

Shortly after the return of the Author, with his family from New-Jersey, some time early in the Spring of 1804, he entered into partnership with Major Samuel Cooper, in the wholesale and retail Grocery business, under the firm of Cooper and Shippey, at Coenties Slip, east side near Front-street. In this firm the Author continued about eight months, and then dissolved. The cause of this dissolution was the want of sufficient capital to carry on the business advantageously enough for the support of two families.

The business was not a City, but a Country business; the Country merchants were tardy in making their remittances, and the payment of the notes given for Spring and Fall purchases, could not be evaded. More capital was required, and this the Author could not supply; his Uncle's affairs having become embarrassed by his incautiously bonding and endorsing for several merchants in New-York, to an amount which swept away his fast property and other resources, and obliged him to begin the world anew. Dissolution of partnership, therefore, or failure became absolutely unavoidable; and the first was resorted to, in preference to the latter.

The Author stops not to comment on the beautiful effects produced by the "*credit system*," in New-York and elsewhere; nor to lament the loss of property, which, for several years, he helped his Uncle to acquire, and to a part of which, at least, as his adopted son, he thought himself entitled; but would merely inform the reader, that at this period the dissolution of the firm of Cooper and Shippey, wholesale and retail Grocers, &c., terminated, doubtless, for ever the mercantile career of the Author of the Specimens, and Notes to the same.

The Author commences Clerk on his own account. Becomes religious, and joins the M. E. Church in New York. Is appointed Clerk of the Alms House, Clerk of the N. Y. Hospital, and is afterwards reappointed Clerk of the A. H., and Clerk to the Commissioners of the same. Leaves the A. H. and commences School-keeping.

THE first clerkship the Author obtained was one with Hoffman, Seton, & Co., auctioneers in Wall-street. But this being an out-door one, and producing only a small per diem compensation, the Author gladly accepted the proposal of the Superintendent of the Alms House, his friend, and brother Methodist, Philip J. Arcularius, Esq., to apply to the Corporation for the clerkship of that Institution. He applied accordingly, and received the appointment of Clerk to the Alms House, he thinks on

the fifth day of June 1805, at a salary of $500 per annum, and perquisites.

This appointment was a seasonable relief to the Author, his family at this time, including himself, amounting to five in number.

And here the Author is admonished to correct an *anachronism*, or, "an error in placing a fact or event later than it really was," and that is the time of his becoming a Methodist. He thinks this event must have occurred at least two years previously to his appointment as Clerk of the Alms House. The Records of the Church could determine this; yet he well remembers that the Rev. Thomas Morrell, was Minister at the Old Methodist Church in John-street, when his wife and he went forward and joined themselves to the connexion. He also, on further reflection, remembers, while at Belleville, during the fever of 1803, his acquaintance with the Rev. John Dowe, Methodist Minister at that place. So then, courteous Reader, the Author was a Methodist before he was appointed Clerk of the Alms House. Have the goodness therefore, to pardon the anachronism in his argument, and permit him to proceed, straight forward in his history.

In this same year, 1805, the city of New-York was visited with that much dreaded calamity, the *yellow fever*. The Health Office was at the corner of Chambers-street and Broadway, and every evening the book of the day's transactions was sent to the Alms House, that the Clerk might attend to the calls for orders to the Keeper of Potter's Field, and Coffins and Hearse. In consequence of which arrangement the Author, for the space of six weeks, never slept in a bed; but took his repose, leaning his head on the Office table. Besides which, the Health Officers having ordered him to bring his family into the Alms House, his wife while there, took the fever, but recovered shortly thereafter. For this extra service, not long after the fever had ceased its ravages in the city, the Corporation raised his salary to $600.

The Author continued in this service until the Super-

intendent was displaced by another Corporation, calling themselves Federal; he, P. J. Arcularius, Esq. having had the office for two years, viz. 1805 and 1806.

The former Superintendent, Richard Furman, Esq., being reappointed, and wishing to have again his Private Clerk, George A Valentine, the Author applied for, and obtained the Clerkship of the New-York Hospital, Jotham Post, Esq. being the then Superintendent of that Institution. The Author continued in this situation for thirteen months, fulfilling the duties of Clerk to the Hospital, and Check-clerk for the "Asylum for the Insane," then in building for the second year, receiving $600 per annum, and a house to live in, in Barley-street, now called Duane-street.

The Corporation becoming Republican again, the Author was reappointed to his old situation and resumed its duties; and a new Board of Commissioners being appointed by the Corporation, they appointed him their Clerk, at a compensation that raised his whole salary to $700 per annum. In this employ he continued during the two years Superintendency of William Mooney, Esq. The Corporation, becoming once more Federal, and Richard Furman, Esq. reappointed Superintendent, the Author resigned his Clerkship, and commenced the business of teaching school.

The Author teaches school for about two years in New-York. Removes to Herkimer. War breaks out. Leaves Herkimer and comes to Albany. Is Clerk to his Excellency the Governor. Peace proclaimed. Returns to New-York with his family.

THE Author, considering a Clerkship as rather a precarious mode of obtaining a living; determined to try what success might attend his labors in teaching a school.

He felt satisfied that his education abundantly fitted him for such an undertaking. Without suspecting, however, the immense responsibility attached to this mode of life, and the many vexations with which it is attended;

he purchased the good will of the Bunker Hill Academy, kept by a Mr. John W. Purdy, in Mulberry, near Grand-street. And now no longer either "*Ptochotrophii vel Nosocomii scriba*,"* but the Principal of a promiscuous English elementary school; he felt, or at least, began to experience, that feeling so characterestic of men of his new profession, the feelings of a pedagogue.

As he commenced in the month of February, (1810,) and the weather moderating with the increased length of the days, his school increased proportionally in number, so that before the close of Summer, he numbered nearly one hundred scholars. But as Winter approached, the number of scholars began to diminish, owing to the circumstance of many of them living at a distance from the school. Besides the rent of the school-house was high, and the income of the school did not sufficiently compensate for the labor of teaching.

This induced the Author to request an old school-mate of his, now grown rich, and, consequently, influential, to procure to be raised for him from among his numerous and highly respectable friends and acquaintances, "a select school," to be located lower down in the City. This his interest and recommendation soon procured for the Author; and he opened his school in the building that then occupied the site of the present Quaker Meeting-House in Rose-street, with about one hundred scholars of both sexes. The number of scholars soon increased to two hundred and ten; and the Author might have realized the height of his wishes both in celebrity as a teacher, and in the pay he received for his services; but the cupidity of a few of his self-created trustees, entirely defeated his exertions, and prostrated for ever the growing usefulness of the "Franklin Juvenile School," in Rose-street; so that when the Author visited New-York during the War, he found his old school-room entirely deserted.

There silence and solitude reign'd,
The *Thirteen* their object had gain'd.

* Clerk of Alms House or Hospital.

They had changed an American plan for an English one, under the Lancasterian mode of teaching.

In the month of May, 1812, the Author removed with his family to Herkimer, to take the charge of the Academy in that place. The village afforded him rising of a hundred scholars, at one dollar and fifty cents each, per quarter. But the War breaking out, the children were withheld, and the school was broken up.

The Author represented by letter, his case, to his Excellency, the Governor; and he invited him to come to Albany in the ensuing Spring, and to enter into his employ as one of his clerks. Accordingly, in the month of June, 1813, the Author removed with his family to Albany, became Clerk to his Excellency, and continued in his service until the peace in 1815; when he returned with his family to New-York, after an absence of nearly three years.

The Author becomes Deputy Clerk of the Court of Sessions. Goes into a Counting House. Is appointed Clerk to the Commissioners of the Alms House. Is appointed Assistant Book-keeper of the United States Branch Bank. Writes for Common Council. Goes again into a Counting House; shortly after leaving which, he loses his wife, and consequently becomes a widower.

Not long after his return from Albany, the Author was engaged by Colonel Robert Macomb, one of Governor Tompkins' aids, and his old schoolmate, and brother to the present Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, Major General Alexander Macomb, as his Deputy in the Court of Sessions; and continued with him eight months, when he left him; the Colonel choosing to perform the whole of the duties of the office himself.

From this employ the Author went into the Counting House of Messrs. Dunlap and Grant, importing merchants in Greenwich-street, to post their Journal.

Mr. Dunlap having been in Europe during the War, all the business of the firm devolved on Mr. Grant, and

so the Journal remained unposted; to perform which operation he employed the Author for four months.

Having finished this engagement, the Author applied for and obtained the appointment of clerk to the Commissioners of the Alms House, at a salary of $500 per annum. They had their office, at this time, in that part of the old Alms House now occupied by the United States District Court.

After continuing with the Commissioners about six months, the Author obtained through the recommendation of his old and firm friend, his Excellency, D. D. Tompkins, then Vice President of the United States, the appointment of an assistant book-keeper in the United States Branch Bank, at a salary of $1000 per annum. In this situation the Author remained during the years 1817, 18, 19, and part of 20, when a retrenchment of expenditure by a reduction of the number of officers in the Mother Bank and its different branches took place; and the Author was among the number of the dismissed.

The cause that induced the necessity of this turning out of officers, without alleging any crime to their charge, was the poverty of the Institution—from its inability to discount the paper which had been offered.

The next employment the Author obtained, according to the best of his recollection, was the writing up the minutes of the Common Council, for General Jacob Morton, at that time Clerk of the Board. This duty he continued to perform for about one year, when he quitted, and went into the Counting House of Mr. George Suckley, importer of small cutlery from Sheffield.

Mr. S. kept his office in his own store, in Pine-Street, next door to the corner of William-Street, opposite the Bank Coffee-House, then kept by William Niblo.

The Author continued with Mr. Suckley about eighteen months, when, in consequence of his relinquishing business, the Author quitted his employ.

In the following year, on the 23d day of November, 1823, the wife of the Author departed this life, aged 48 years, after having kept house together for the space of

twenty-three years and three months, leaving the Author a widower with six children.

The Author feels satisfied that his companion died in the Faith of the Gospel; and he continues to live in the expectation that when the days of his pilgrimage are ended, and he is called to take the "parting hand with the things of time and sense," he shall go to meet her ransomed disembodied spirit in the fair climes of bliss and glory above; and with her enjoy those "eternal good things which are laid up in store for all the finally faithful, perservering followers of the Lamb, while eternal ages cease not to roll their everlasting rounds."

The Author embarks a second time on the sea of Matrimony. His different employments as a Clerk, &c., during a lapse of sixteen years; which brings him to the period promised in the title page of his Specimens, and to the conclusion of the brief history of his life.

Metaphorically, or figuratively speaking, Matrimony is a sea; and though like the natural sea it abounds with dangers not only hidden, but also, apparent, yet thousands adventure on it daily, fearless of the consequences that may attend the experiment.

And the Author, among the rest, must needs make a second trial of this curse or blessing of our natural lives. And he is happy to inform his readers that he has no cause for regret in the choice, which, under Providence, he has been induced to make.

About fifteen months of widowhood, having rolled over the Author's head—he, having quitted the employment of the son-in-law of his Excellency, the Vice President, entered into that of his Honor, the late Mayor, Aaron Clark. A few months afterwards, he was signing Lottery Tickets for Messrs. Yates and McIntyre, in Broadway. His next remove was into the Register's Office, as a supernumerary copyist, under James W. Lent, Esq. Register in and for the City and County of New-York, &c. About six months thereafter, the business of the Office

falling off considerably, the Author with several other supernumeraries, received his dismission. His next place of employment was in the Office of the Court of Common Pleas, under Nicholas Dean, Esq., at that time Clerk of said Court. Here he continued eleven months, and then went into the Assistant Register of Chancery's Office, as a Clerk under John L. Lawrence, Esq. In this employ he remained about six months.

During the fourteen years that had elapsed, from the return of the Author from Albany, he had invariably resided in the City of New-York; but having received a temporary appointment as Clerk of the Public Store at Brooklyn, he removed thither in the month of June, 1829, and there continued until the expiration of the Quarantine on shipping, in the month of November, in that year.

Removing to New-York, the Author, feeling a disposition for travelling, made a visit to his son-in-law, then residing at Mayville, in Chatauque County, near the Chatauque Lake, about sixty miles above Buffalo. In the Spring of 1830, he returned to New-York, and went into the office of Elijah T. Pinckney, Esq., in Tryon-Row, and continued with him as his Clerk for about two years.

The Summer of the year 1832, the year of the Cholera, found the Author again employed in the Office of the Court of Common Pleas. Abraham Asten, Esq. being the then Clerk of that Court. From the books of the Assessors of the different Wards, the Author made out the Ballots for the Grand and Petty Jurys of the city and county of New York, for that year, and returned to his former employ with E. T. P., Esq. But he having in the mean time taken students into his office, advised the Author to turn Money Collector, which business, with very little variation, he has pursued until the present time.

Here the Author dates the commencement of his business acquaintance with James R. and William Whiting, Esqrs., by whom he has been employed (with the exception of five months, as Clerk of the Long Island Fire Insurance Co., and Messenger and General Clerk in the

Brooklyn Bank, eleven months, and part of last winter as out-door Visiter for the Commissioners of the Alms House), either as a copyist, collector, or out-door Clerk, and in their office he continues to remain, i. e. up to the 21st of December, 1840.

And, now, in conclusion, the Author wishes the Reader the enjoyment of both physical and moral health; and for himself he assures him, that though poor and despised in this life, he hopes, ere long, if faithful to the grace given him, to be rich and honorable in the life to come.

He would endeavor to imitate the Apostle Paul, in his resignation to the will of Providence, in regard to his temporal estate, by being "therewith content;" and cheerfully obey the direction of the Poet, who advises,

"With patient mind thy course of duty run,
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do the same, if thou couldst see
The end of all events, as well as He."

NOTES

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY

ON

THE SPECIMENS.

Among the many names that have presented themselves, none appeared to me to be more appropriate than the one I have chosen as the title of my little volume of Poems.

"Specimens," are defined to be samples, or some parts of a commodity given as a pattern, to show its quality or condition."

Now the "parts" are the Selections I have made from my own Compositions, on various subjects, at different times; at which I have labored occasionally, for nearly half a century. Such pieces as I thought it not proper to offer to the public, I have committed to the flames. What was their comparative merit therefore, cannot now be determined.

As none of my ancestors, to my knowledge, have given themselves the trouble to favor the world with an account of their lives; perhaps, it was specially reserved for me to perform this office, if not on my own account, at least for the satisfaction of my posterity.

In the Notes, I have thought it would not prove so satisfactory to confine myself merely to critical and explanatory remarks, as to avail myself of the benefit of the extracts I have made from many very valuable books, which from time to time have fallen into my hands. It will easily be perceived that my intention has been to accompany each piece or poem with a correspondent note—and this labor I have performed, except in a few instances, when I supposed it might not be necessarily required.

Should any of my readers consider some of my notes too lengthy, I can only say in extenuation of such an oversight, that it was occasioned by a sincere desire, rather to promote their interests than my own gratification.

With this view of the subject I respectfully solicit for the notes, as well as the poems, a candid, attentive, and patient perusal; while on my part, instead of anticipating and combating objections that may never be urged; I will proceed to prosecute to a conclusion, the task I have assigned myself; as a part of my original plan, in framing the "Specimens," and notes to the same.

And, first, as to my Frontispiece, or Title-page, I deem it is sufficiently explanatory of itself—but of the "Quantum meruit" or second fore-

front, such as now obtains in the entries of modern buildings. I would observe that I composed it in compliance with the suggestion of a friend, to accompany the proposals which I presented for subscribers at the New-York City Library, and the Brooklyn Lyceum.

But as I received not a solitary subscriber from either of those Institutions, I have by way of literary retaliation, transferred it to the Specimens, there to be its own interpreter, and to rate no higher than itself it rates—viz. as "Quantum meruit."

With regard to my Proem or Preface, I would merely observe, that I made it in verse, in the hope that it might share a better fate than many prefaces that appear in prose, however splendidly or imposingly they may have been written. So here commences the Notes on the several poems and pieces contained in the Specimens; and the first that claims attention is:

"*Echo, if right I understand*," &c.—Page 19.

For a dissertation on the origin, &c. of Poetry the Reader is requested to consult the Lectures of the Rev. Hugh Blair, D. D. See also, Note on Elegy, page 64.

"*Passions are those*," &c.—Page 19.

Among Humanists (persons skilled in human learning) "passions are the affections of the mind, as Love, Hatred," and also, strong and predominant appetites and aversions—*Gross'* moral philosophy.

"*An Apothegm*," &c.—Page 20.

"A short pretty and instructive sentence, chiefly of a grave and eminent person." The subject is here mercantilly considered, and shows that the debt contracted to the constitution by excess or intemperance in youth, must be paid with interest by suffering in after age.

Youth are hereby, also, instructed not to despise this caution of Holy Writ, "using this world as not abusing it."

"*Imagination claims*," &c.—Page 20.

I cannot now distinctly recollect from whence I received the idea contained in this little "*jeux d'esprit*;" but I think it was from a Newspaper. "Imagination is the faculty by which we, as it were, picture corporeal substances in the mind, as if we saw them actually with the eyes; or an application of the mind to the phantasma or image, or some corporeal thing impressed in the brain, conceit, fancy, thought." "Fancy" is also defined to be "Imagination." Perhaps no one but a Poet would attempt any discrimination between them; as the Greek word *phantasia*, is translated into Latin by, or rather is the same word, *phantasia*, which in English, is called Fancy or Imagination.

"*While Brutus' bust,*" &c.—Page 20.

"Dum Bruti effigiem," &c. The translations were attempted in consequence of a public request from the publishers of the Youth's Magazine, or Evangelical Miscellany, No. 9, for September 1817. The history is simply this; Michael Angelo, the celebrated Sculptor, while executing a bust of Brutus, the friend and assassin of Julius Cæsar, happening to think of his crime, refused to finish it—it however found its way in its imperfect state into the Gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, where the above inscription was placed under it by some unknown hand.

"*Though addition is one thing,*" &c.—Page 21.

This was an anecdote related by my Uncle—more than half a century ago; and, being vividly impressed on my mind, I thought I would preserve it in verse. It is a caution against the indecent practice of listening to conversation evidently intended to be private and confidential.

Know when your ears to use, and when your eyes;
This rightly doing there your safety lies.

"'*Tis long experience shows,*" &c.—Page 22.

More than half a century ago, the word in the title of this piece was spelled indifferently, either Dependence, or Dependance—and signified a staying, resting, or relying upon; as also a relation or subjection.

Though this piece was written more than forty years since, I still consider the sentiment contained in it to be correct, and have therefore retained it as a part of my Specimens. Certain it is, that "variety of conditions renders men necessary to each other."—*Saurin.*

"*Out on the world,*" &c.—Page 23.

By the world I mean the people of the world. Mankind are *naturally* selfish; observation and experience abundantly verify this assertion, viz. that "selfishness is the idolatry of the world; and that self is the idol."

"'*Tis a shocking affair,*" &c.—Page 23.

"I have lived," said Dr. E. D. Clark, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this—*Never suffer your energies to stagnate.*"

"*Don't set the tune,*" &c.—Page 23.

According to the old adage, "Prayer brings down the first, and praise the second blessing." The latter, is therefore, too important a part of Divine worship to be committed to unskilful persons. The time or air should also be adapted to the words. Other advice might be given on the subject; but it would not be heeded, so long as the singing in the

Churches is conducted on the present supposed improved plan. The Psalms and Hymns, singing Department, requires to be reformed before congregations can cordially conform to the Apostle's direction, "sing with the spirit, and the understanding also," for who can sing tunes he does not understand?

"*And shall the Justice,*" &c.—Page 24.

This piece was written in 1815, when I was Deputy Clerk of the Court of Sessions. Those were the impressions I then entertained of criminal law, and yet a certain celebrated Lawyer assured me I was "a hundred years behind the spirit of the age," when I remonstrated against the laxity that obtained in a certain criminal department, over which I thought he might have exercised a more salutary control. Who then that has lived half a century in this fluctuating world of New-York, may not on retrospection, exclaim with Maro of old—Tempora mutantur, &c. "The times are changed," &c.—*Virgil.*

Twenty-five years ago, bail was taken only for cases of misdemeanors.

"*From the bleak North,*" &c.—Page 24.

The birth-place of my first wife was Ballycastle County, Antrim—in the North, or Scottish part of Ireland; near the Giant's Causeway. She died on the 23d day of November, 1823, ætatis 49.

"*Alice, I linger here,*" &c.—Page 25.

I frequently stop at the spot where rest the mortal remains of my former companion, and the mother of my children, and anticipate the day when I shall be permitted to enjoy her society in another and a better state of existence. She was interred in the M. E. burying-grounnd, corner of First-street and Second Avenue.

"*Though some by faces,*" &c.—Page 25.

This little piece ranks among the earliest of my poetical productions, and is perhaps, forty-two years of age. I have not attempted to alter it since its production; and I think I had it published in a weekly paper, called the *Museum*, under the signature of "*Alphonso.*"

"*If from one vice,*" &c.—Page 26.

I cannot recollect from whence I drew the idea contained in these lines; yet few as they are, they furnish ample matter for reflection, and afford sufficient inducement to give the truth they evidently intend to inculcate a fair and impartial trial. "Conscience," says the Rev. and very learned Mr. Saurin, "is, if I may venture to speak so, an operation of the soul, consisting of volition and intelligence." Conscience is intelligence, judgment, considering an object as just or unjust; and conscience is volition inclining us to make the object in contemplation, an object of our love or hatred, of our desires or fears."

"*Wanted employment,*" &c.—Page 26.

"A fig for Rome, a fig for Greece, a London rocking give your piece."

I once presented this piece to the proprietor of the Mirror; but he gave me to understand that he only dealt in *foreign* Poetical productions —and so I never offered it to any other person for publication.

"*Let things go,*" &c.—Page 27.

I do not remember, precisely, in what manner I obtained this motto; but I think it was from the pannel, or side of a coach. The sentiment or resolution it contains, is certainly correct.

"*Oh, happiness,*" &c.—Page 27.

This is a very early production, but whether before my first marriage, which was in 1800, or just after it, I cannot remember. It is an easy affair to preserve dates; many people, however, neglect it, and I have been among the number.

These were my thoughts, ("cursory," I have styled them,) long ago, on the subject of Wedlock—defined by the Church to be Conjugium à Conjungendo, i. e., "a joining together; because a lawful woman is bound with her husband, as it were, in one common yoke."

But if any person desire to be instructed in the duties which Husbands and Wives owe to each other, and to their families, let them consult the best of books the Bible—see Paul to the Colossians, chapter iii, and Peter's first Epistle, chapter iii.

"*Do you know neighbour John,*" &c.—Page 28.

My old and much esteemed friend, Charles Gilman, who was a Butcher, told me a certain man asked him what business he followed for a living? and he answered him that "*he got his living* by shedding inno cent blood." He was a valuable member of the Methodist Episcopal connection in New-York, and I believe, is still living; if so, he is a very aged man.

"*'Tis not a thousand miles,*" &c.—Page 28.

This is among my first compositions.—The narration, I believe is true. I heard it as it dropped from the lips of the identical Hero of the piece, John Beckley, Esq., of Virginia; who was afterwards Clerk of the House of Representatives in Congress. He narrated it at the dinner table of my Uncle, and when he next visited New-York, I handed him the piece, and he assured me it was correct. It shows that Divines as well as other people may sometimes be surprised into an infraction of that requirement in Holy Writ, which teaches us "to do justly." Our minister, however, is highly to be commended for the magnanimous manner in which he repaid his Counsel for his salutary rebuke. But if any one is disposed to be captious on the subject; let him be admonished by the old adage: "Errare est humanum," &c.

It is a fact, believe it sir,
Humanity is prone to err.—*Kel.*

"*Lest some should think,*" &c.—Page 33.

I have not time to say much on this attempt; let it go for what it is worth; until the real name of Junius is satisfactorily discovered.

"*Swift does the blood,*" &c.—Page 33.

In this Sonnet, or small Poem, it appears to have been my design to treat the subject by way of contrast; rather than to enter into an elaborate argument, to establish what the experience of those who are advanced in years, has from time immemorial, abundantly proved to be true. "Youth is tender age—the state and condition of young people, or their persons; also, a young man, a lad, a youngster is an airy brisk young man—a raw or inexperienced youth—a novice." And such subjects might receive much valuable instruction for the government of their conduct in future life, by conversing with, and listening attentively to the conversation "of men sedate."

But it would seem that no teacher can excel experience.—The old adage is "*esperientia docet,*" "experience teaches." Much, however, may be effected by parents, in giving the minds of their children a proper direction, by wholesome precepts, and an appropriate example.

One way o'er all the rest prevails,
Example moves where precept fails.—*Kel.*

And that great Poet, Mr. Pope, says:—

"All youth, at first set right, with ease go on,
And each new task is with new pleasure done;
But if neglected till they grow in years,
And each fond mother her dear darling spares.
Errors become habitual, and you'll find,
'Tis then hard labour to reform the mind."

And the best of books directs—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—*Solomon.*

"*If you your readers' minds,*" &c.—Page 33.

This is the direction given to Authors by the celebrated Latin Poet, and eminent critic Quintus Horatius Flaccus, who flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar. How well it has been attended to by the Author of the Specimens, is left to the reader to determine.

"*Was founded*" [*A. D.*] &c.—Page 34.

I can assure the proprietors of this truly respectable, and I think I may say, highly useful establishment, the beginning of which I recollect for more than half a century "gone by," that these lines are sincere-

ly intended to express my satisfaction at its increasing celebrity and prosperity. The "American Museum," in Broad-street, near Pearl, in 1790, compared to the American Museum in 1831, in Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church, was a dwarf compared to a giant. "*Creseat eundo.*"

"*There is a rash,*" *&c.*—Page 34.

The event which occasioned this irregular production transpired, I think, in the year 1818. The subject of the reflections contained in the piece, a young man, was a Clerk in the same Bank with the Author. He had absented himself for about a fortnight from his post, when we were surprised by receiving an invitation to attend his funeral. He had, as it is phrased, "blown out his brains" with a pistol. What were his real motives for the commission of this rash and fatal act, for more than one was conjectured—we never could accurately ascertain. The most plausible information that could be obtained, was, that the young lady whom he wished to make his wife, had, by the advice of her Physician, declined accepting his proposal, on the ground of her being consumptive. It was said that he left a letter on the bed, on which he perpetrated his own murder—doubtless, assigning the reason for his conduct; and that a connexion of hers by marriage, a Doctor, discovered the letter where he had left it lying; and that he having perused its contents, could never be induced either by persuasion or threats to disclose them, even to his parents.

He was one of those unyielding spirits, who having once formed a resolution, could not be dissuaded from executing it, though death might be the inevitable consequence. His name, though the fact at the time was of public notoriety, is, out of respect for his family, suppressed.—The piece is not affectedly irregular; it was composed in the street, while going to and returning from the Bank. The impression made on my mind by the fearful exit he made from time to eternity, induced reflections which I felt constrained to utter, as well for my own admonition, as for that of his sorrowing relatives and friends—and for all to whom this account of his death might come. I say not how true it may be, yet there is an old saying to this effect, "Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat." The sense of which in our language, may possibly be,

When to destruction he is once consigned,
That man becomes a reprobate of mind!—*Kel.*

"*Canst tell the reason*" *&c.*—Page 35.

It is deleterious to both soul and body, to stimulate excessively, either with solids or fluids.—The advice is, "using this world as not abusing it?"—He, therefore, who disregards it, must expect to experience the consequences which such disregard must infallibly produce.

"I suppose you need not," &c.—Page 36.

This piece was the first, or among the very first of my poetical essays —as the old adage has it, "Necessity is the mother of invention," so being directed to bring in a composition on Saturday morning, I handed in for my composition this, piece headed, "What you please." It was examined by the professors, who returned it with corrections, and I was required, in future, to present them a composition in Prose. What a flattering prospect to encourage me to repeat my first attempt at Poetry! Was it not sufficient to cause me to distrust my poetical capability *in limine*, and to exclaim in despair, "The cruel Muses do disown you, and Phœbus says he ne'er has known you!" or indignantly retort—

"Humble Prose
Is fit for those
Who to precision can't confine,
Their ideas to a single line."—*Kel.*

But I was obliged to make, as it is said, "a virtue of necessity,"—i. e., to comply or quit the Institution, "nulla lex habet necessitas, "necessity has no law."

"When lofty themes present themselves."—Page 36.

What was the origin of Speculative Masonry, or the Society of Free and accepted Masons—I cannot tell. It is observed of them that they are a "very ancient society, or body of men, considerable both for number and character over all Europe." I joined myself to Trinity Lodge, No. 10, in the year 1799. But after joining the Methodist Episcopal Church in John-street, about three years subsequently, I discontinued my visits to the Lodge, believing that if I really was a "*Free Mason*," I was just as free to go as I was to stay—or else in what would my freedom consist?

My present thoughts respecting Masonry, when placed in apposition with Religion, are candidly expressed in the *Reflection* "annexed to the Ode, headed Reflection.

Benevolence, O glorious name!
From Heaven to Earth direct she came,
To save our lost and fallen race;
Impartial Maid—fam'd Masonry!
Accessible to each, and free
As is Heaven's all abounding grace.

But should Heaven's grace too feeble prove,
Our lost and fallen race to move,
Around this solid ball;
Their neighbors as themselves to love,
Then disappointed from above,
On thee, O Masonry we'll call.—*Kel.*

" The Mail-man left," &c.—Page 37.

My Uncle had a clerk in his employ by the name of Christian Hoffman, and it was from him I had the story of *" The Headless Spectre."* I think he said he had it from General Malcolm, who at that time lived and kept his store of Ship Chandlery, at the corner of Beekman Slip and Water-street—now called Fulton-street and Water-street, and occupied as a Boarding House, by Mr. Jackson. The Mail-carrier, it appears, was a Scotsman, and so was the General. The former was in the habit of calling occasionally on the General, and putting up at his house for the night.—On one particular night he called as usual, to "spend the night" with his friend and countryman; but the General having company that night, requested him to procure some other lodgings. He, however, previously to taking his leave, related his adventure on the road to the General, who, after endeavouring to soothe his mind, advised him to go to bed and sleep it off.

He retired to a Boarding House for the night, and in the morning, while coming down the stairs his foot slipped, he fell and broke his neck.

Though I never saw any apparition myself, I am not prepared to say that it could not be the case with others.

Mortals prepare, a judgment day,
Awaits us one and all;
Then let us when death's summons comes,
Be ready at his call.—*Kel.*

" Kind sirs I greet you," &c.—Page 41.

I find on referring to my Journal the following note—" To S. Woodworth & Co., No. 60 Vesey-street, who solicited aid in said Poem, and requested that the Poetry should be chaste, Albany, 14th November, 1813. It was during the last war with Great Britain, as will be perceived by the date.

I was at that time Recording Clerk to his Excellency, Governor Daniel D. Tompkins, at Albany, and observing the Advertisement of S. W. & Co., I thought I would contribute something towards the furtherance of what I considered not only a novel, but a very laudable undertaking. The piece, however, was never forwarded, neither do I recollect that *" New-York," a Poem,* was ever published. I read this piece to Mr. W. and he said he would have put it into his piece, if he had succeeded in publishing his "New-York," a Poem.

" When rogues fall out," &c.—Page 43.

This is an old, and doubtless a true saying; for few rogues can withstand the inducement of a pardon held out to them on condition of their making a sincere confession, and a true disclosure of such facts as are sought for by the Law. Other causes may also operate to produce a like effect.

" The Law forces," &c.—Page 43.

This is from Noyes' Law maxims. A lawyer told me he thought these maxims might be advantageously versified.

" Malignant, cruel, fierce," &c.—Page 43.

Discord is disagreement, strife, variance. Derived from dis, asunder —and cor, the heart.

" All lesser must," &c.—Page 43.

This distich admonishes people to examine things carefully, that they may not give a preference wrongfully to any.

" Whence came the custom," &c.—Page 44.

The practice now-a-days is to direct the servant to ask the person who knocks at the door to give his name. If he refuses by saying the Gent. or Lady of the house does not know his name—the servant, though he may pretend to inquire—answers of course, " not at home." He is suspected for a dun, or an officer.

" Havn't you heard folks say," &c.—Page 44.

I have an indistinct recollection of this anecdote, yet I think it was to this effect. While a certain lawyer was pleading before the court, the Judge observed to him that there was no general rule without an exception—the lawyer replied he could name one. The Judge requested him to do so. Why, said he, the gamma (the third letter of the Greek alphabet) is *invariably* pronounced hard.

" There let it in perpetual," &c.—Page 45.

I think I have somewhere read of two persons, consummating their reconciliation by turning the hollow of their hands joined together by their fingers, over a hole in the ground, and holding them in that position until the hole was filled up with earth.

" So small is the containing," &c.—Page 45.

From whence I gleaned the idea contained in this distich, I am unable to tell.

" Body, with others," &c.—Page 45.

See 1st Corinthians, 44th verse of 15th chapter.

" Our life is a vapour," &c.—Page 45.

Faith—among Divines—a principal Christian virtue. An assent of the mind to all things delivered in the Holy Scriptures, as the testimony of Almighty God. In Greek, *pistis*, a persuasion.

" Assist Melpomene," &c.—Page 46.

This friend died, I think, of the yellow fever of '98.—We were for many previous years inseparable companions. We went to church together on the Lord's day, and on week evenings to French school, his time in the day being devoted to the duties of the Counting House, while mine was employed in prosecuting my studies, both at home and at College. This piece was composed shortly after his decease, perhaps 45 years since. I have styled it an Elegy—i. e. a mournful poem; a funeral song.

My classmate, the Rev. John Blair Linn, in his book entitled " Miscellaneous Works, prose and poetical," printed by Thomas Greenleaf in 1795, gives a long dissertation, (from the one hundredth to the one hundred and forty seventh page inclusive) on Poetry, which he calls the language " of passion and fancy."—Of Elegiac poetry he observes—" perhaps there is no species of poetry of which the mind is more susceptible than Elegy. There is none perhaps which meets with a more agreeable reception from all classes of men. Its objects are to excite the softer passions, to represent the distress of virtue, and the many misfortunes to which human nature is liable."

" Full oft he cross'd," &c.—Page 47.

I do not recollect ever having seen this sea Captain, but his brother was a schoolmate of mine. I wrote this epitaph for the Captain's widow.

" We all must to," &c.—Page 47.

I wrote this epitaph for the widow of an old acquaintance. As he gave no evidence of his having received the pardon of his sins, previously to his decease, I had to frame the epitaph accordingly.

" Long her patient spirit," &c.—Page 47.

My book of Poems does not furnish me with the means of ascertaining who the lady was, for whom I composed this epitaph.

Greedy Death," &c.—Page 48.

I am equally at a loss to determine the person I had in view, in composing this epitaph.

" Thus dearest, we," &c.—Page 48.

In this epitaph I was meditating on the decease of my former wife.

" Fortune alike with other," &c.—Page 48.

" Industry is Fortune's right hand—Frugality her left"—I thought this was a quotation from the *" Elegant Extracts"*—but on consulting my book of extracts, I could not find it there.

" In books both sacred," &c.—Page 49.

This Essay was written for some young men, who belonged to a religious society in Albany, during the late War with Great Britain. What use was made of it, I never was able to learn.

" Each individual freely," &c.—Page 50.

I think I composed this piece about 11 or 12 years ago; but my recollection cannot now supply me with the necessary particulars which induced the composition. In order to ascertain these particulars, I called on my old friend Mr. Jacob P. Roome, late Superintendent of Repairs, now residing in 21st-street, but his memory failed him as well as my own. He merely recollected that the firemen had a disturbance among themselves in the Bowery, about the time above alluded to —and referred me to another source for information. I am certain that I derived the facts stated in the piece from a newspaper, but I cannot now tell its name. The numbers refer to the different Aldermen and their Wards.

" Fanny is the girl," &c.—Page 53.

This was a complimentary sonnet to my present wife, while paying my addresses to her, more than forty years ago. As she made no objections to my inserting the piece in my Specimens, I also added *" My Second Courtship of my present wife "*

This piece is explanatory of the reason why our courtship was broken off—and how it came at length to terminate in our marriage. It is a practical comment on the old adage, which instructs us that " early attachments are the strongest."

" Takes this method to show," &c.—Page 55.

This piece is not an original composition of mine. The ideas were supplied from an Advertisement that appeared, some forty odd years ago, in a paper called the *" Morning Chronicle,"* printed in Pine-street, New-York. This Advertisement I versified to please a friend who had an interest in the paper. It afterwards appeared in a book of selections published by a man who styled himself the " Emperor of the Barbers," and who I was informed afterwards cut his throat in the City of Albany.

If puffing to frizzeurs belongs,
Who'd envy them their puffing songs?
But scout all lying to a faction,
And "scorn with us," a meaner action.

No liar can, whate'er his trade,
A liar's punishment evade;
The which he ll find, if right he looks,
Recorded in the "best of books."—*Kel.*

"One night I dreamed," &c.—Page 56.

This piece, or "New Year's address," was composed expressly for the news carrier of the "Courier and Enquirer," and contains according to direction, given in that paper, exactly two hundred lines. It was presented, and rejected. Becoming again my property, I, like some other Authors, by inserting it in my "Specimens," appeal from the judgment of the Editors of the Courier and Enquirer to the candour of the public. Though I am satisfied of the correctness of the old adage, "de gustibus non &c.," there is no disputing tastes, yet I am willing to abide my appeal, with this determination, however, never to write another New Year's address for any other newspaper, either in this City, or in any other part of the World. I wrote one for a religious newspaper in this City, and though it was rejected, the Carrier, under pretence of having mislaid it, never had the manners to return it to its legitimate owner, consequently he prevented me from obliging the public by its insertion in the Specimens.

"Say what is fate," &c.—Page 62.

It is but recently that I undertook to peruse the two volumes of sermons by the Rev. Timothy Dwight, late President of Yale College, published at New Haven, in 1828. I always entertained a partiality for the Doctor. I had not only, more than half a century ago, read his "Conquest of Canaan," an Epic Poem, of most admirable structure, and exquisite finish—but I had enjoyed the privilege of hearing him read *his own sermons* in the Presbyterian Church, (Dr. Rogers',) in Wall-street. My partiality, however, was rather founded on the persuasion that he was a good man; a genuine Minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. And nothing, in the course of my after life, has occurred to induce me to alter that persuasion.

His definition of Fate I have given in the sentiment extracted from his sermons,) versified. I have turned to *Schrevelius*, Ειμαρμενη, he has translated fatum, divinitus decretus, decretum—Fate, a divine decree, a *μειρω*, divido, quasi suum cuique divisum est, as though each one had his own lot or division. *Ainsworth*, Fatum, God's providence or decree, —Fate, the order and series of causes, the course of nature, destiny or fortune, as they call it—calamity, mischief or misfortune. Death, or natural death—more rarely an untimely death, sometimes a man's fortune or circumstances, also an Oracle—idem quod effatum.

Bailey (Fatum, Lat.) That which must of necessity come to pass—God's secret appointment, a perpetual unchangeable disposition of things following one upon another. Providence or Decree—also Death.

Walker—Fate, Destiny, Event, Predetermined Death. But I suppose I might have saved myself this trouble, as it is not improbable the Doctor might have travelled over the same ground in the three first instances, before I was born.

" The serious observer discerns," &c.—Page 62.

While at Albany in 1813 or '14, comfortably situated with my family around me, and in the employment of my old friend and classmate at Columbia College, his Excellency, the Governor—I one day observed in his paper called the " *Portfolio*," published in Philadelphia, by *Old-school*," an advertisement offering $50 for the best written Ode—i. e., Song—for the approaching fourth of July; and I thought I would try to write one too—not for Mr. Oldschool, exactly; but as though it were for him, not to send to him, but to keep for myself. And well it was I did so; for if I was rightly informed, after selecting from the number offered, twelve of the best performances, he rejected the whole of them, for what reason I do not now recollect. Probably, however, after culling out their excellencies, to avoid the payment of the tempting premium offered in his paper, the Fifty Dollars.

" Now what is this," &c.—Page 64.

After the above explanation—the protocol, a word—which, like President Jefferson's " *occlusion of the Port of New-Orleans*," had nearly puzzled our whole nation, must speak for itself.

" Near eighteen months," &c.—Page 65.

I have now arrived at the termination of what I perhaps may consider my moral productions—next follows those of a political character. Situated as I was during the last war with England, in the immediate vicinity of Head Quarters, at Greenbush, and in the very centre of political information, at Albany, it was [next to impossible to refrain from giving vent to those indignant feelings I experienced at the time, when contemplating the cause which produced, what I considered, a just and necessary war on the part of my countrymen;—Impressment of our Seamen on the High Seas and search of our Vessels. Remonstrance despised, submission to outrage required, the " ultima ratio regum," held up in " terrorem" in case of resistance. No marvel that the point of Republican forbearance should be passed. But the agony is now passed; blood enough has been shed; much time has flown by since the events alluded to have transpired; the outrage has ceased to be repeated; amicable relations exist, and may continue to exist for years to come —from the *District* of *Maine to the* " *Ultima Thule Britannarum*." Would God that " *Christian Nations*" might cease to " *learn war*" any more, and that the only strife among them might be " who should love the Redeemer most, and who should serve him best."

" Hear ye, hear all the world," &c.—Page 68.

If Great Britain claims to be the parent, she should, as a Chistian nation, remember this injunction of the Apostle Paul to the Gentiles; " Parents provoke not your children to wrath," &c.

" Tremble ye tyrants," &c.—Page 68.

The procession of the bones of the Revolutionary Patriots, for interment at Brooklyn, took place in, I think, in the summer or fall of 1808. I could not attend it, as I was Clerk of the Alms House at that time, and either the Superintendent or I was obliged to remain at the House to attend to its concerns. The bones were deposited in a small triangular piece of ground in Jackson-street, near the Navy Yard. They were conveyed to the place of Sepulture in 13 coffins, attended by about 15,000 persons. The Coffins represented the 13 States, whose names appear in front of the building erected over the tomb. Over the gateway is this inscription, " Portal to the Tomb of 11,500 patriot prisoners, who died in Dungeons and Prison Ships about the City of New-York, during the war of our Revolution."

" How insulting," &c.—Page 68.

The three first verses were composed at Albany, during the late war with Great Britain, the last was added a long time afterwards.

The origin of the term *" Yankee"* is too well understood in our country, to need explanation here. That the epithet, as applied to our nation by our then enemies, the British, was intended to be reproachful, is certain; it is equally certain that it was malicious, designed to hold us up to the gaze of the civilized world, as the aborigines of this country, —the Indians—savages. But the reproach which long since has been wiped away in blood, ceases at present to give any more offence to an American, than does the epithet *" John Bull,"* to an Englishman, who knows for a certainty, that if, during the Revolutionary War, *" Yankee Doodle* was a boy," he is a man now. As such, therefore, he must continue to regard and treat him, if he desires to preserve and perpetuate the friendly relations which now exist between the two countries. Either the time has arrived, or is rapidly approaching, when the aphorism " no real friendship can subsist between unequals," will no longer apply to England and America.

" There lived a Clerk," &c.—Page 69.

After the peace in 1815, when I was preparing to quit the employment of his Excellency, Governor Tompkins, and to return to New-York with my family, after an absence of nearly three years, I addressed a communication to him, requesting from him an introduction to some friend of his at New-York, who might give me employment. Said he, " there is our old classmate John Ferguson, the Mayor, would he not employ you? I answered, yes, if his Excellency would write him a letter requesting him to do so. He replied he would be in New-York the next week,

and speak to him himself on the subject. He did come to New-York, but did not speak to his Honor, the Mayor, *on the subject;* perhaps he forgot it. About this time I must have written this querelous Poem. Shortly afterwards, he came to New-York, and advised me to go into the employ of one of his aids whom he procured to be appointed Clerk of the Court of Sessions: so I became Deputy Clerk of the Sessions, in which situation I continued for about eight months.

"*Porter attend,*" &c.—Page 72.

This address was commenced in Albany, but not concluded until recently; which gave me an opportunity of thus publicly thanking the General for his kindness in discharging through General Macomb, my old schoolmate, while Secretary of War, my eldest son from the Army.

Mr. Pope advises "Keep your peace nine years;" I am glad I followed his advice in this particular. Both the above-named Generals were particular favorites of his Excellency, Governor Tompkins.

"*Oft have I strove,*" &c.—Page 73.

It was on, or about the fifteenth day of the month of June, 1837, that the present District Attorney, James R. Whiting, asked me if I would have any objection to go to Brunswick in New Jersey, to transact some business for him at that place. I informed him I had none, and that Brunswick, thereby meaning Brunswick Landing, frequently so called—was my native place.—"Then, said he, you are the very person to go there." Accordingly, I crossed the Hudson to Jersey City, and after a travel of thirty-six miles of olden measurement, I arrived, without any accident, at the City of New-Brunswick. Being unwilling to put my relations to inconvenience to accommodate me during my stay, I engaged my board at a Hotel in Albany-street: and as a considerable part of the day remained, I concluded to pay a visit to Raritan Landing, by the way of the Canal, an invention not even contemplated when I last visited my native place. Many a time I had walked from Brunswick to the Landing, and from the Landing to Brunswick, as well on the North, as on the South side of the river: but never before had I enjoyed the pleasure of walking in its water on dry and solid ground. Now this pleasure arose, not merely from the simple circumstance of my walking on the tow-path of a Canal, for that operation I had performed more than once between Albany and Utica; but rather from contemplating the innovation that had been made in my native river. The day was cool for the season, and the North wind blowing down the stream was refreshing, while I examined as I progressed in my journey the well known places on either hand—the delight of my juvenile days. Thus pleasantly employed, I arrived at length at the bridge which crosses the Raritan and brings you to the place called "Raritan Landing." And here I noticed the first alteration that had been made since my last visit to the place. The Mill belonging to Mr. Miles Smith had been removed from above and now stood below the bridge. Crossing over, I saw the boys near its Southern abutment, "all silent angling from the sandy shore."

But what an alteration was discoverable in the road since I last trav-

elled it, to where my Grandfather's house still stood. From the bridge to his house formerly, a distance of about three quarters of the meadow's width, not one solitary house, to my recollection, remained. It appeared to me as if all had been swept away by the freshet which annually inundates the meadows in the spring at the breaking up of the river. Geographically described, the Village of Raritan Landing resembles in its figure the letter T. It commences at the River's bridge, and crosses the meadow or the temporary bed of the river, extending to where it is intersected by the road which runs along the foot of its northern bank, extending upwards towards Bound Brook, and downwards towards the bridge you cross to enter the city of New Brunswick.

Directly on the hill above the intersecting road stands the house where I was born. I have accounted for this circumstance in the history of my life, viz. I have assigned the reason why I was born on the hill, in the house owned by my uncle, Capt. James Richmond of New Brunswick, rather than in the house owned by my father. "The Landing," on the meadow is now, I believe, entirely destitute of inhabitants, and is owned by Mr. Isaac Lawrence of New-York. He has a son-in-law residing in the large stone house on the hill, a Mr. Pool, whose father purchased the house from my uncle Richmond, and he purchased it from the late Mr. Nicholas Low of New-York. I feel no disposition here to extol the village of "Raritan Landing," above any other village I have visited, either in the state of New-York or elsewhere; on the contrary I am sorry to think on its present desolate and forsaken condition. Nevertheless, I will not disown it on this account, nor will I even assign the reason for its decline; it is sufficient for me to remember that it is my native village. In making this acknowledgment I revive many more tender recollections than it is my intention to insert in this place as I design rather to write a "*Note*," or commentary on certain things contained in my poem, than a lengthy history of the Village and its ancient inhabitants.

"But on the hill we claimed one little space."

I think this little space comprises half an acre of ground, and that my brother William reserved it when he sold the farm after my father's death, as our family burial place, but I know not whether or no he reserved the right of approaching it through the field in which it lays. This is the only claim I have on the soil of the state of New-Jersey, sufficient to constitute me, if not in Law at least in equity, a freeholder in my native state. But as I never intend to urge such a claim, I feel no apprehension of having it resisted.

Here are deposited the mortal remains of my Grandfather and Grandmother, Father and Mother, I think of my sister Phebe, and three sisters and two brothers whom I never saw. Where my aunts Betsy and Mary were interred I do not know, nor whether I shall rest beside them or not, nor does it cause me any uneasiness where my friends shall think proper to deposite my clay when I shall have done with "time and time things."

Below the burying ground to the east there runs a small brook, through what I consider a meadow in miniature. The only curiosity I remember in this meadow is one large apple tree which bore apples on one side that were red, and on the other white.—"One spreading tree with apples white and red,"—but I am not naturalist enough to account satisfac-

torily for this phenomenon. "There Mentha rose, &c." Mint—Nepeta too, &c., cat-nip or cat-mint. "And on the hill the pudding grass," &c. Penny-royal.—I do not recollect any flowers growing on the little meadow or on the banks on either side.

The adjoining farm, a very large and valuable one, was formerly owned by a Doctor Hood, and latterly by a Mr. Miles Smith, recently deceased; and I believe is now owned by his children. "This road to walk was never my delight." The road from Smith's to Probasco's mill is, I think, about half a mile, running along under the hill on the left, having the meadows, the river, and its south bank on the left. To a stranger at this season of the year, the surrounding scenery might have appeared pleasant and picturesque, nay even grand and imposing, but I had conceived a dislike to this portion of the road in early life, and the impression of its, to me, former gloom and solitude still remained. After crossing the brook at Probasco's mill, and coming in sight of Brunswick and its bridge, I regained my former serenity, and my mind was carried back to the time when the bridge was destroyed by a freshet in the river, and how firmly it had resisted the power of the stream ever since Abraham Russell, a builder, a Methodist from New-York, fixed its foundation in the rocks beneath. And methought it will be so with us; "if we build our house on the sand it will fall, but, if we build it upon the rock of ages, it shall never be moved."

"The morning dawns, I rise," &c. It was on the Lord's day—I repaired to the former place of worship, expecting once more to be seated in the building in which my father worshipped, and to which he took his sons, "now more than half a century gone by." But judge of my surprise, when I found not the modest little brick building, occupying, perhaps, one quarter of the lot on which it stood. Like many of the inhabitants of Brunswick, who had formerly been found paying their vows and honors there, it had disappeared; and its place was supplied by a large and costly edifice, capable, I presume, of containing four times its number of hearers. Costly indeed, I discovered this new Meeting-house on entering its doors, to be—all its interior was in the highest style of modern elegance—even the very backs of the seats were cushioned—and what was there so very strange in all that? Oh, nothing. I suppose, to the young and aspiring members and visiters of the English Presbyterian Meeting in the City of New-Brunswick. But I intend to make no ill-natured remarks either on them or on their meeting-house. Looking about for the pew, but having forgotten the number of my cousin's pew, I was politely accommodated with a seat by a gentleman, to me entirely a stranger. Truly, if my Countrymen of New-Brunswick should have become superlatively Attic in their public edifices, after a lapse of a few revolving years; it was delightsome to find, and still more so is it to record it to their honor, that they are, nevertheless, sincerely Lacedemonian in their deportment to strangers visiting their religious assemblies.

The sermon in the morning was by the regularly stationed Minister, a young man, who was, as during the day, I was informed, from Philadelphia. In the afternoon, by another young man from Princeton.

From the best of my observation and belief the services of the day were thus far strictly performed according to the direction of St. Paul, viz. "decently and in order." In the evening I attended the Methodist meeting, having been informed in the afternoon, at the Church, that

there would be no preaching until evening. I was informed that a great revival had recently commenced among the people, particularly among the Presbyterians. This was truly "a good hearing" that the Lord was at work, "making bare his arm," and a stir among "the dry bones" in Brunswick. It was to me an evidence that "the Lord had not forgotten to be gracious,"—and that "his mercy endureth for ever."

The next morning, having arranged my business with Judge Boerum, I went on board the Napoleon, and paid my passage for New-York. The weather was remarkably pleasant, as was our four hour's passage down the Raritan, through the Kills, and over the Bay to the place of our destination. On our way down the river, the "crooked stream," from its numerous reefs so called, we came at length to the "implanted poles," showing their "beacon heads," indicating the oyster beds, which were there submersed; the particulars respecting which are detailed in the Poem, only with the exception of the names and mode of cooking the oysters, which, I believe, is peculiar to Raritan Landing. The oysters picked off the beds are small single oysters and are called by, the landingers, *Raccoons*, for what reason I cannot tell, except it be, that as the English population of New-Jersey, hail originally from some part of New England, the term has emanated from thence; for old Bailey in his Dictionary, says "Raccoon, a creature in New England, like a badger, with a tail like a fox." If the learned reader perceives any analogy, or resemblance between an oyster and a "creature" as above described, I confess it is more than I can; but of this much I am fully persuaded, that

Call an oyster what you will,
Yet it is an oyster still.—*Kel.*

and now for the "*illos modus coquere,*" the mode or manner of cooking them.

Sometimes boiling water is poured into a washing tub, and as many as is thought sufficient—say one or two bushels of oysters, are put into the tub, which is carefully covered over with two or more folds of a blanket, and there the oysters continue until cooked by the steam; the family then surrounding the tub, commence eating the oysters, opening them with their knives at the hinge end of the oyster. The condiments are simple—salt, pepper, and vinegar, and some home-made mustard, if you please. At other times the oysters are baked in the oven, after the bread is taken out. And so much for the epicures of Raritan Landing. This though not the most refined, is at least an economical mode of preparing this delicious food.

"Filled with Mosquitoes," &c. These insects are peculiarly annoying to passengers in the summer season. Salt water from the Bay, or water with salt mixed with it, will allay the poison of their stings. After passing Mount Arrarat on the right, we came to Perth Amboy on the left, which is a stopping place; opposite is the tail or end of Staten Island. South Amboy is at the south end of the Raritan, which empties itself into Princes' Bay. Along the Kills are many handsome country houses, belonging to gentlemen in New-York, whose Bay being so universally known, needs no description. We came to at the wharf, foot of Marketfield-street, adjacent to Castle Garden.

On a review of the premises, I cannot say that I would be willing to

quit Brooklyn for Raritan Landing, though it be my native village. I enjoy many comforts, which I should be deprived of at Raritan Landing —yet I am willing to think of it, to speak of it, and bear in fond remembrance, and even to visit it, as often as occasion may present. But I must at present, at least, for many substantial reasons, give Brooklyn the preference.

" Friend, if thou canst," &c.—Page 79.

During the last war it was customary to use the phrase color of the day, as it now is to speak of the Lion of the day.

" Why dost thou mourn," &c.—Page 79.

I consider my political pieces as here ending, and my religious ones commencing.

As to the times when, and particular circumstances under which the greatest part of them were written, I can only say that I found them scattered throughout my books, or on pieces of paper in my desk, some unfinished, and some requiring revision and retouching in order for publication.

" Reprobates. Those whom (as some believe) God has predestined to damnation; also, very wicked or lewd persons."—*Bailey.*

" Lost to virtue, lost to grace, abandoned."—*South.*

" To reprobate. To abandon to wickedness and eternal destruction." —*Hammond.*

" Reprobation. The act of abandoning, or state of being abandoned to eternal destruction."—*Maine.*

Either of these definitions, one might suppose, is of sufficiently fearful import to deter any reasonable person from the deliberate commission of wickedness. Yet the Scriptures represent men in their natural or unconverted estate, as blind—" blinded by the god of this world," and so are " led captive by him at his will," as says the sweet singer of England, Dr. Watts :

" And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains."

But another author from the same country observes—" Mankind are not left to Satan, nor to their own lusts, nor to live without God in the world. A way is cast up, a means is provided. Besides the natural and traditional conscionsness of mere moral good and evil in every breast, God hath a divine witness in the heart of each individual, which will truly manifest right and wrong in the consciences of those who faithfully attend thereunto, afford light and power to set them free from the mists of prepossession and prejudice, and become a safe conductor and an able supporter in the paths of religion and virtue."—*I. Phipps.*

Again, he asks: " What instructor can we have equal to this most intimate witness? a monitor so near, so constant, so faithful, so infallible? This is the great gospel privilege of every man: the advantage of having it preached day by day in his own heart, without money and without price, yet with certainty. Is it reasonable to conclude,

this nice, true, and awful discerner, should be less than divine?" I think therefore, it is arriving at a fair and safe conclusion to pronounce, that until the Holy Spirit ceases to strive in a man, he cannot be a reprobate. For "God will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth;" and so "the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us (by its convictions) that" &c. See Tit. ii. 11, 12.

"God hath not left his creature man,
To Satan's tyrant sway;
Nor here without himself to live,
To his own lusts a prey."—*Kel.*

"*The radiant Sun*," &c.—Page 80.

I cannot recollect the precise time when I composed this address—but I remember handing a copy of it to my class-leader, Samuel Williams, who has since "gone the way of all the earth." I think he said it was not spoken, and that another, perhaps a more appropriate one, had been composed for the occasion.

There are, it would appear, *Rabbins* in every persuasion, who decide "*ad libitum*," and whose dictum is final and conclusive. "And in this place the gospel heard." "The gospel," says the Rev. Dr. Dwight, "is the rain and the sunshine of Heaven on the moral world.

"*Would you*," &c.—Page 83.

If any one should be troubled with kakoaithais scribendi,* or itch for writing *poetry*, let him improve it by following the advice contained in this distich.

"*Distrust, 'tis not ingenuous*," &c.—Page 83.

As though the Preacher had said, that is a spurious piety, which is productive of no real benefit to society. Piety is "Godliness, Devotion, natural affection, love to one's Country or parents,"—so Bailey. Piety is nothing but a profound esteem, an infinite love for God—but how could we esteem him, if we imagined he was jealous of our happiness, and an enemy to our persons?—*Claude* 389, vol. 2.

"*Ye list'ning youths*," &c.—Page 83.

I wrote this piece to be spoken by one of Mr. A. Picket's scholars, on the occasion of the death of one of his companions. I do not remember the name of the deceased, nor whether or not it was spoken in the school.

* Schrevelius, in his Lexicon, says the seventh letter—apud Graecos—with or among the Greeks, sounds e—my teacher directed it to be rendered in English by ai, Dipth.

"*Body and Soul,*" &c.—Page 84.

All who believe in the truth of the Scriptures, must admit that there will be a resurrection of the dead; equally imperative is the declaration of the Apostle Paul in the 5th chapter and 10th verse of his second Epistle to the Corinthians; "For we *must* all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, &c., and in the 15th chapter and 52d verse of the first Epistle to the same people—"for the *dead* shall be raised incorruptible, and we *shall* be changed." And in the following verse, "For this corruptible *must* put on incorruption, and this mortal *must* put on immortality. And this because "Death being swallowed up in victory," that his saints may give thanks to God, "who gives them the victory through their Lord Jesus Christ." The Doctrine of the resurrection, of the dead, was unknown to the Heathens—as is evident from the 32d verse of the 17th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles—"And when they (the learned Athenians,) heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked, and others said, we will hear thee again of this matter." And that sect among the Jews, God's ancient people, called Sadducees, from Sadock, their first founder, who received only the five Books of Moses, denied the being of Angels and Spirits, and the resurrection of the body. But neither their unbelief, nor that of any other being can invalidate the declaration of one, greater than Saint Paul, who assured the Jews, that in case they should destroy this temple," thereby meaning his body, in three days, he would raise it up."

I cannot exactly account either for the time of beginning or finishing this piece. Sometimes I found a piece just commenced, at others nearly completed, in this or that book of compositions, of which I have several, and then I was obliged to give them the finishing touch in order to fit them for an introduction into my book of *Specimens*.

"*Say that it is when you,*" &c.—Page 85.

Faith in Divinity and Philosophy, is the firm belief of certain truths upon the testimony of the person who reveals them.

The grounds of rational faith are:

First—That the things revealed be not contrary to, though they may be above natural reason.

Second—That the revealer be well acquainted with the thing he reveals.

Third—That he be above all suspicion of deceiving us.

When these criteria are found, no reasonable person will deny his assent.

Thus we may as well deny our existence as the truth of a Revelation coming from God, who can neither deceive Himself, or deceive others by proposing things to be believed that are contradictory to the faculties he has given us.

Whatever propositions, therefore, are beyond reason, but not contrary to it, are, when revealed, the proper matter of Faith.

FAITH, WORKS, LOVE.

By faith we live on God,
By works we live to God,
By love we live in God.

Faith, says the celebrated commentator *Burket*, is the gift of God as well as Jesus Christ, and the one is as necessary as the other for salvation. For as the only way to Heaven is by Christ, so the only true way to Christ is by faith. As sin has put a vanity in the creature, so unbelief puts a vanity in Christ that he should profit us nothing. Wrestle we, therefore, with God in prayer for a believing heart.

The celebrated French divine, Mr. Saurin, in his sermon on Habakkuk ii. 4, "The Just shall live byhis faith," speaks of a "living faith, faith as a principle of renovation; faith which receives the decisions of Jesus Christ, embraces his promises, and enables us to devote ourselves to his service."

"If in this life we," &c.—Page 85.

This piece remained for many years in an unfinished state, on the last leaf of my school journal, and it is but recently that I have fitted it up in the shape in which it now appears in the *Specimens*.

The title of the piece, the expostulation, and the exhortation it contains, so sufficiently explain its import, as, doubtless, to preclude the necessity of any further comment on the subject.

"See where the houseless," &c.—Page 86.

I was an eye-witness to this fact, many years ago—and on mentioning it to an acquaintance, was informed that it did not proceed from want of room in the Cathedral, but from the circumstance of the inability of the out-door worshippers, on the steps of the building, to pay for pews. It is a consoling reflection that it is not necessary to carry with us into the other world, a well filled purse of silver and gold, those corruptible things, wherewith to purchase a seat in Heaven.

"This sentence let each," &c.—Page 86.

This is the sentence of him who "spake as never man spake," and from this decision none of the posterity of fallen Adam, will ever make a succesful appeal.

"Though sprung from Afric's," &c.—Page 86.

It is related of a certain son of Africa, that while near his end, some white people present, were commiserating his case, exclaiming, "Poor Pompey!" to which he replied—"No—not Poor Pompey, King Pompey."—No Christian will mistake his meaning.

" Never heed the worldling's scoff," &c.—Page 86.

This piece was partially composed several years since, and was not matured until recently. Whether the sentiments embodied in the Poem, were originated by considering the literal meaning of the word *martyr* —Greek, *Witness*—English, or in its evangelical sense, viz. " One who bears witness to the truth of the Christian Religion at the expense of his life," or that verse in the Revelations,—" Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown," or the Poem entitled Christ's Resurrection and Ascension, I cannot now precisely determine. But whether either one or all of them contributed to, and induced the formation of the " Martyr's Crown," I certainly so admired the " Resurrection and Ascension," as not only to write it in my *common-place* book, but to compose my piece in the same metre.

If my readers should esteem it as highly as I do, I trust it will be a sufficient apology for inserting it in my Notes.

" Christ's Resurrection and Ascension."

" Angels roll the rock away,
Death yield up thy mighty prey;
See he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

" Tis the Saivour—Angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy inspiring sound.

Now ye saints lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph to the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious Hero through them ride;
King of glory mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's, and thine own.

Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout O Earth in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captured Hell;
Where is Hell's once dreaded king,
Where, O Death thy dreaded sting."

" I see the better, and approve," &c.—Page 88.

This Distich is a translation I made not long since. I have seen the name of the author, but in what book, whether in Saurin or some other book, I cannot remember. My old classmate nearly half a century past (whom I have mentioned before in these notes) calls the author " a Poet." In his dissertation styled " The young Compositor," he ob-

serves "But after all I have said, it is a true and common saying, that what is taught by precept is not shown by example; for where our inclination points, we naturally follow, though at the expense of error." And with much propriety might I have applied to myself the words of the Poet:

> "I see the right and I approve it too,
> Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

I will here take the liberty to repeat the latin quotation, which both of us have versified "Video *meliora* proboque, *deteriora* sequor." My version is:

> "I see the better, and approve them too;
> Yet, notwithstanding, I worse *things* pursue."

The words meliora and deteriora are adjectives, in the plural number, and must, of course, agree with some substantive or noun understood; and that too, in the neuter gender. The word therefore to be supplied, I have presumed to be "negotium"—a neuter noun of the second declension, and which, among its nine different significations in Ainsworth, has the following—"*Any affair, matter, or thing.*" The learned reader will easily perceive the coincidence (accidental not designed) between the words of the two different versions, and that my classmate has given a liberal and I a literal translation.

And here I would remark of coincidences, or according to Bailey—"coincidents,"—that, generally many may happen without premeditation or design, and therefore, in writings, will not always merit the appellation of plagiarism, or "book thieving." And also, that many have happened of which the most erudite critic of the present age, is and ever will remain, while in this world, most profoundly ignorant.

I will here mention one, which, if not for proof or illustration, I, at least, consider as a literary curiosity. About six years since, while copying for a certain Lexicographer, in Brooklyn, under the letter *Aleph*, this coincidence was suggested to my mind. The names of the three sons of Noah, who, with him, survived the flood, and re-peopled the world, were *Shem*, *Ham*, and *Japheth*, the initials of whose three names are *S. H. J.* As these were Hebrew words, and as we are instructed that the Hebrew language is written and read from the right hand to the left—these initial letters will stand *J. H. S.* Now the title given to our blessed Saviour, by the Latins was "Jesus Hominum Salvator, (Jesus the Saviour of mankind,) the initial letters of which three words are *J. H. S.* This I consider a literary coincidence, and I neither obtained it from conversation, nor from books.

"*The mind with conscious*," &c.—Page 88.

This was the motto to my old Professor of Moral Philosophy's Book, entitled, I think, Moral Philosophy, by Joan D. Gross—P. M. P., Columbia College, &c.

It is designed to show that true contentment is not the offspring of riches, and truly they are but a miserable substitute for conscious recti-

tude of mind. Of what use would the most delicate viands be without a wholesome appetite?

"*And pray what is the use,*" *&c.*—Page 88.

Or rather for what purpose did Providence bestow strong natural powers of mind on a man, and suffer them to be cultivated by a liberal education? Why most assuredly that they should be employed for the promotion of His honor and glory, and for the benefit of mankind.

That learning is a "talent," of no inconsiderable kind is certain—for it renders its possessor, in the right and proper use of it, capable of doing much good—and in the abuse of it, of perpetrating much evil in the world. And learning is a talent for the "occupation" of which a strict account will be required in a coming day.

"*That he had been he prov'd,*" &c.—Page 89.

The two first lines of this six lined piece, remained alone for many years in my Journal, and it is not many months since that I added the remaining four. It has been remarked that "Republics are ungrateful," and if that remark can with justice be applied to our Republic in any one instance, it must be in that which relates to the revolutionary soldiers of America.

Should any one ask the question "have they not been amply remunerated for their revolutionary services, by our government? why propose a question that has been so repeatedly answered? Is it not a sufficient answer for the Revolutionary soldier should he agitate the subject of remuneration for past services, "Dulce et deconum, est pro patria mori?" I will not call it a literal translation, to say, "When the danger is past and there is no need for your services, then die, for your country's benefit." Nor this: "When you have done with the stool, kick it away." "Ingratitude, says Mr. Buck, in his Theological Dictionary, "is the vice of being insensible to favors received, without any endeavors to acknowledge and repay them. It is sometimes applied to the act of returning evil for good. Ingratitude, it is said, is no passion, for the God of nature has appointed no motion of the spirits whereby it might be excited; it is therefore a mere vice arising from pride, stupidity, or narrowness of soul."

"*Look you for life's suffering,*" *&c.*—Page 89.

This world is not a proper portion for a being who is destined to survive, the ruins of this "mundane sphere." "The things of this world perish in the using." "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away, like an eagle towards Heaven." "Eating, drinking, and sleeping," says a certain celebrated divine, "are mean employments for an immortal mind."

"*Our feeble frames,*" &c.—Page 89.

Physicians compare the decays of nature to successive shades. The comparison, whether pleasing or not, is certainly correct—Death is the last shade.

"*Sinners repent,*" &c.—Page 89.

Repentance is defined by the Rev. William Kinkade to be—or to use his own words, "Repentance implies a sorrow for, a hatred of, and a turning from sin," page 230. Bible doctrine, "You are lost by sin," &c. Mr. Burket says, "Death came into the world by Sin, and Sin goes out of the world by Death."—W. B.

"*God tempts his saints,*" &c.—Page 90.

Ainsworth in his Dictionary defines the word "*Tentatio,*" by our English word "*proof*;" according to this definition it would read, God proves his saints in various ways, &c., and thus understood, the word is clear from all ambiguity or mistake.

"*When of his sins,*" &c.—Page 90.

"A penitent draws nigh to God, as a criminal approaches his judge.

"The first emotions of a penitent's conscience are usually excited by objects of fear, thus; Noah being moved with fear, prepared an Ark for safety—Heb. ii. 7.

"Our divines distinguish a slavish from a filial fear; the first produces a legal, the last an evangelical repentance; and it is allowed that the conversion of a sinner often begins in the first, though it cannot be complete without the last condition; the first a fear of punishment, the second a desire to please God.

Filial fear agrees with love. One of the finest notions that can be formed of any Christian grace, is that of its harmony with all other Christian graces; no general rule of describing a virtue will tend more towards preserving us from error than this. Thus hope lightens fear; fear is ballast to hope. Faith keeps repentance from running into despair, and repentance keeps faith from rising to presumption.

"The new man, or that set of graces which constitute a Christian, is like the natural body, a beautiful composition of seemingly opposite materials, formed into one uniform system, each part essential to the whole, and the whole the glory of each part.

"Fear sometimes signifies humility, reverence, worship, moral obedience," &c.—Claude, on the comp. of a sermon, page 390, A. M.

"*Itself a power,*" &c. Page 91.

Soul is defined to be a *Power*, susceptible and capable of representations. The different modes in which that power exerts itself are called faculties." Gross' Moral Philosophy.

The Rev. Richard Baxter (of whom it is reported, that after having

written thirty-three polemical, or books about controversial points, came to this conclusion, "that it was impossible to carry a madman to Heaven in chains") has the following on this subject. "The soul of man is immortal, and if good, cannot be forever in a bad condition. An immortal spirit is a distinct, self-conscious, invisible being, endowed with natural powers of never ceasing action, understanding and will, and which is neither annihilated or destroyed by separation of parts. Such is the soul of man."

The Rev. James Saurin, in his sermon on Matt. xvi. 26, says the "term *soul*, which is used in this passage, is one of the most equivocal words in Scripture; for it is taken in different, and even in contrary senses, so that sometimes it signifies a *dead body*." Lev. xxi, 1.

"Soul may be taken for life—as in Matt. ii. 20. Soul may be taken for that spiritual part of us which we call (kat exochen) *the soul* by way of excellence, and in this sense it is used by our Lord, x. 28. He concludes to understand by the soul, in his text, the spirit of man." Again, he asserts, that "we do clearly and distinctly know three properties of the soul, that it is capable of knowing, willing and feeling—or intelligence, volition and sensation, or more properly, the acutest sensibility."

It would be well if our modern divines would give the sermons of this eminent minister of the gospel of our Lord, Jesus Christ, an attentive and candid perusal. I take him to be another John Fletcher. These sermons I suppose may be procured from the Harpers, who recently published them in two volumes.

"*Man, sure a thinking*," &c.—Page 91.

Man is defined to be "a living being, endowed with an organic body, and a rational soul," G. M. P. His soul or spirit has been already defined—as to his body, it is said to have its "origin by conception, its growth by nutrition, and its termination by death." "I *think*," says a certain philosopher, "and therefore, I know that I exist. Certainly, every reasonable man knows that he is not his own maker. But does he properly appreciate the blessing of "*thought*, (or thinking,) which, according to Mr. Buck, is sentiment, reflection, opinion, design? A little self examination may determine the question.

"*How vast his power*," &c,"—Page 91.

"Jehovah, the most sacred name of God, denoting him who is, who was, and is to come." Bailey.

Mr. Saurin relates an anecdote of a Roman Consul's requiring a Jewish Rabbi to explain to him the names of God. The Rabbi gave him to understand that these were mysteries altogether divine, and which ought to be concealed from the generality of mankind. He condescended, however, to inform him, that strictly speaking, there is no name given to God, by which we can be made fully to comprehend what he is. "His *name* is his *essence*, of which we can form no distinct idea; for could we fully comprehend the essence of God, we should be like God. "These words," he adds, "are full of meaning, they lay down a principle of momentary use to us, that is, we must be infinite, in order fully to comprehend an infinite Being."

I know not whence I derived this definition of God, but I trust I never shall forget it. "He is the great and unwasted source of all being and of all blessedness." Which being admitted, I cannot imagine how we can avoid coming to the conclusion, that all other beings derive their being from, and owe their existence and their happiness to this great first cause of "all *being* and of all *blessedness*." The Apostle Paul asserts, that "with us (Christians) there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we *in* him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, *by* whom are all things, and we *by* him," and concerning the Holy Ghost or Spirit he queries on this wise: "What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man that is in him? and then unequivocally and positively pronounces, *even so*, the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God. Disputants and maintainers of a certain disputed point in theology, viz. the *υποστασις*, or subsistence, &c., would do well thoroughly to weigh the import of the Apostle's assertions, before they pronounce any one unsound in the faith by requiring from him a greater degree of faith than was demanded of the Apostles of our Lord Jesus Chirst. The power of Jehovah—who can thunder with a voice like his—who hath an arm like his——or who can stay his hand—or who dare say unto him by way of represion or challenge, what doest thou? For he doeth his pleasure in the armies of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of this lower world; and blessed are all they that do his commands, that they may have a right to the tree of life. See the Psalms of David passim.

"*The grave's a place*," &c.—Page 91

"Grave, literally a hole dug in the earth to bury the dead." "Heaven, the abode of heavenly beings," &c.—"Hell, the residence of Devils and damned spirits, also the state of the dead." The grave, that place in which "there is no knowledge, no work nor device."—*Scripture.*

THE POET'S REFLECTION ON THIS SUBJECT.

"Pass a few swiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, this vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

"But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal House above,
And, O, my God, shall I be there?"

Heaven, that blessed place where nothing that is impure or unholy shall ever enter, that place where "the wicked cease from troubling, and where weary souls are for ever at rest," that is, from persecution of every kind—"Hell, a place or state of torment in another state of being." Our blessed Saviour says of *Dives*, (the rich man,) "he died and was buried, and in Hell he lifted up his eyes being in torment," Luke 16th.

"*Would you escape,*" &c.—Page 92.

As the Scriptures of truth cannot err, they certainly must be in error who exclude the wrath of God from their creed. Take this one assertion of St. Paul, Romans i. 18: "For the *wrath* of God is revealed from Heaven, against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men;" and then, if any deny the wrath of God, when He sees fit to exercise it, they do it at their peril. But He hath eternal life in reserve for all those, who by a patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honor, immortality. "In God's own book these truths are found."

The moral philosopher defines truth as follows: "Truth, the principal object of the duties of speech, is, in its nature, harmony and consistency, which are coeternal with the internal possibility of the essence of things. Its effects are order, beauty, connexion, and mutual dependence in all that exists. Its tendency is moral excellence; and its object the compass of all that can render life happy, support us under the vicissitudes of time and chance, and bear up the soul with the sure hope of immortality,"—Gross' M. P.

Our blessed Saviour says, "I am the truth."

"*He by his charities,*" &c.—Page 93.

The sentiment is first from Mr. Saurin—and is perfectly scriptural: "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," &c., q. v. This man acted in conformity to this direction of our Lord—he gave to the poor; and the Scripture saith, "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," who gives him to understand, that he will repay him, in this world, a hundred-fold—and in the world to come with life everlasting. But "he that despiseth the poor reproacheth his Maker."

By charity is to be understood, natural affection, love. In Divinity —the love of God and one's neighbour, also alms—*Bailey.*—Who adds, "The uncharitable, who have not the natural affection to relieve the necessitous poor out of their abundance, intimate thereby, most unchristianly, that self-love is the measure of our love to our neighbour."

"*Self government we temperance,*" &c.—Page 93.

This is a recent composition, and the Rev. T. Dwight has supplied me with the most satisfactory definition of the term, I have ever met with in any of my former readings. I have therefore considered myself warranted in assuming the extensive proposition, that it embraces the whole of our duty as a law, towards God, our neighbours and ourselves. Temperance, is moderation, soberness, restraint of affections or passions—*Bailey.* Mem. I think when there is no law against a thing, it must of itself be a law.

"*We in the doctrines,*" &c.—Page 94.

The sentiment is from Dwight's sermons. The doctrine of Jesus Christ and his Apostles in its whole connection is called in Holy Scripture, "the Gospel—*Moravians.* A precept is a command, rule, instruction, lesson.—*Bailey.*

The whole doctrine of Jesus and his Apostles is Gospel; and is thus called in the Holy Scripture. Our Lord Jesus Christ comprises all the commandments of God, in the love of God and our neighbour.—*Mor.*

"*See the bless'd Saviour,*" &c.—Page 94.

The second line in this distich I found in Mr. Saurin. Among the fifteen meanings assigned to the word *Virtue;* in Bailey, he does not name the word *courage.* This was the sense in which the Romans considered the word *Virtue,* and so we understand the apostle Peter to mean when he directs "add to your faith Virtue, *courage.*" Ainsworth has the word courage among others under Virtus; so let it be, courage or valour.—Glory—Greek, Doxa, opinio—English, opinion—Latin, estimatio, praise, opinion, thought—say then it means "to be thought well of, to be held in esteem." But I cannot think of deriving it from the word glow, which Bailey says means to grow hot or red, as do the cheeks and ears.

And now let us inquire what analogy have the two lines to each other? And who more courageous than the Saviour, the Captain of our salvation? and the Church, His body and bride, being in this world in a militant state, are soldiers under him. The poet says,

"Soldiers of Christ arise,
And put your armour on;" &c.

And as He holds these soldiery of His in high estimation, while they continue to fight under His banner, why may not another poet be allowed to imagine the Saviour as sometimes, at least, walking by the side of His followers, as well as at other times marching at their head?

"*Hurried, surprised, and with,*" *&c.*—Page 94.

Let me supply this note in Mr. Dwight's own words, without any comment of mine. "Death 'tis a melancholy day to those who have no God." But to all those who thus waste their probation, and abuse the mercy of God, the time of Christ's coming will be dreadful. Surprised, hurried, and with distress, they leave the world in terror, and awake in eternity, utterly unprepared to meet their Judge."—Vol. 2d, page 319.

"*Remember this,*" *&c.*—Page 94.

This is taken from the same author. The intelligent reader can hardly fail of understanding its true import. At all events he will discover that it is, what it no doubt was intended to be, a "mementó mori," Remember death!

"'*Twas said that light,*" &c.—Page 95.

See the first chapter and 5th verse of the Gospel, according to St. John.

Mr. Saurin undertakes to account for the fall of man, (and the con-

sequent introduction of sin into our world,) by ascribing it to an excessive desire of knowing. "Further, the desire of *knowing*, is one of the most natural desires of man, and one of the most essential to his happiness. Man hath a natural avidity of extending his sphere of knowledge. I think God commanded our first parents to restrain this desire, because it was one of their most eager wishes. Accordingly, the most dangerous allurements that Satan used to withdraw them from their obedience to God, was this of science; *ye shall be as gods knowing good* and evil, Gen. iii. 5. The state of innocence was a very happy state, however it was a state of trial, to the perfection of which something was wanting. In every dispensation, God so ordered it, that man should arrive at the chief good by way of sacrifice, and by the sacrifice of that which mankind holds most dear, and this was the reason of the primitive prohibition, Gen. ii. 16, 17. I presume, had man properly borne this trial, he would have been rewarded with that privilege, the usurpation of which was so fatal to him."—*Sermon on real liberty.*

One alone," &c., and that only one is our blessed Saviour, whose "blood cleanseth from all sin." Our Saviour appears to have had three great purposes in descending from his glory and dwelling among men. The first, to teach them true virtue, both by his example and precepts. The second, to give them the most forcible motives to the practice of it by bringing life and immortality to light; by showing them the certainty of a resurrection and judgment, and the absolute necessity of obedience to God's laws. The third, to sacrifice himself for us, to obtain by his death the remission of our sins, upon our repentance and reformation, and the power of bestowing upon his sincere followers, the inestimable gift of immortal happiness.—*Chapone.*

"*Did worth departed,*" &c.—Page 95.

If worth be considered as desert or merit, we may doubtless disclaim all pretensions to any on our part; but that there is such an attainment as to be "*counted worthy,*" is evident from this direction of our Saviour to His disciples, on a certain occasion, "watch, therefore, and pray always, that ye may be *counted* worthy, to escape &c., and to stand before the Son of man."

"*Columbia College,*" &c.—Page 95.

And now I have arrived at that part of my *Specimens* where I would delight to linger and indulge in the contemplation of former pleasant reminiscences. But I am circumscribed. Spapituum non datur.

The Catalogue of this venerable Institution directs its *alumni*, at least; "*Antiquam exquirite matrem*—Virgil; which (if taken in the second sense assigned to the verb exquiro), I would translate, "Pray for (the prosperity of) old mother, Columbia College."

This pamphlet purports to be a "Catalogue of Columbia College, in the City of New-York; embracing the names of the Trustees, Officers, and graduates; together with a list of all Academical Honors conferred by the Institution from A. D. 1758, to A. D. 1836.

Then follows a list of the Trustees of King's College, New-York, as

appointed by Royal Charter, A. D. 1754, at the head of whom, sixteen in number, stands ex officio the most Reverend Father in God, Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury: and the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the time being.

The first president under the Royal Charter was the Rev. Samuel Johnson, S. T. P. (Sanctae Theologiae Professor) Professor of Holy Theology, appointed 1754, resigned 1763, and author of "an English and Hebrew Grammar," to which is added, *A synopsis* of all the parts of Learning. London printed by, &c., 1771. The first president under the new Charter was William Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. Legis Legum Doctor, translated Doctor of the learned laws—appointed 1787, resigned 1800. Under this president, at the age of 13 years I entered the Freshman class at Columbia College, but in consequence of my uncle's removing in the country and taking me with him, I did not graduate until the year 1796. So that I was a student in two classes, in the former of which was my warm and constant friend, His Excellency Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor, &c., and afterwards Vice President of the U. S. At the head of the latter was David S. Jones, Esq., the brother of Samuel Jones, Esq., the present chief Justice of the Superior Court in the city of New-York.

Our Professors of the Greek and Latin languages were Peter Wilson, A. M. for the first year, for the remainder of my time at Columbia College, the Rev. Elias, I think Elijah De Rattoon, Professor of geography and moral philosophy, Rev. John Daniel Gross, S. T. D., afterwards, 1795, Rev. John McKnight, S. T. D.—M. Phil. and Logic. Professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, John Kemp, L. L. D.—Yellette De Marcellin was appointed professor of the French language in 1792, but though he signed my Diploma, I did not study with him. Messrs. McDonald, Agnel, and Rey De la Rousse were alternately my French teachers.

The statute for awarding medals to students for good standing in the different classes was not passed by the Trustees until the year 1831. The Catalogue was presented to me, some time since, by General Edward W. Laight, President of the Eagle Fire Insurance Co., Wall-street. He graduated in 1793.

The class to which I originally belonged, numbered thirty-two; only twenty-six of whom I perceive by the Catalogue, graduated. The non graduates were John Troup, Elbert Herring, George Harrison, the two Smiths, from, I think, South Carolina, and also a Mr. Hooper, from the same place, and myself. From the best of my recollection one half of the actual graduates have departed this life. The only two survivors whom I meet occasionally, are Sylvanus Miller and Thomas Phœnix, Esqs., the former at one time Surrogate, and the latter District Attorney, for the City and County of New-York.

Among those who departed this life, were John Ferguson, Esq., during the last war Mayor of the City of New-York, and for many years Naval Officer in the Customs. The Rev. James Inglis, minister of the Gospel at Baltimore. The Rev. Nicholas Jones, Chaplain at Governor's Island, as I was informed. The Rev. John Blair Linn, (the best composuist in our class; and Author of "*Miscellaneous Works, prose and poetical*," &c.,) minister at Philadelphia. William Rose, Esq., formerly Senator in the Legislature of our State. Daniel D. Tompkins, Esq.,

for three terms Governor of our State. Pierre C. Van Wyck, Esq., formerly Recorder of our City, and Effingham Warner, son of George Warner, who was studying for the Ministry, and Robert Ray Remsen, brother of Henry Remsen, Esq., former President of *Manhattan Bank*. Of the class to which I was afterwards attached, only fifteen of us graduted. David S. Jones, Esq., our head—Andrew S. Garr, Esq., (the best mathematician in the class,) and Doctor William Turk, for the last thirty years a surgeon in our Navy, I know to be still living.—Doctor Philip Fisher has gone the way of all the earth.

All these classmates of mine were professional men—and I might have been one also; but when my Uncle, whose namesake I am, offered me my choice of the professions, I told him I had rather be with him in his Counting House, for he was a Merchant.

"On Generals we like," &c.—Page 99.

On this subject Mr. Saurin observes, "It is with difficulty we digest those addresses from the Pulpit, in which the preacher ventures to go into certain details, without which it is impossible for us to acquire self knowledge. We are fond of dwelling on Generals. Our own portrait excites disgust. It is a circumstance well worthy being remarked, that what we admire most in the sermons of the dead, is the very thing which gives most offence in the sermons of the living.

"We are not disposed to bear with the private admonitions of a friend, who is so faithful as to unveil to us our hearts."

"Let in my name and stead," &c.—Page 99.

I have never heard how the young lady received the compliment paid her in this distich; and so I can say nothing more concerning it in the shape of a Note.

"Mourn not, ye friends," &c.—Page 100.

I think I wrote this Epitaph (by request) above forty years ago—and also, that he was interred in the burying ground, corner of Houston and Eldridge-streets; I saw it on his tomb-stone afterwards.

"Our Father who dost," &c.—Page 100.

Were I to offer, or attempt to offer an apology for versifying this form, or model of prayer, prescribed by our blessed Saviour to his Apostles, on their requesting him to teach them how to pray, I think I should not refer it to a desire to excel others who have made the like attempt; but rather to a strong impression made on my mind, not to pass over unnoticed so important a portion of Christian duty, nay, as one observes, which is "the whole of man;" for the command is, "pray always." But ye, when ye pray, say "Our Father," &c.

Prayer is the converse of the soul with God; the breath of God in man returning to its original."—*Homilia pros ton theon.* Clem. Alexandrinus, strom. 7, page 722, Edit. Colon, amplified.

Mr. Matthew Henry in his "Method for Prayer," observes, (in his preface,) "Prayer is a principal branch of religious worship, which we are moved to by the very light of nature, and obliged by some of its fundamental laws." He defines it from the Greek *Proseuche*, pros-ad-kai-Euche—a vow directed to the Lord, and from the Latin by the word (votum,) a vow—which he says is used for *Prayer*, which *English* word, he further says, is too strait, properly signifying petition or request. For my part I am contented with the Latin verb *Præcor*—I pray, *Præ*—before, and *cor*—the heart, i. e., sending forward the heart to God. For it is as necessary, if we would pray aright, to pray with the heart, as to believe with the heart.

But if prayer is a *petition*, why not derive it from *Peto*, I seek—and then it will exactly square with our Saviour's direction, "*seek*, and ye shall find."

St. Austin says, "prayer is the key of Heaven; for prayer ascends, and God's mercy descends; though the Earth be low, and Heaven high, yet God hears the voice of man."

Mr. Henry divides prayer into five parts, viz. Adoration, Confession, Petitions, Thanksgiving, and Intercession.

"*Our blessed Saviour*," *&c.*—Page 100.

I have styled this a Scripture acrostic, Greek *Akrostikos*,—akros the top, and stikos a verse, a Poem, or certain number of verses; whose initial letters make up some person's name, title, or some particular motto. —*Bailey*.

"*This world is like*," *&c.*—Page 101.

I had it for a considerable while in contemplation to write something that might tend to obviate the too general excuse for not breaking off from the practice of drinking ardent spirits. This excuse is, that if persons long in the habit of indulging in the use of distilled liquors, should suddenly abstain from them, it would speedily cause their death.—I am not a physician, but I have been informed, that by a certain process pursued for about the space of three months, the English in the East Indies effectually cure their soldiers of drunkenness; even though they were laboring under *delirium tremens*. The operation, which I shall not here detail, is said to be so severe and disgraceful, that very few require to undergo it a second time. The remedy, however, recommended in the *Substitute*, is mild, pleasant, and safe, and may be administered by the person to himself; and no one can object to it on the ground of its containing a portion of the very article, the use of which it is intended to supersede, any more than he can object to the use of spring water, because, as Doctor Beddoes remarks, it contains a certain portion of arsenic. Neither the high nor the low, the religious nor the irreligious, refuse it on account of its possessing this peculiar property; but on the contrary, consider it as not only pleasant to the taste, but nutritious and in many instances medicinal, and so use it accordingly. But it is not on this *substitute*, I would solely rely for effecting a cure of this body-destroying, soul-killing practice. I would also have the patient use an adjunct substitute.

"Add one thing more and I'll maintain,
You surely will your object gain;
Pray name it, since success 'twill bring!
Religion, sir, that is the thing."

But perhaps it may be suggested, that the latter prescription will rarely, if ever, be attended to. Well, then, let us try conviction, and to that let us add persuasion; and if these fail of producing their intended effect, then the Moral Philosopher who asserted that "conviction and persuasion would lead the *will*," is wrong. Resort then must be had to the grace of God, which is also a teacher, for "the grace of God which bringeth salvation unto all men, hath appeared, *teaching* us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world," Titus ii. 11, 12. And here observe, the Scripture does not say *forces*, but the term is, *teaches*; for as one observes, "Grace doth correct, but not destroy. Grace strengthens, but not compels. Grace makes men able to choose good, but not unable to refuse it. For if it were not so, man would not be a voluntary, but a necessary Agent; and when we take from man the qualities peculiar to him as man, we make him unfit to be an object of rewards and punishment."—*E. Bird.*

According to the apostle—"What shall we say then? i. e. what inference shall we draw from hence?" The Scripture presents us with a ready answer. "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his heart and stiffeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy."

The Rev. Mr. Kinkade in his "*Bible Doctrine*" says, "Intoxicating liquors are physical, intellectual, and moral poisons: they destroy the health, derange the mind, and ruin the morals of the wretches who drink them." And he adds,—"In the United States alone, more than two thousand, perhaps ten thousand people lose their lives every year by drinking ardent spirits."

To murder another is a capital crime; of how much sorer punishment shall that man be counted worthy who is the murderer of himself? truly his punishment will be awful, beyond all human conception, and utterly indescribable by mortals. "No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him, consequently he hath eternal Death abiding in him.

"For still with his outrageous sin,
He felt a spark of grace within."

"Grace," observes one, "is the favorable impression of God on the human mind. "Grace, says another is the Mercy of God in finding out redemption for mankind, also a disposition of mind, or power to yield obedience to the commands of God."—*Bayley.* Grace, *Gratia*, in Theology, any gift which God confers on men, of his own free liberality, and without their having deserved it at his hand, whether such gift regard the present, or a future life.

Grace is usually divided into natural, supernatural, habitual, actual, efficacious, &c.

"And many good resolves he made,
But only called in reason's aid."

How natural it is, as we say, when our sins are set in array against us, to begin "to reason with flesh and blood."

"A kind of second nature flows."

"A confirmed habit," said the Rev. Walter Monteith, "is a kind of second nature."

"Sam felt this kind of Logic true."

The Rev. Mr. Kinkade observes—"Intemperance fills the Prisons, crowds the Alms Houses, takes thousands to the gallows, and millions to Hell."

'Tis granted—yet the Christian knows "that man is naturally high minded, for when the Gospel comes in power to him, it is employed in casting down imagination, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God. Lowliness is not a plant that grows in the field of nature, but is planted by the finger of God in a renewed heart, and learned of the lowly Jesus. Vain man would be wise, so he accounts himself, and so he would be accounted of by others, though man be born like the wild ass's colt. His way is right, because it is his own, Prov. xxi. 2. His state is good, because he knows no better, Prov. vii. 9. Therefore his Hope is strong and his confidence firm. It is another Babel reared up against Heaven, and shall not fall while the powers of darkness can hold it up. The word of God batters it, yet it stands. One while, breaches are made in it, but they are quickly repaired; at another time, it is all made to shake, but still it keeps up, till either God himself by his Spirit cause an earthquake within the man, which tumbles it down and leaves not one stone upon another, or Death batter it down and raze the foundation of it." Boston's Four-fold State.

"But I'm resolved," &c.

Still it was not the gracious resolve of the prodigal son, "I will arise and go to my father." Nevertheless, men's prescriptions, if accompanied by the blessing of the Lord, may accomplish much good, and are not always to be rejected on account of their being human.

But resolutions made in our own strength, will never procure for us eternal life. If we would obtain true Christian strength we must seek it of the Lord; and when he imparts it, then, according to the poet, we shall be "strong in the strength that God supplies, through His eternal Son." St. Paul says, "Christ strengthening me I can do all things."

"Confessed by all, here was a change."

A change from nature to grace,

"And was it thorough," &c.

Thorough, by itself means through; illustrated thus: Thorough Bass, in music, that which goes quite through the compositon. I mean simply incomplete in all its different stages.

"And soon into a flame it grew."

The poet prays,

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a *flame* of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours."

Conviction came, it's powerful sway—

Con—together, and *vinco*—I overcome.

"In Divinity is the first degree of repentance, i. e. when a penitent is convinced of the evil nature of sin, and his own guiltiness." Certainly this is enough to cause a person to pray.

"He just is made," &c.

Justus—just, and *factus*—made, or fio-is-it, he becomes.

"Justification, in theology, that act of grace which renders a man just in the sight of God, and admissible to eternal happiness."

"He doubted not," &c.

And why should any one doubt when that "nice, true, and awful discerner," the Spirit of the living God, witnesses with his spirit, that he is born of God? as saith the poet,

"The Spirit answers to the blood,
And *tells* me I am born of God."

The Spirit of God is not uncertain or doubtful; it is a certain, it is a true witness, and "*manifested* in every *breast*."

"He just is made," &c., see page 108.

"Therefore being justified by *Faith*, we have *peace* with God through our Lord Jesus Christ,—Romans v. 1. That God is just, can be no reason why he should not forgive sin. When God changes a sinner and writes his Law on his heart, and makes him love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself; every attribute of the Divine Being harmonizes in his pardon and salvation. *Justice* is satisfied, because the man is made just, and renders to God and man the service that Christianity requires of him. *Mercy* is satisfied, because the man has received mercy from God, has the principle of mercy planted in his heart, and has become merciful to all his fellow creatures. Truth, that was trampled on by the Sinner, is pleased with his conversion, because by it the man is cleansed from Sin, and made holy."—*Kinkade.*

"Neither the posssibility nor probability of man's purification and sanctification by the Holy Spirit, can reasonably be doubted; for first, as physical evil, or bodily pain, has no *substantial* existence of its own, but is purely incidental to corporeal nature; so moral evil is to the soul a disorder which it has improperly lapsed into. It is no part of God's

creation, nor has it any real existence by itself; but is the fallen, defective, distempered condition of beings, once created without intemperature or defect. Evil, therefore, though it be in man, is no constituent part of man, but an imperfection adventitious to his nature, which, by an all-powerful principle, he may be recovered from, and his nature restored to a state of fitness for union with his Maker. Secondly—Uncreated Omnipotence, is certainly more able to cleanse than the creaturely, corrupt and fallen powers of darkness are to defile; and infinite goodness must be as willing and ready to effect the first, as limited envy the last. Did not the Sovereign Lord intend man should be made holy, He would not require it, without affording him the assistance requisite to accomplish it, for He enjoins no impossibilities. That He does require it, the sacred writings sufficiently witness—'God,' saith an Apostolic writer, 'hath not called us to uncleanness, but unto holiness,'" 1 Thes. iv, 7.—*Phipps.*

"Nor did he shout," &c. 276th line.

People of different constitutions are differently affected by a similar cause. A certain person assured me, that under an affecting sermon, he experienced a shivering sensation, as though cold water had been poured upon him; a person of a different temperament would doubtless have shouted, at the top of his voice—Glory! I heard an officer in our army, during the last war, describe the different effects produced on the men under his command by the beating of the drum to arms, preparatory to an engagement with the enemy—some he observed looked pale, while the eyes of others seemed starting from their heads—and yet we look for a more certain criterion than mere momentary sensations; the Scripture mark whereby to judge of the truth of men and things, is "by their fruits ye shall know them."

"The *Son* had proved his friend in need," 281st line.

"Come unto me," says the blessed Saviour, "all ye that that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;"—and again—"If the *Son* shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed;" and to such He says, "Henceforth I call you not servants," &c. John xv. 15.

The Rev. Mr. Saurin says, "Liberty, I think, may be considered in five different points of view. The first regards the understanding. The second respects the Will. The third relates to the Conscience. The fourth belongs to the conduct, and the fifth to the condition."

There is, he further observes, something truly astonishing in that composition, which we call man. In him we see an union of two substances, between which there is no natural relation, at least, we know none, I mean the union of a *spiritual soul* with a material body. I perceive, indeed, a natural connection between the divers faculties of the soul, between the faculty of thinking, and that of loving. I perceive, indeed, a natural connection between the divers properties of matter, between extension and divisibility, and so of the rest. I clearly perceive, that because intelligence thinks it must love, and because matter is extended, it must be divisible, and so on. But what relation can there subsist between a little particle of matter and an immaterial spirit, to render it of

necessity, that every thought of the spirit must instantly excite some motion in this particle of matter? And how is it, that every motion of this particle of matter must excite some idea, or some sensation, in this spirit? yet this strange union of body and spirit constitutes man.

God, say some, having brought into existence a creature so excellent as an immortal soul, lest it should be dazzled with its own excellence, united it to dead matter incapable of ideas and designs.

"And now we say with pious mind," line 283.

There are many reasons why a convert should join himself to some body of professing Christains; see Malachi iii. 16, and St. Paul directs, "forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is."

What should we think of a man, who professes to belong to the Army, and on being asked to what company, regiment, or brigade? he should answer—to none.

"Now all the wise and good rejoice," line 287.

If there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, why should there not be joy among the saints on earth.?

"United to his elect head," line 286.

"That Christ is God's elect, appears from Isa. xiii. 1, 2 3; Matt. xii. 18, 19. 20; 1st Peter ii. 6; Psalms 89, 3d; 1st Peter 2, 3; Psalms 89. 19; 1st Cor. xii. 27; Ephs. i. 22, 23; Col. i. 18; Rom. xii. 5.

As Christ is the elect head, and the Church His elect body, we may safely conclude, that all Christians are *elect* members of this body; and consequently, there must be a great difference between God's chosen, or elect ones, and the world, see John xv. 19; Luke xviii, 7; Col. iii. 12, 13—*Kinkade.*

"The tale is true," &c., line 295.

I know the man I had in my eye, when I wrote the Substitute. He is yet in the land of the living, patiently awaiting the moment when his Lord shall call him hence from time to eternity. And here, need I apologize for so long a note? if so, then let the *Substitute* be that apology. The importance of the subject, in my estimation has, as it were, drawn me along almost insensibly, to the consideration of several Christian virtues, which I could not think of passing over in silence. If it please the Lord, he will cause the effort to prosper.

"*Oh! that remember always,*" *&c.*—Page 109.

The second line of this distich, is purely of Scriptural injunction, and extends even to the discountenancing of those pious frauds that have been practised in a certain Church professing itself to be Christian. I do not read in the Scriptures that Christ practised any frauds to establish his claim to the Messiahship, nor that he ever instructed any of his followers that the truth stood in need of any such support.

" Let prayers ascend," &c.—Page 109.

See Note—on our Lord's Prayer.

" That we, need we,"—Page 109.

Life—human life, is not only of short duration, but of very uncertain continuance. The Poet remarks,

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.—*Watts.*

According to our excellent Burial service, " Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth, as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

" Resign'd he goes," &c.—Page 110.

" *Death*, said the Rev. John McKnight, our old Professor of Moral Philosophy at Columbia College, in New-York, is a violation done to Nature, and, therefore, Nature shudders at it."

" But Death must be a penalty, even where it is again; and therefore it must meet with some unwillingness; because we willingly sinned, we must unwillingly suffer. All the faith and reason in the world will not make Death to be no penalty, and therefore will not take away all unwillingness. No man ever reasoned or believed himself in a love of pain as such."—*Baxter.*

Death terminates all the relations that subsist between men in this life. But the relation of dependence which subsists between the Creator and His creatures, is an eternal relation. That world, into which we enter when we die, is a part of His empire, and is as subject to His laws as that into which we entered when we were born. During this life the Supreme Governor hath riches and poverty, glory and ignominy, cruel tyrants and clement princes, rains and droughts, raging tempests and refreshing breezes, air wholesome and air infected, famine and plenty, victories and defeats to render us happy or miserable. After death he hath absolution and condemnation; a tribunal of justice, and a tribunal of mercy, Angels and Devils; a river of pleasure, and a lake burning with fire and brimstone; Hell with all its horrors, and Heaven with its happiness, to render us happy or miserable as he pleaseth. Death is rendered formidable to man by a threefold consideration, and three considerations of an opposite nature strip him of all his terrors in the eye of the believer in Christ. Death is formidable—first, because of the veil which conceals from the eyes of the dying person that state which he is about to enter. 2d, From remorse of conscience which the recollection of past guilt excites. 3d, From the loss of titles, honor, and all other earthly possessions. In opposition to these the death of Christ, 1st, Removes the veil which conceals futurity, and constitutes an authentic

proof of the immortality of the soul. 2d, It is a sacrifice presented to Divine Justice for the remission of sins. 3d, It gives us complete assurance of a blessed eternity. These are the considerations which disarm Death of his terror to the dying believer.

Let us "Recollect that we have a soul to be saved, an account to render, a Hell to shun, a Heaven to gain."—*Saurin.*

"*A. D. One, eight, three, nine,*" &c.—Page 110.

"Time is defined to be the duration of this world," in the which we are "so to number our days, as to apply our hearts unto wisdom," for we are placed in this state of probation, not merely to govern states, or to cultivate arts and sciences, we are placed here to prepare for eternity. If therefore we have not directed all our anxieties and exertions, on such subjects as these, to the leading object of eternity, we certainly have not conformed to the views which the Creator proposed to himself in placing us in this economy of expectation and trial. Imagine not that we shall be judged according to the ideas we ourselves are pleased to form of our vocation. We are under an economy of expectation and trial, time is given us to prepare for eternity."—*Saurin.*

I composed this piece, principally while travelling the streets in the pursuit of my occupation, which is an out-door one, recollecting that another year of my short life had passed away and brought me so much nearer to that eternity, the realities of which we must all of us, prepared or unprepared, be shortly called to prove.

"*Holy and reverend,*" &c.—Page 111.

For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity, whose *name* is *Holy*, &c. Isa. xlvii. 15, of whom also, it is declared that He is glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, a God doing wonders. This greatest and most glorious of all beings, the moral Governor of the Universe, who challenges an especial right and propriety in the services of all his creatures, because they are all justly due unto him, hath commanded His creatures saying "Thou shall not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain. The 2d commandment of the Decalogue.

The Law saith do or avoid this and live. The Gospel not only forbids the outward act but also restrains the inward desire and motion towards it. The Law saith, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery; nor forswear thyself, &c. The Gospel commands, give not place to anger; thou shalt not lust, swear not at all, &c. In this manner the Gospel destroys not the moral law, but fulfils it, by taking away the ground of sinful acts and laying the axe of the Spirit to the root of corruption.—*Phipps.* "Blasphemy, *blaptein*, to hurt, and *phaimai*, reputation. Cursing and swearing, vile, reproachful language, tending to the dishonour of God."—*Bailey.* So that both the Law and the Gospel forbid and discountenance profane swearing.

"Let Hypocrites assume," &c.—Page 111.

Religion, from Religo, I bind fast; accordingly, Religion properly signifies a bond to bind; which implies, that a person who is not bound or united to Christ by a living faith, of the operation of God, bound or knit to real Christians in love, and he who is not, as it were, so bound and attached to the fundamental truths of Christianity, as not only to believe them but to love and walk in them, is destitute of true Religion, and consequently enjoys no blessings thereof. When we consider the unsullied purity and absolute perfection of the Divine Nature, and reflect on the imperfection of our own, and the ungrateful returns we have made to the goodness of God, we must sink, or be convinced we ought to sink, into the deepest humility and prostration of soul before him, and be conscious that it is our duty to repent of a temper and conduct so unworthy of our nature, and so unbecoming our obligations to its Author, and to employ every means, especially those prescribed in Holy Writ, that may bring us to a right knowledge of that Religion which will render us acceptable to God, that will put us in full possession of the blessings of that salvation which Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has completed for sinners of the human race, and which salvation is revealed and applied to their hearts by the power and grace of the Holy Spirit of God, which is freely promised to all them that ask it.

That Religion which inculcates love to God and man, to Holiness and and Truth, is the Religion recommended throughout the Bible, and dictated by Christianity.

On the other hand, that Religion (if it may be so called) which favors superstition and idolatry, profaneness, vice and immorality, which is inimical to truth and holiness, and to the peace and happiness of society, must be false, and directly opposite to that proposed in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and established by Christ and his Apostles.

In proof of the baneful effects of a false Religion, that is not sanctioned by the precepts and laws of Scripture and reason, but is evidently repugnant to them both, it has been computed that since the year 251, not fewer than nine millions seven hundred and thirteen thousand, eight hundred persons have been burned, racked on the wheel, or otherwise butchered, by religious bigots and enthusiasts, who, as a celebrated writer remarks of the Jesuits, take their name from Jesus, but their arts from Hell.

Religion is commonly divided into natural and revealed. By natural Religion is meant that knowledge, veneration and love of God, and the practice of those duties to him, our fellow creatures and ourselves, which are discoverable by the right exercise of our rational faculties, from considering the nature and perfections of God, and our relation to him and to one another.

And by revealed Religion is meant, natural Religion explained, enforced and enlarged from the express declaration of God himself from the mouths or pens of his prophets, &c.—*Howard's Encyclopædia.*

Religion may be considered in three different views: first, as containing doctrines relating to the being and perfections of God, his moral administration of the world, a future state of existence, and particular communications to mankind by an immediate supernatural revelation. Se-

condly, as a rule of life and manners. Thirdly, as the source of certain peculiar affections of the mind, which either give pleasure or pain, according to the particular genius and spirit of the Religion that inspires them.

The end and design of Religion, the proper effect and produce of good principles; the good fruit of a good tree, the ultimate view, and fundamental intention of all religious truths implanted in men, either by nature or teaching, is the practice of virtue. For the word Religion, in its very nature and original meaning, signifies an obligation upon men arising from the reason of things, and from the government of God, to do what is just and virtuous and good, to live in a constant habitual sense and acknowledgment of God in the practice of universal justice and charity towards men, and in a regular sober government of their own passions, under a firm persuasion and continnal expectation of the righteous distribution of rewards and punishments in their proper season, in the eternal judgment of God. This is the foundation of Religion, the fundamental doctrine, in all places and at all times, invariable and eternal.—*Clark.*

I do not say that the foregoing extracts necessarily require any elaborate discussion to prove the orthodoxy of the sentiments therein advanced, yet there are some persons who cannot, or who will not view truth in the light in which it is presented to their understandings, be it ever so clearly or faithfully represented.

I will not style them cavillers, but merely suppose them to be actuated by conscientious scruples. Should any such persons object to the extracts on the ground of their being too speculative, they are referred for a plainer exposition of the practical duties they contain to the Scriptures; and perhaps this one reference may suffice; it is to be found in the first chapter of St. James and at the 27th verse: "Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this," &c. Should more be required let them obey this injunction of our blessed Saviour, "search the Scriptures," &c. Antinomianism, which sprang up in Germany in the 17th century, has had its day; and probably received its quietus from the writings of that celebrated Divine the Rev. John Fletcher, the contemporary of the Rev. John Wesley.

The Antinomians held the keeping of Moses' law to be unprofitable under the Gospel, and that children are born without sin; and that good works do not further, nor evil hinder, but that Faith alone is sufficient for salvation."

That children are born without sin, seems to be one of the tenets of the "people called Quakers, a religious sect that arose in England in the time of Cromwell," &c., and they undertake to prove it on this wise: "The immortal reasonable soul of man, in every individual, appears to be the immediate production of its Creator; for the prophet Zechariah, speaking of the great acts of God in creation asserts, that "He formeth the spirit of man within him," and in Eccles. xii, 7, we read, upon the death of the body, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." The soul, therefore, receiving its existence immediately from the perfection of unchangeable purity, can have no original impurity or intemperature in its nature; but being immediately and intimately connected with a sensitive body, and of itself unable constantly to withstand the eagerness of the animal

passions after gratifications of a carnal nature, is liable to be so influenced by them, as to partake with them in their sensual indulgencies. In this state the descendants of Adam come into the world unendued with that divine life which Adam fell from."—*J. Phipps.*

What I principally intended in this distich was this, "that true Religion is always essentially the same," see John iv. 14. Therefore it cannot be altered by the assumption of Hypocrites.

"*If a man die shall he live again,*" *&c.*—Page 111.

Whatever might have been the real intention of pious, patient Job, in propounding the inquiry: "If a man die shall he live again?" it is now certain that the question is fully and satisfactorily answered in the affirmative by the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, which has brought "life and immortality to light."

Man is destined to live again in another state of existence. In this present world all live together in one common estate, as mortal beings. And though some are righteous, and some are wicked; yet all are under sentence of temporal death. The reason assigned by St. Paul for this is, "because all are sinners."

Still, however, there is a difference, even in this life between sinners; for though all be equally "prisoners of hope," yet to some their sins are forgiven them, while others remain unpardoned.

The former have complied with the terms prescribed in the Gospel, the latter have neglected and refused such compliance, notwithstanding those terms are the richest, the freest, and most gratuitous of all terms. The Gospel offers life and salvation "without money, without price, and without upbraiding;" and in return only requires repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, which are his gifts, and are to be obtained by asking him for them. And that the penitent "bring forth fruits meet for repentance."—Now those who have obtained grace, that is mercy, have not obtained it because they were better by nature than their fellow men, for by nature all are sinners; but because they *sought* it in the only way in which it can be obtained by any of our fallen race. Not in their own name, nor in their own strength, but in the name and in the strength of him who is "mighty to save," even Jesus, a chosen one from among the people, who is able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by him.—These are they over whom judgment shall have no power to condemn them, if they prove *faithful* to the grace given them, "because there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." And they are new creatures, "for if any man be in Christ he is a new creature," "being justified by Faith they have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of the living God, works in them the work of sanctification with power—enabling them to "die, to sin and to live to righteousness," and so living, when the last enemy, temporal death, shall have performed his office on their bodies, their undying spirits shall be taken to the enjoyment of "another and a better state of existence than this."

"Revive he shall, and in Heaven to reign."

The sinners, properly so called, and those who live in sin; thereby offending and provoking God by transgressing his law. They are wicked, impious, ungodly. They practice unrighteousness, and thus they give evidence of their being sinners, "because all unrighteousness is sin." 1 John v. 17. They love the world and the things that are in the world, and therefore the love of the Father is not in them. 1 John ii. xv. In consequence of their sins they are hateful to God, see Job xv. 16. They are carnal, and "to be carnally minded is death,"—because "the carnal mind is enmity against God," &c., and therefore must be slain, or the sinner must receive "the wages of sin which is death," viz. eternal death.

Passages from Scripture might be quoted almost ad infinitum to prove the deplorable condition of sinners, while in their sins and in their blood. They are "truly evil beings," and unless quickened from a death in trespasses and in sins, "shall with all the nations that forget God be turned into hell, Psa. ix. 17. This punishment the Justice of God will inflict on the finally impenitent and guilty; for God, in giving a description of his character to the children of men, hath solemnly assured them, that he "will in nowise clear the guilty."

"But if he shall in his sins expire," &c.

While permitted to continue in this life, we possess a mixed state of existence; joys and sorrows are mingled in our cup, of which we participate alternately—for an excess of either would prove destructive to our natural lives. But when death ushers us into a world of disembodied spirits, if we are unprepared for the change we must not expect to be received into those pure and unsullied climes of bliss and glory above, where nothing that is impure or unholy can ever enter.

St. John in his delightful description of the "new Jerusalem," assures us that, "there shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life, Rev. xxi. 27. And what then will become of those who are not so written? He informs us in the last verse of the previous chapter, "and whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

Not one word is here said of Mercy. The Revelation speaks of Justice, that Justice which executed "judgment upon all, and convinced all the ungodly of all their ungodly deeds, which they had ungodly committed, and all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners had spoken against the Lord." St. Jude certainly has reference to the day of Judgment.

"Now in the world that never shall end," &c.

The gospel is certainly a dispensation of mercy to mankind, and it offers a free pardon to all who truly repent of their sins, and heartily believe in the Saviour of the World. It is emphatically good news to the fallen progeny of Adam, declaring to them that "now is the accepted time and now the day of salvation; for unto you a *Saviour* is born who is Christ the Lord, "and that if they forsake their sins, and turn to

God with full purpose of heart, and endeavour after new obedience, he is faithful and just to forgive them their sins, and to cleanse them from all unrighteousness."

Justice, simply considered, is "equity, reasonableness, right, also law." The Justice of God is defined to be, that perfection whereby he is infinitely righteous and just, both in himself and in his proceedings with his creatures. Divines distinguish it into remunerative and punitive justice. By the former he rewards his creatures, not for any merit of theirs, but in consequence of his own gracious promise, James i. 12, and 2d Tim. iv. 8. By the latter, viz. punitive or vindictive justice, he inflicts punishment for any sin committed by men, 2d Thes. i. 6.

Thus, without entering too far into the subject for our present limits, it is evident, that in this life "Justice and Mercy go hand in hand,"—that is, they harmonize in their operations. The Lord "having mercy on whom he will have mercy, or hardening whom he will," by which hardening I think we may understand God's permitting those to treasure up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of his righteous judgment, who after their hardness and impenitent heart, despise the riches of his goodness, and forbearance and long-suffering; not knowing (considering) that his goodness leadeth them to repentance. Rom. ii. 4. 5.

In this life the wheat and tares grow together. Under this allegory, or continued metaphor our blessed Saviour represents the righteous and the wicked, and by the mutual growth of the Wheat and the Tares, the different relations of life, which are not to be disturbed but by death.

"Here the wheat and tares together blend," &c.

After death those who were despisers and neglecters of the great salvation provided for them in time, will suffer for such despite and neglect, the vengeance of eternal fire.

"For the time must come when all the dead," &c.

But in the judgment of "the great day," while the wicked are condemned the righteous shall be acquitted by his justice, because they "believed in Christ."

"And that Justice, sure as Holy Writ," &c.

And now what remains but to exhort the sinner to flee from the wrath to come, and to lay hold of the only hope set before him in the gospel.

And what motives shall be urged to persuade him to pursue so desireable a course? Shall they be drawn from reason? If so, reason says you are "formed averse to pain," and therefore you are in pursuit of happiness; but you are in error and will certainly miss your mark if you pursue it in by and forbidden paths: vice leads to misery and not to happiness, and all vice is founded in error. Or from experience consult your past life, compare it with your present feelings, and with your prospects beyond the grave. Or shall Scripture be allowed to speak? Only read over carefully "the General Epistle of Jude;" it is not "a bundle of straw," as some have called the General Epistle of James; and with the

blessing of the Lord, it may induce you to "seek your chief good," which is only to be found "by drawing nigh unto the Lord." And may he so draw you continually to himself by "the cords of his love, as with the bands of a man," that your willing feet may move in swift obedience to his blessed will.

Or peruse the thirty-fourth Psalm of David, and there you will discover what it is to be "righteous persons," and what are their privileges, and should you obtain the experience of that eminently devoted servant of the Lord, you will know that Religion is not a "cunningly devised fable," and that "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her (flowery) paths are peace."

"Sinner with all excuse away," &c.

Our blessed Saviour directs us all "to work while it is called to-*day*," and for this special reason, because "the night of death cometh when no man can work." Many people speak against works; if they mean good works, they are Antinomians, persons "who hold doctrines that clearly supersede the *necessity* of good works." But there is one work which it would be well for all men to consider indispensable, and therefore not to omit the performance of it at their peril, and that is the "working out their salvation with fear and trembling," &c.

"For the world to which we all must go," &c.

"Heaven," says the Theologian, "is to be considered as a place as well as a state," and for its being so termed expressly, refers to John xiv. 2, 3; and further, we are assured that it is a place of inexpressible felicity. Rev. xxi. 22. &c. Hell is the place of divine punishment after death. Luke xvii. 21. &c.

Now reason is sufficient to convince us that God will not send his friends to the latter, nor permit his foes to enter the former place.

What question then can be raised on the subject, except it be the length and duration of the torments of the wicked, and the felicity of the righteous? Can the truth be exceeded by the decision of the Scriptures? To that decision, therefore, we confidently appeal, and it is this: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal," Matt. xxiii. 26.

"The will of God," according to the theologian, is taken—first, for that which he hath from all eternity determined, which is unchangeable, and must certainly come to pass; this is called his secret will. Second, it is taken for what he has prescribed to us in his word as a rule of duty, this is called his revealed will. The human will is that faculty of the soul, by which it chooses or refuses any thing offered to it. The nature of the will is in itself indisputably free. Let us then, without controverting the subject, submit our wills to the guidance and direction of him who gave them to us, "originally created with the liberty and power to do what was pleasing in his sight," and he will graciously restore to us that "ability of will to spiritual good, which man lost by *the fall*." And if we are led by his Spirit, "then are we the sons of God, and if sons, then heirs of God, and joint heirs with our Lord Jesus Christ." What more can we reasonably desire either for this life or the life to come?

"For God hath a will above all wills," &c.

ALL WILLS ARE RIGHT IN THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Then let the will of man be free,
To Heaven alone confined;
Unrighteousness the world shall flee,
And saved be all mankind.

But this event shall not arrive,
Till earth and Heavens new,
Where sin and wickedness now thrive,
Shall stand confess'd to view.

All hail the glorious happy hour,
Heaven kindly grant it speed;
When he who sits enthroned in pow'r,
Shall all make new indeed.

The Lamb—his bridal city this,
The city fair and bright,
Fills with unutterable bliss;
There every will is right.—*Kel.*

"*Some say of evil money is*," &c.—Page 111.

The frequency of hearing the observation, "*money is the root of all evil*," induced me to compose this distich.

St. Paul in the 6th chapter of his Epistle to Timothy, his son in the Gospel, treating on "the great gain of godliness," in the 10th verse of that chapter, observes, "For the *love* of money is the root of all evil."

The term or expression "love of money," in my Greek Testament, "*Juxta exemplar Joannis millii*," is comprised in the compound word "*Philarguria*," which Schrevelius renders *avaritia*, avarice—from philos *amicus*, a friend or lover, and arguros, *argentum*, which, according to Ainsworth, in its primary signification means, properly, silver in the mass, bullion; 2nd, all things made thereof; 3d, coin, or *money*, made thereof; which word *money*, the Latins called nummus, or numus, and also *moneta*, because of the stamp or impression upon *money*, which anciently was the effigy or likeness of some god, or goddess, that looking upon it, they might be put in mind of the Deity. Hence, doubtless, "*monetalis*, a moneyer—a usurer—lucro inhians—a person gaping after gain.

But I will not here undertake to account for the origin of idolatry, philologically; as this might lead to much unprofitable speculation. Idolatry is defined to be "the worship of idols, or the act of ascribing to things and persons, properties which are peculiar to God alone."

Idolatry has been divided into *metaphorical* and *proper*. By metaphorical idolatry, is meant that inordinate love of riches, honors and bodily pleasures, whereby the passions and appetites of men are made superior to the will of God; man, by so doing, making a god of himself and his sensual temper. *Proper* idolatry is giving the divine honor to another. The objects or idols of that honor which are given, are either *personal*, i. e., the idolatrous themselves, who become their own statues; or

internal, as false ideas, which are set up in the fancy instead of God, such as fancying God to be light, flame, matter, &c., only here the sense being internal, the scandal of the sin is thereby abated; or *external*, as the worshipping of angels, the sun, stars, animals, &c.—*Buck's T. D.*

That very learned prelate, M. Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, &c., thus accounts for the origin of idolatry. "The spirit who had beguiled the first man, tasted now the fruit of his seduction, and beheld the complete effects of his saying, *ye shall be as gods*. From the moment he uttered it, he designed to confound in man the idea of God, with that of the creature, and to divide a name whose majesty consists in being incommunicable. His scheme succeeded. Men subjected themselves to the tyranny of their senses; the senses decided every thing, and made, in spite of reason, all the gods that were adored upon earth."—*Universal History, page* 138.

But the *love of money*, which comes under the head of *metaphorical idolatry*, must certainly have its origin in *covetousness*, which is a vice forbidden in the decalogue, "Thou shalt not covet," &c.

"*That man is form'd*," &c.—Page 113.

This piece or epithalamium, was composed at the request of a friend, for two young persons who have since become "man and wife,"—and have removed to that part of the country, to which the husband belongs. This friend represented them as both being *pious;* as such may they continue during their stay in this world, and unceasingly test the accuracy of the motto, that,

> "Congenial souls alone can prove,
> The pure delights of wedded love."—*Kel.*

"*Suaviter in Modo*," &c.—Page 114.

Some people have so high an opinion of their own consequence, that they cannot condescend to treat an inferior even with common civility. This is a sure indication of pride, and pride and meanness always go together; a proud man is a mean man. But, says Sterne, "pride was not made for man," and therefore we may conclude that man was not made for pride. The Apostle Paul directs, "mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate." Besides, the inferior in point of fortune may be decided by the superior in the eyes of both God and all truly upright men. Firmness of character in the performance of whatever is right and proper is highly estimable, and gives proof that reliance may be placed on, and confidence reposed in the person by whom it is exercised.

"*In every state*," &c.—Page 115.

Moderation is the state of keeping a due medium between extremes, calmness, temperance or equanimity. It is sometimes used with reference to our opinions, Rom. xxii. 3; but in general it respects our con-

duct in that state which comes under the description of ease or prosperity, and ought to take place in our wishes, pursuits, expectations, pleasures and passions."

"*Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,*" &c.—Page 115.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice and will open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me," Rev. iii. 20. According to "exposition of Christian doctrines of the Moravians," the dam is now broken down by Christ, which prevented the stream of the loving-kindness and grace of God from being poured out upon us." Let us beware, therefore, how we bar Christ out of our hearts by unbelief.

Oh that *we* may to the end,
Faithfully on him depend.—*Kel.*

Christ's standing at the door, says Mr. Phipps, "is his wonderful condescension, patience and long forbearance, in waiting on the soul of man, as for an entrance: that as he is a rational creature, he may be prevailed with, willingly to open his heart to the Redeemer and receive him. He knocks, or calls in spirit by influencing the soul, in its seasons of quietude, so as to excite inclinations and desires towards good, and also at other times, by distressing it with the painful sensations of guilt and remorse for sinful pursuits and practices;—and man must receive him by resigning his attachment to self, and the propensities of sense, and humbly adhering to the voice or present manifestations of the Spirit.

And the Lord comes in and sups with man, and makes him a partaker of his supper. When the spirit of Christ is received by the soul in faith, love, and due submission, he proceeds by degrees to set it at liberty from the bondage of corruption, for where the Spirit of the Lord is (in possession) there is liberty," 2d Cor. iii. 17; and when he has brought the soul to a proper degree of pacification, he sheds the comfort of his love into it; and makes it a partaker of the communion of saints, which is inward and spiritual. This is the true supper of the Lord. He who participates of this, discerns and tastes the Lord's spiritual body, and experiences it to be "meat indeed, and his blood to be drink indeed."

I shall conclude this note by observing, that during the seven years I was Librarian at the Parsonage House, next door to the old Methodist Church in John-street, I made many valuable extracts from the books in my charge; which of themselves, nearly fill my common-place book of many pages. But though I cannot insert them all in my notes, yet I trust the following extract will not prove unacceptable to my *religious* readers.

CHRIST'S DYING EXCLAMATION.—"*I thirst.*"

I thrist, the Prince of heaven expiring cries,
I thirst, and lifts his agonizing eyes;

O, drink my spouse, and satiate thy call,
Though the sad cup embitter'd tastes with gall;
Yet drink my spouse, to Heaven's high will resign'd,
And be the health, "Salvation to mankind."—*Armenian Magazine.*

" How strange seem the scenes," &c.—Page 117.

I composed this piece as a finale or conclusion to my *Specimens.*
It may be deemed by some irregular, but if it was not in my power to make it better, why then it was my misfortune, and I must request my readers to take " the will for the deed."
Perhaps I may never trouble the public to travel through another book of Specimens of any description.

NOTES ON THE FRAGMENTS.

" As onward in life's rugged," &c.—Page 120.

From the title of this intended to be, lengthy piece, it might be supposed that I proposed essaying to write an Epic Poem. Whether the subject would warrant such an undertaking, I am not at present exactly prepared to assert.
It is true that as far as I have proceeded in my intention to exhibit my improved plan of English elementary teaching, my piece is *Epikos,* Epic, because it consists of Heroic or Hexameter verse. But this much might be affirmed of all poems consisting of ten syllables to each line. " An Epic Poem, however, has another characterestic; and requires always to have for its subject a Hero, or some great person." Yet this much I feel myself warranted in asserting—hypothetically by the by—that if an English elementary teacher, " is really a Hero or some great person," then the Scholiad may justly claim, when completed, to be entitled an Epic Poem.
My design, however, was simply to show the superiority of my plan over the old fashioned one, on which I had been previously teaching. I think it not necessary here to detail this plan. Suffice it to say it gave entire satisfaction to my employers, who intrusted two hundred and ten scholars to my tuition, whom I taught with only the assistance of my sister Phebe, for the smaller children, she being then about eighteen years of age.
During my stay at Albany, I gave my plan to Mr. Walter Badger, to whose school I sent my children. He assured me it succeeded to admiration, and that his school room was crowded to overflowing.
The care of providing for my family, prevented me from finishing the Scholiad, and so it became of necessity a *Fragment.*

" To feast his two eyes," &c.—Page 122.

This piece has remained so long in my School Journal, that I have forgotten my original intention in commencing it, as well as the reason

that induced me to leave it in its present unfinished state. I think it probable, I had it in contemplation to describe the interior of the Arsenal. I had often visited this public store-house of Arms; and the General, better known as Colonel Platt, was particularly friendly to me, so that I could readily obtain the access necessary to facilitate my desire. But as it is unfinished, and though as such I have given it, yet I think it might afford materials for the composition of a Poem both interesting and amusing; particularly to young men who are possessed of a "military turn."

"A bark from Columbia," &c.—Page 123.

In this piece I intended a description of the "shipwreck" of the Bark Commerce, commanded by Captain James Riley, and which occurred some twenty-eight years ago. Captain Riley gave a relation of this fact, with its consequent circumstances, in a publication styled "An authentic narrative of," &c. At the time of the publication of this work, I was well acquainted with its contents, having, in conjunction with Mr. Bleecker, the Examiner in Chancery, assisted the Captain in its diction; besides, he had presented me with one of his books. But unfortunately, I lost it, either by loaning it, or in some other way which I have now forgotten, and when I came to the place where I have stopped, I could go no further, neither could I procure another book without purchasing it, and so the piece remained unfinished.

"Then we'll pledge Swara's Consul," &c.

William Willshire, Esq., was Consul at Mogadore, and released the Captain and his companions from slavery, by purchasing them from their masters, the Arabs.

The piece was intended for a song, and any person who has a voice for singing, may sing it to the tune called "my dog and my gun."

"Thy Swiss friend no more," &c.

The name of his vessel was the "William Tell," and on board of her I understand he died on his homeward bound voyage.

"His ponderous tread," &c.

Captain Riley was a large man. He states in his narrative that in his younger days, he "stood six feet two inches,"—exactly the height of General Washington, in his youthful days, according to his biography.

"But why swear an oath," &c.

I heard him swear he never would go to sea again. Why he altered his mind, as I never asked him, I cannot tell.

" *God nothing owes to fallen man*," &c.—Page 124.

Though this might, perhaps, pass for a finished piece, yet I have thought proper to insert it among the Fragments. I might have entered more extensively into the subject; the field is ample, I had almost said boundless. Yet I surrender it to some more talented poet, who may, if he pleases, prosecute it to an Epic Poem, and entitle it the " *Proseuchiad*."

" *We're fallen on evil days*," *&c.*—Page 125.

I believe I only intended when I elected *Reform* as a subject to write upon, to consider it merely in the light of retrenchment in expenditures in superfluous articles, in wearing apparel, equipage, and certain other physical *et cetras*. But when I found the theme was susceptible of still further progression, and that my lucubrations might be so extended as to embrace both mind and matter, the prospect of a successful termination wearied my mind, and like the Sculptor, *abstenui* i. e.—I condemned it to the department of Fragments, and there it must remain.

" *A day will come*," *&c.*—Page 126.

As I commenced the " Specimens" with what might be termed *leviora*, or lighter, so I was minded to end them with *graviora* or weightier matter, and what subject, thought I, so appropriate to my purpose as that all absorbing one " the Day of Judgment." I had not, however, proceeded very far in the prosecution of my design when I accidentally opened the second volume of Henry Kirk White's poems, and at page 144 of Bedlington and Ewer's Boston edition, 1823, my attention was arrested by the following critical note on his " *Christiad*," a Divine poem. " This was the work which Henry had most at heart. His riper judgment would probably have perceived that the subject was ill chosen. What is said so well in the Censura Literaria, of all scriptual subjects for narrative poetry, applies peculiarly to this. ' Any thing taken from it leaves the story imperfect; any thing added to it disgusts, and almost shocks us as impious. As Omar said of the Alexandrian Library, we may say of such writings, if they contain only what is in the scriptures they are superfluous; if what is not in them they are false.' " Discovering myself to be in the same predicament as this highly talented young man, I deem it advisable to discontinue the piece, and to consign what I had already written to the department of " *Fragments*."

Should my readers discover that any other of my Compositions deserve the aforementioned censure, all that remains for me to urge as an apology is,

> " I only this in my defence can say,
> I read the caution at too late a day,"—*Kel.*

" Faithful, *well done*," &c., line 26.

And does such vast, such momentous importance attach itself to one single qualified word? " Words (says the Rev. Wm. Burkett, the Com-

mentator,) are physically transient, but morally permanent." "Words (says the Annotator of Claude) may be used in a literal, metonymical, popular, theological and juridical sense."

In the latter sense, will be the sentence passed on the righteous and the wicked in "*The Day of Judgment*," it will be juridical, it will be *final* and *eternal*.

NOTES ON THE ANALECTA.

"*Man by his strength of spirit may*," *&c.*—Page 129.

The prophet Nathan said unto King David, "Thou art the man," and how his spirit was affected by the severe and pointed reproof of the prophet, may be known by perusing his fifty-first Psalm, q. *v.*, which see.

"*Satan though he*," *&c.*—Page 129.

Without searching the Scripture for proof of Satan being a deceiver &c. perhaps the following account given of his character by the Moravian brethren will be sufficient "in hoc loco" in this place. "No spirit was created evil; for God can create nothing that in itself is evil. But the Devil and his adherents abode not in the truth, i. e. in the holiness their Creater endued them with, Jno. viii. 48: For the Devil and his angels left their own habitation, and their principality, which means their glorious state, Jude, 6th verse, and by their sin, Jno. iii. 8, drew a heavy judgment down upon themselves, 2d Pet. ii. 4. The Dragon is called Satan, because he is the enemy of all good,—the Devil, because he delights in lies, deceit and accusation,—the old Serpent, because he beguiled Eve with his subtlety, 2d Cor. xi. 3. Therefore also Christ calls him a murderer from the beginning, for he plunged our first parents into death; and also the father of lies, because he imposed a lie upon our first parents, telling them that they surely should not die, but be like God, if they would eat of the forbidden fruit. Jno. viii. 44.

But a period is determined on by the eternal mind, when "the Devil who deceived them, shall be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night, for ever and ever," Rev. xx, 10.

"*That he intends to tell you*,"—Page 131.

May be considered as a part of "leisure hours poetically employed," and merely extracted from some of my poetry which I would not present as a whole.

"*Suffer on and out your hour,*" &c.—Page 133.

"Patience is a virtue enabling to bear affliction and pain with calmness of mind."—*Bailey.*

Or, "that calm and unruffled temper with which a good man bears the evils of life."—*Buck.*

In every circumstance of life no virtue is more important both to duty and to happiness."—*Ibid.*

"Christian patience is essentially different from insensibility, whether natural, artificial or acquired."—*Mason.*

For further information on the subject of patience, the reader is referred to "Buck's Theological Dictionary," page 429, Woodworth's Philadelphia Edition, 1821. This is a most valuable work, and were it more generally read and appealed to, it would doubtless prove the means of preventing many unnecessary altercations in the Christian world.

"*To think aright, much more,*" &c.—Page 134.

"Truth, a term used in opposition to falsehood, and applied to propositions which answer or accord to the nature and reality of the thing whereof something is affirmed or denied. Natural, or physical truth, is said to be the agreement of our sentiments with the nature of things. Moral truth is the conformity of our words and actions to our sentiments. Evangelical or gospel truth is taken for Christ, the Doctrines of the Gospel, substance or reality, in opposition to the shadows and ceremonies of the law. John i. 17. For this truth we ought to be sincere in seeking, zealous in defending, and active in propagating; highly to prize it, constantly to rejoice in it, and uniformly to be obedient to it."

"*Emblem of the lily fair,*" &c.—Page 134.

This sonnet I commenced at a very early period of my life, and supposing I had an equal right with other poets to choose a mistress for myself, I at length brought it to such a conclusion as pleased myself; whether it did her or not, I cannot say, as I have forgotten who she was, and all about her.

"*For if politeness,*" &c.—Page 134.

"Politeness," I think, a certain Author observes, "is based on, and is the exercise of the principle of good sense."

"Politeness, genuine politeness," observes another Author, "is a combination of discretion, civility, complaisance, circumspection and modesty, accompanied with an agreeable air, which expands itself upon whatever you say or do."

Even religion itself, it would appear, is not sufficient to excuse a person from the exercise of politeness. I have heard it asserted from the pulpit, that religion does not prevent a man from being a gentleman; and one minister, in my own hearing, proved this assertion by a quotation from the 14th verse of the 7th chapter of the "Revelations," where St. John answers the Elder, "and I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest."

After this, no more I presume, need be urged in proof of the necessity of politeness to the well being, nay, to the very existence of society.

" Wouldst thou of thy whole duty," &c.—Page 135.

The Scripture assures us, that "to fear God and to keep his commandments is the whole duty of man." It is therefore not only the duty but the interest of man to acquaint himself with the commands of his Maker, and to keep them as a rational, intelligent and an accountable creature, and to pray him, continually, to put his fear in his heart, and his fear before his eyes, that he may live in his fear and die in his favor.

" The toll-man," &c.—Page 135.

On my first visit to Philadelphia, in company with my brother-in-law, I asked the—as we call him in New-York—ferry-master, what was the fare? He answered me two cents. I handed them to him, when, sliding them apart with his thumb and finger, a sixpenny, or according to Philadelphian denomination, a five, pronounced fippenny bit, made its appearance, "here," said he, handing it to me, "you meant to cheat me, did you?" Though I have never seen him since, I cannot, however, help considering him an honest man.

" Sinners pray," &c.—Page 135.

See 2d Peter, 3d chapter, 9th verse, and also the 7th verse of the same chapter, and let us ask ourselves what construction we ought to put on the latter clause of this verse. "The day of Judgment and perdition, i. e., utter ruin and destruction of *ungodly* men?

" Ladies and Gentlemen," &c.—Page 136.

All I have to say in relation to this piece is, that I composed it at the request of a particular friend, for the purpose mentioned in the heading.

" What then, do all the good," &c.—Page 139.

"There is always life for a living man," was a favorite expression of an old lady, an acquaintance of mine. By which she meant to be understood that every industrious man might gain a livelihood by his labor.

" In vain you fly," &c.—Page 139.

Ridicule is "that which is ridiculous, jest, mockery, laughing-stock." Which of these appellations does truth deserve? "There is no beauty," says the moral philosopher, "where there is no truth," and so we may say of religion; and a certain Author observes that "it is a most odious and contemptible character, that of playing the wit at the expense of religion, and things sacred; such as talk jestingly of mysteries they ought to rev-

erence, don't so much discover the beauty of their parts, as the deformity of their morals."

Truth, according to Mr. Locke, "is the joining or separating of signs, as the things signified by them do agree or disagree with one another." Whatever therefore you may think of testing truth by, let it not be by ridicule, always remembering the old adage, that "ridicule is not the test of truth."

"*Wit, though stinging,*" *&c.*—Page 139.

"Wit, one of the faculties of the rational soul, genius, fancy, aptness for any thing, cunningness." French, Esprit, spirit. Latin, Solertia, among other senses, craftiness, subtlety, policy, cunning. "Judgment, the discerning faculty, reason, opinion, prudence.

"*Observe all objects.*" *&c.*—Page 139.

Synthesis—Greek—Sun, con—together, and tethaimi—pono, I put, or place. Analysis, Ana—re-rursus vel sursum, again, and luo-solvo—I dissolve. Synthesis is putting together, and Analysis, taking apart.

"*Idlers great critics are,*" *&c.*—Page 139.

"Idle persons are those who neither live to God, to man, nor to themselves." First, they answer not the end for which they were brought into being; secondly, they benefit not their fellow creatures around them; thirdly, they have no true pleasure, for he that knows not how to labor, knows not how to enjoy. In fine, the idle man is in every view both foolish and criminal; for having once tainted the soul, it leaves no part of it sound; and at the same time gives not those alarms to conscience, which the eruption of bolder and fiercer emotions often occasion. "Their pretensions to criticism, doubtless originate in envy; the labors of others being a reproof to their own indolence. The old adage, however, directs to "let envy alone and it will punish itself." "Envy is uneasiness at the success of another."

"*The human heart,*" *&c.*—Page 140.

Depravity is defined to be corruption, a change from perfection to imperfection. "The heart of man," says the Divine, is naturally, constantly, universally, inexpressibly, openly, and evidently depraved, and inclined to evil," Jer. xvii. 9. It requires a divine power to renovate it, and render it susceptible of right impressions, Jer. xxiv. 7. When thus renovated the effects will be seen in the temper, conversation and conduct at large.

Hardness of heart is that state in which a sinner is inclined to, and actually goes on in rebellion against God. The work of sanctification sets the heart right by giving it a new bent and inclination.

"*While man regards the outward show,*" &c.—Page 140.

"Motive is that which moves, excites or invites the mind to action. It may be one thing singly, or many things conjointly. Some call it a faculty of the soul by which we pursue good and avoid evil." "Action is an act, deed or feat." If the motives are so far right as to produce right actions, they constitute a person righteous: for says an Apostle, (John,) "He that doeth righteousness is righteous," &c.

"*If betting nothing,*" &c.—Page 141.

"Betting is to lay wagers." Wagers, a mutual stipulation between two persons to forfeit or pay a sum of money, &c., on condition a thing in dispute be or be not asserted or effected. Though all who bet, or lay wagers, are not professed gamesters; yet, in so doing, they imitate the practice of alcatores or dice-players, gamesters, gamblers, blacklegs, &c. Besides it is not the bet or wager that decides the effect, but the effect the wager, and therefore, betting or wagering may with propriety be denominated gambling, and who covets the appellation of a gambler?

"*Fiat Justitia,*" &c.—Page 141.

"Justice is equity, reasonableness, right, law."

"*Vox et Præterea Nihil,*" &c.—Page 141.

Perhaps the author of this motto, "had in his eye" some one who was in the habit of making large promises and performing none of them. If so, the old adage may well apply to him:

"A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds."

"*For thee, New-York,*" &c.—Page 142.

Early in the month of May, 1812, I moved with my family to Herkimer, on the ridge, where I took charge of the Village Academy, and taught for one quarter; but the war breaking out in June following, it broke up my school. The next year I came to Albany, where I remained in the employ of his Excellency, the Governor, until the peace of 1815. This distich shows the strong desire I felt to return to the place where I had spent so many previous years of my life.

"*When at my book,*" &c.—Page 142.

Every body is so well apprised that this arises from some imperfection or derangement of the wick, that it needs no explanation. The only mystery to be solved is, how the forks can affect the candle so as to remedy the evil? The reason was once assigned to me by the Rev. John McNeise, but as thirty years have since elapsed, it has escaped my memory.

"*Fie on the Painter*," *&c.*—Page 142.

I have been informed that the French portrait painters never represent their subjects as calvi, or bald headed, and that if they are so really, they always have the generosity to make them a present of a wig.

"*The Christian's hope*," *&c.*—Page 142.

To hope, is to expect with desire; hope is expectation, trust, affiance. "The Gospeel revlation," says Mr. Baxter, "is the clear revelation of our hope." He adds, "that the Spirit is given to all true believers is evident by its effects; and that they live upon the hopes of a better life, and their heavenly interest overrules the opposite interest of this world. In order to which they live under the conduct of Divine authority, and to obey and please God, is the great business of their lives," &c.

"*Our children when young*," *&c.*—Page 143.

It is not impossible but that the old man might have spoken from sad experience. He might have brought up children, who at riper years might have disappointed his fondest expectations. And though this were not his own individual case, still he might have uttered this pathetic exclamation in view of the conduct of the children of his neighbors, his acquaintances, his friends, or his relations.

It is a commanded duty to bring up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, Eph. 6th chapter and 4th verse, yet how often do they frustrate our best endeavors, by rejecting our counsels, and following the evil advice of strangers. Now the Scripture informs us that "evil communication corrupts good manners," and the communication is calculated to produce not only a partial but a general corruption; so that it may be pronounced of those noble powers and faculties of soul and body which were bestowed for nobler purposes, that they are at length, "all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality."

And along with "bad company, comes almost certainly the evil of intoxication."

I asked the Chaplain of the Islands in our Bay, not long since, a Scotchman, a plain blunt man, what he discovered to be the prevailing cause of the enlistment of so many young men in our army. His answer was "Rum and bad company." Evidently including by his remark under the general head of "*Rum*," all liquors which produce drunkenness.

"Drunkenness is defined to be intoxication with strong liquor. It is either actual or habitual, just as it is one thing to be drunk, and another to be a drunkard. The evil of drunkenness appears in the following bad effects. 1st, it betrays most constitutions either to extravagance of anger, or sins of lewdness; 2d, it disqualifies men for the active duties of their station, both by the temporary disorder of their faculties, and at length by a constant incapacity and stupefaction; 3d, it is attended with expense which can often be ill spared; 4th, it is sure to occasion uneasiness in the family of the drunkard; 5th, it shortens life; 6th, it is a most awful example to others; 7th, it is hardly ever cured; 8th it is a violation of God's word; Prov. xx. 1, Ephs. v. 18, Rom. xiii. 13.

"The appetite for liquor, appears to me," says Paley, "to be almost always acquired. One proof of which is that it is apt to return only at particular times and places, as after dinner, in the evening, on the market day, in such a company, in such a tavern." "How careful then should we be, lest we form habits of this kind, or choose company who are addicted to it; how cautious and circumspect should we act, that we be not found guilty of a sin which degrades human nature, banishes reason, insults God, and exposes us to the greatest evils."—*Buck's Theological Dictionary;* and I may add, 9th, it persecutes the Church itself, for

> Where'er a mansion for the Lord is built,
> Wherein to show poor fallen man his guilt;
> There Satan rears an edifice of sin,
> And on the sign behold, "Rum sold within;"
> No more, O Rum, shall war his claim maintain,
> He boasts his thousands, thou hast millions slain."—*Kel.*

"*Here's Uncle Sam,*" &c.—Page 143.

I hope our Country may always enjoy that liberty which is without licentiousness, and that the sappers and miners of tyranny and oppression may always be frustrated in their designs to make inroads into its present healthy Constitution.

NOTES ON THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

When I commenced writing the brief history of my life, I had no intention of finishing it with notes. But a certain friend of mine to whom I submitted it for perusal, pronounced it to be a "meager production." I attempted to obviate this judgment passed on my history, on the ground of expediency. He tacitly acquiesced. But his decision, unretracted, has pursued me ever since like Banco's ghost, and induced me to explain some occurrences which took place during my life that otherwise would have been forgotten by some, and perhaps never known to others of my numerous subscribers.

But before I proceed to execute my present intention I would be allowed to make this preliminary or general observation on the whole of my life, viz. that it has been an almost continued succession of prosperity or adversity, of elevation or depression.

I do not offer this as any new or wonderful discovery of my own, by which mankind are to be unusally illuminated, I would merely be understood as thereby suggesting the importance of taking this observation into consideration in forming our estimate of any particular character or even of our own. You have decided perhaps that he should have acted otherwise, and why? because he knew better: granted; but had you at the same time the candor to take *circumstances* into the account, or did you forget that old "child of experience," which assures us that "circumstances alter cases?"

Doubtless, if we were thus careful we should avoid giving any rash or uncharitable judgment against our fellow men, and commit our intended judgments to the decision of Him who "judgeth righteous judgment."

But I will not insist further on this point; the perusal of my life, meager as it may be, will I am persuaded abundantly satisfy every reader of the correctness of my preliminary observations.

The first circumstance I would explain, which otherwise might appear obscure in my life, is the motive that induced my uncle to take me from College and to remove to New-Jersey. It was *chagrin*, i. e. vexation &c. or that he was out of humor. Yes, he was wonderfully vexed at and out of humor with the conduct of a certain individual, who defrauded him of a large sum of money, by feigning to be crazy, and so I, innocent, unoffending I, was defrauded of eighteen months of continuous Collegiate instruction in the class to which I originally belonged. To be more explicit, somewhere in or about the year 1792 the citizens of New-York were seized with the mania for speculating in the rights of Revolutionary soldiers, which rights were, I think, denominated "Scrip," the precise meaning of which I am not Speculator enough to define, Bailey calls it a budget, or bag; a little piece, perhaps an abbreviation of scriptura, a writing.

Well, such bargains, sales, and transfers were made at the Tontine Coffee house, in Wall-street, and so many I. O. U's were bandied about, that hundreds of persons who were poor, say to day, were rich to-morrow, and so vice versa. My uncle too must needs dabble in these; alluring, bewitching, and enriching "Scrips;" for a while he succeeded, but at length a certain dealer in the said precious article (since dead, and gone to his reward) failed in the performance of his contract with my uncle, being advised, as was said at the time, by his physicians to feign himself crazy, by which manœuver my uncle lost a considerable sum of money, the precise amount of which I never knew to a certainty. His eyes being thus opened to the iniquity practised by the "Scrip jobbers" of the day, in disgust he quitted New-York, and returned to his native place New-Jersey, for a season, and there remained until the Scrip mania had subsided, when he returned to New-York, and applied himself to a regular, sober, honest business, the business of buying and selling salt, in Front-street, near Coenties-slip. Should any of my young readers be anxious to be further informed on the subject of the famous "Scrip speculation," there are old men enough now living in New-York from whom they can obtain far more accurate information than can be furnished them by the Author. This information, so obtained, may be accompanied with many highly interesting and instructive biographical anecdotes of the principal actors in that nefariously conducted scheme, for making fortunes out of the hard earnings of the war-worn veteran, American Revolutionary soldier. Certainly there is a curse on all ill gotten gains. When I pass by a certain elegant house in Broad-street, I am forcibly reminded of this truth, when I remember the materials out of which it was constructed; and how shortly thereafter it passed out of the possession of its original scrip-jobbing owner. And when I meet a certain scrip-dealing individual, with whom I was acquainted from the time of his importation into this city, and consider the manner in which he obtained his wealth, I envy him not his riches, neither would I exchange situations with him, on the condition of bearing about with me

the opprobrious epithet which he will carry with him to his grave, for all the taxable property in the city of New-York.

The second circumstance in my life, to which I would advert, is that of the most serious and dangerous sickness I ever experienced. For want of a better name, it was called the "*Dock fever.*" No one at first was acquainted with its origin; and its proper mode of treatment was unknown to the physicians. I cannot describe its symptoms with the accuracy of a physician; but I can give some account of the disposition of both my body and my mind, occasioned by the disease. I arose early in the morning and dressed myself, and was going down stairs, when I felt a certain languor oppressing my system, which I concluded arose from a want of more sleep. I accordingly threw myself on my bed, in my clothes, intending to take a nap, but a certain unaccountable restlessness prevented my intention. Besides, the charge of opening the store in the morning devolved on me, and my uncle's partner was a very early riser. I determined to attend to my duty. I had not however advanced further than the landing place, on the stairs, when I fell, and the noise of my fall awoke my uncle, who slept in the room below. He came up the stairs, and turning me over, inquired what was the matter with me? I told him I did not know. Said he, "you have got the yellow fever, and must go to your bed." He helped me to my bed, and sent for his family physician, Doctor John Rodgers, who bled me, and shortly afterwards I became delirious, and did not regain my reason until the next day, after which I gradually recovered, and in seven days was pronounced to be out of danger, and walked from No. 37 Stone-street to the Battery, and back again. About this time, or shortly afterwards, it was discovered that the disease was an imported one, and had been brought from Africa, via the Havana, in a slave ship. That after the slaves were landed there, she was laden with a cargo of Coffee, the half of which was in a perishing state, and that she was then lying at Beekman-slip, now Fulton-slip, wharf. And that all that part of the City had become infected with what was doubtless a black African fever or plague. The prevailing character of this fever or plague, judging from its effect on myself, was the violence of its attack, and the rapidity of its progress towards dissolution. An intense pain appeared to rage throughout my frame, and particularly in my forehead; but when the Doctor inquired of me the next day, how I felt, I told him that every limb had suffered excruciating pain, but that the pain in my forehead had changed to the back of my head, and that I felt much better; he then began to entertain hopes of my recovery; and he was not disappointed. Providence had not limited my stay on earth to the short space of one score of years. Its rapidity of progress towards dissolution in those whom it attacked, was such, so I was informed, as to render their death inevitable, unless it took a favorable turn within eight and forty hours. My recollection does not serve me to give the precise date of the existence of this fever or plague, nor could all my inquiries from several Doctors and others, and even from the brother of one of its victims, enable me to state unequivocally the identical year in which it raged at Beekman-slip. I think, however, it must have been somewhere about the year 1798, or '9; of this much, however, I am certain, that it was the year in which two of my classmates at College, Effingham Warner, and Robert Ray Remsen, (the brother of Henry Remsen, Esq.,) died

of that same fever, and I think it also carried off General Malcolm. I remember seeing the barrels of tar in the slip, which the Corporation had ordered to be burned to disinfect the atmosphere in that vicinity. The ship was ordered away, and the fever or plague ceased.

The next circumstance I think worth explaining, is the reason of my Uncle's affairs being so embarrassed that he could not assist me, while in partnership with Major Samuel Cooper, in the Grocery business, at Coenties-slip. The reason of this, was his allowing himself to be persuaded to endorse and bond for unprincipled men; I could enumerate several, but the most of them are dead, and I will not pollute my book by an insertion of their names.

A certain man now living in New-York, who knew better than myself in what my uncle's property consisted, assured me some time since, that if he had kept his property, it would then have been worth $200,000. I say nothing of the man who betrayed him to bond for him to an amount that ruined him and all his nephew's earthly expectations. Well, let it go, "there is really, (as a certain friend of mine, since dead, once remarked to me,) "no use in crying for spilled milk."

Though I have lived both in Albany and in Herkimer, yet they by the present expeditious mode of travelling are brought so nigh to New-York, that I think it unnecessary to consume the time and patience of the reader, by giving any graphical description of those well known places. But I cannot think of closing these Notes without saying something of the pleasant Village of Mayville, in the County of Chautauque, and its beautiful little twenty-mile lake.

Perhaps, however, it may not be uninteresting to premise that "Chautauque County, the westernmost part of the "Holland Land Company's purchase in the State of New-York," is bounded on the North by Lake Erie, whose waters wash it on its whole extent, on its Northern line, and separate it from the province of Upper Canada. Its length from East to West, commencing at Cataraugus Creek, which divides it from the County of Erie, formerly a component part of Niagara is nearly fifty miles following the meanderings of the Lake, and its medium breadth from North to South is forty miles.

Deriving its sources from nearly the centre of the County, lies Chautauque Lake, a quiet little sheet of water, delightfully embosomed in a charming forest, on which the patient hand of cultivation has already made considerable inroads.

"This Lake on ordinary occasions, resembles in transparency the mirror in which beauty views itself, reflected with tenfoid lustre, and it is seldom lashed into foam by the contending elements. It is twenty miles in length, and on an average, its breadth is from two to two and a half miles. It discharges its waters southwardly, and uniting with a considerable stream, called the Connewongo Creek, forms one of the principal tributary waters of the Allegany river. The wild ducks visit the Lake in swarms during the Spring season; and it abounds in fishe of excellent quality, as the Bass, the Pike, the Pickerel, and the Sunfish.

The small, but pleasant Village of Mayville, is situated at the head of the Lake, extending northward about a mile, along a street ninety-nine feet in breadth; intersected at certain distances by what is called *slash roads*, leading to different parts of the County. The public buildings in 1830, were the Court House and Jail, and the County Clerk's office.

Near to these was the Land Office, and nearer the Lake, the Episcopal Church. I do not recollect the number of inhabitants, probably two hundred. But the greatest curiosity about Mayville is, in my mind, that it not only presents the amazing declivity of seven hundred feet in ten miles of length, but that those ten miles, form what, I think, may be termed the third most important Isthmus of the World. That of Suez prevents the junction of the Mediterranean and Red Seas. That of Darien, the Atlantic and Pacific, and this of Chautauque all the largest Lakes of our Country, with all the Seas and Oceans of our world. For the outlet of Chautauque Lake falls into the Connowongo Creek, these two run into the Allegany, the Allegany and Monongahela into the Ohio, the Ohio into the Mississippi, and the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico.

As to either the possibility or probability of connecting the Lakes Chautauque and Erie by means of a Canal, I affirm nothing, neither do I offer the above information as a discovery of my own, but merely observe that the information was afforded me by certain individuals during my stay at the Village of Mayville, the Latitude of which place is stated as 42 deg. 18 min.

I will only add one more curiosity, or rather peculiarity of a western winter, which I witnessed while at Mayville, and that is the long continued snow in the winter of 1830. What would a New-Yorker think if the City should be visited with a snow storm of 18 successive days; and that too not on a dry but a wet bottom, and that it should last for nearly four months? The depth of the snow that fell that winter, commencing in the month of January, was estimated to average at least three feet, throughout the County, and some of it remained on the ground when I left for New-York, in the latter end of the month of April. I would merely observe in conclusion, that on my inquiring the meaning of the Indian word Chautauque, I was informed that it signified saddle-bags in our language.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

And now, kind reader, we bid you adieu,
In the hope you have read our book quite through;
If you on *instruction* are really bent,
We trust your time has not been misspent.
If from our work you this have obtained,
Our labor's repaid, our object is gained.

SYNOPSIS

BY

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Appendix to an English and Hebrew Grammar; being a Synopsis of all the parts of Learning; or a general scheme for a division of the sciences, according to the natural order of things. By Samuel Johnson, D. D., Late President of King's, now Columbia, College, in New-York, &c. London, printed for, &c., 1771.

As *Grammar* is the introduction to the other parts of Learning, it may be of some use to set down the entire prospect of the whole in one short view, that young beginners may the better understand what it is they are about to undertake in the course of their education.

Learning, which the Greeks called Cyclopædia, implies the knowledge of every thing both speculative and practical, that is conducive to our true happiness, both present and future. So that the great end pursued through the whole, is, our happiness; and the means to that end are knowledge and practice. Science is the knowledge of Truth considered speculatively; and Art is the knowledge of Truth considered as directive of practice in order to our true good and happiness.

Now, all the parts of learning, both the Sciences and Arts, may be reduced to these two heads, Philology and Philosophy, Words and Things.

I. Philology is the study of words or language, as a means in order the better to understand the nature of things. It is also called Belles Lettres; and this is either general or special.

1. General Philology is common to all kinds of speaking, and is

1. Grammar, which is the art of clearly and properly expressing the sense of our minds in words and sentences, either by speaking or writing, and

2. Rhetoric, which is the art of embellishing our language with the most striking and beautiful expressions, the Tropes and Figures.

II. *Special Philology* treats of what is peculiar to several kinds of speaking and writing, as

1. *Oratory*, which is the art of true Eloquence, or of writing or speaking in the most persuasive manner, by inventing on every subject, all the proper arguments of persuasion, and disposing them to the best advantage, and in uttering and delivering our composition or speech in the most striking and graceful manner.

2. *History*, which is the art of making clear and exact narration of true matters of fact, with the circumstances of time and place, for the instruction and benefit of posterity. And,

3. *Poetry*, which is the art of making a just and lively description of persons or things either real or imaginary, with an elevation and dignity of thought, and the advantage of numbers and harmony, and every ornament language is capable of, for conveying the most useful instruction, attended with the utmost delight; and, lastly, relating to all these is the art *Criticism*, which teaches the true force of words and phrases, the nature of style and a true taste, so as to make a right judgment of the real beauties and excellencies of any performance, and to distinguish between what is genuine and what is counterfeit.

II. *Philosophy* is the study of Truth and Wisdom; or the knowledge of things, as being what they really are, together with a right conduct correspondent thereunto, in the pursuit of true happiness, both here and hereafter.

Now, all the *things* or *beings* about which our studies in pursuit of Truth and Wisdom can be employed are either *Bodies* or *Spirits*, i. e. things sensible or intellectual, which constitute the whole Universe.—The World of Bodies and the World of Spirits, or the Natural or Moral World.—Hence Philosophy necessarily divides itself into those two great branches, Physics and Metaphysics, taking these words in a sense somewhat larger than usual.—Understanding by Physics the study of the things of nature and sense, and what relates to them: and by Metaphysics, the study of things that are above and beyond the sensible nature, or mere passive objects of sense; to wit, spiritual or intelligent, free active beings, or moral agents, and what relates to them. The first is, therefore, properly called Natural Philosophy, and the second may be called Moral Philosophy.

I. *Natural Philosophy* then is the study of the nature of every thing in this natural or sensible world: this world of bodies and what relates to them, and to the comfort and benefit of our life in this present state. And it is,

1. General in the mathematics which teach the knowledge of the com-

mon affections of bodies, number and magnitude, which are necessary præcognita to the study of the following parts; hence,

1. Arithmetic, which is the art of numbering; to which belongs Algebra.

2. Geometry, which is the art of measuring, to which belongs Trigonometry, Surveying, Gauging, and the doctrine of the Sphere and Cylinder, and of Conic Sections, and Fluxions.

II. *Special*, of all the particular things in the natural world, and this contains the following sciences and arts:

1. *Mechanics*, which explain the nature and qualities of bodies, and the forces by which they move, and demonstrate the various laws of their motion. Here belong Statics, Pneumatics, and Hydraulics.

2. Physics (strictly so called) or Geology, in which we contemplate this Terraqueous Globe, and its atmosphere, with all its parts and furniture, both inanimate and animate. The first are the elements, fire, air, water and earth. The stones, mines, minerals and meteors: the others are plants and animals, and particularly the wonderful structure of our own bodies.—Here, therefore, belong Geography, Navigation and Commerce; Agriculture, Chemistry and Botany; Optics and Music; Anatomy, Surgery and Medicine, and every thing useful in life. And,

3. *Astronomy*, in which from the Earth we launch forth into the vast immeasurable Ether, and contemplate the Heavens and stars, both fixed and erratic; particularly our Sun with its splendid chorus of Planets and Comets; and determine their orbits, magnitudes and densities, and the laws of their motions, in the tides of their fluids, and their diurnal and annual revolutions. To which belong Chronology and Dialling. In all these parts of natural philosophy there are many Arts and practical Matters; and the facts in all nature are related in Natural History.

II. *Moral Philosophy* is the study of the Moral World, or the world of intelligent, free, active beings, or moral Agents, and what relates to them, in the pursuit of our true happiness, both here and forever in our future state. Here then we ascend from the sensible and natural, to the intelligent and moral world, from the world of bodies to the world of spirits. And this is either speculative or practical; the first relates chiefly to Truth, and may be (more strictly) called metaphysics; the second relates chiefly to duty or manners, and in a large sense, may be called Ethics.

The *speculative part of moral* philosophy in its full extent, explains what can be known of intelligent active beings, and here the first is

1st. Logic, which explains and directs the powers and operation of the mind and understanding, including both Ontology, or the science of the

general notion of Being, with its various affections, as applied both to body and spirit. And Dialectic or the art of the right conduct of the mind in thinking and reasoning.

N. B. Though this is the proper place of Logic, in the order of the sciences, yet it is necessary to teach it immediately after some progress in Philology, in order to our forming clear and just conceptions and reasonings in Philosophy.

2d. Pneumatology is the Doctrine of Spirits or created intelligences; and here we begin with our own souls, their powers and operations, both perceptive and active; and thence we proceed to other intelligences whether good or bad; and by analogy we gradually arise to the best conceptions we are capable of, of the Deity, the Father, Creator and Lord of all, in

3d. Theology, which is the knowledge of God, and his Attributes, operations and dispensations in the creation and government of the world, with regard to which, and our duty, we are obliged to depend on the Revelation of his mind and will; which he hath graciously made to mankind.

II. The *practical part of Moral Philosophy* chiefly relates to life and conduct in our several capacities, both personal and social, and this is what is more strictly called Moral Philosophy. And it consists of three parts; the chief of which, and ground of the rest is,

1. Ethics, strictly so called, which is the right conduct of our temper and behaviour in all our relations towards God and man, both to ourselves and others, in order to our true and endless happiness. To which succeed

2. Economics, which treat of the right conduct of families, and everything that relates to them. And lastly,

3. *Politics*, which treat of the constitution and good government of Cities, Kingdoms and Republics; and as good policy provides for the happiness of men both temporal and spiritual, it must consist of two great branches, viz. Civil and Ecclesiastical polity. And the facts in the moral world are related in Biography, and in Civil and Ecclesiastical History.

ERRATA.

The Author is satisfied that errors will be detected by a particular description, at least, of his Subscribers, during the perusal of his work. And if any thing need be urged for the commission of such errors, by way of extenuation, it would be that they were not discovered until after the sheets had gone to press.

One error, however, from its grossness, he feels constrained in this way to correct; it will be discovered in the note at the foot of page 43, viz. "*ære perennium*," to make which right, please change the final *m* into *s*, and you will have the neuter gender of the comparative degree of the word perennis, thus—*ior-ior-us*.

Whatever other errors may be found to exist, either in the English, Latin, or Greek, throughout the book, he anticipatingly commends them to the clemency of the reader; assuring him, that with all the labor and dilligence he has bestowed both by night and by day, on the Specimens, in order to present them faultless; he has nevertheless found it next to impossible to steer clear of some errors in a first impression, and this he considers is mainly to be attributed to the circumstance of its having to pass through so many different hands, previously to its receiving its final touch from those of the pressman.

THE AUTHOR.

SUBSCRIBER'S NAMES.

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Arcularius, Philip J.
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